ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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FEBRUARY 1930

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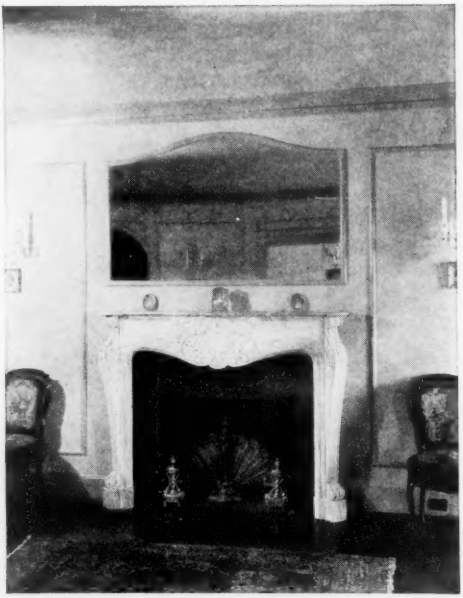

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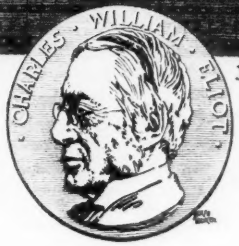

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A Guide to Good Books

THE business of literature is to-day more paradoxical than ever. A few fortunate writers earn more each year than the President of the United States; a few more live comfortably on the hard craftsmanship of magazine fiction; but by far the greater number of novelists, biographers, historians, and especially poets, are forced into an economic compromise: they must do something else — editing, teaching, tutoring, blacksmithing — in order to keep soul and body together so that they may occasionally practise their true profession. Release from binding responsibilities never came more slowly to an author than in the present day of American plenty.

I indulge in this generalization because it applies so specifically to Manuel Komroff. Like most able writers, Komroff is self-made; he has reached his creative independence after a roundabout way that would have discouraged others. If three years ago the *New York Times* miscalled him 'a divine amateur,' it was because at that time — when he was at the command of other work than his fiction — there were in his writing occasional uncertainties which leisure has cured.

After studying at Yale, Manuel Komroff tried his hand at engineering and at journalism; he was hired as a critic of motion pictures; he was footloose in Russia at the time of the Revolution; he was a reporter on English newspapers in China and Japan. His Odyssey at an end, he came back to New York and began to write, with the time and strength he could spare from strenuous employment in a publishing house. A sprinkling of his stories began to appear in the *Atlantic* and the *Dial*, and were later collected in book form. In 1925 he cut himself free from business and, with no more baggage than Lindbergh, went to Europe to collect his thoughts. He came back with a novelette, *The Voice of Fire*, which had been privately printed, and the makings of a novel, *Juggler's Kiss*, which was published and favorably received by the critics in 1927. Since his return he has edited a bookshelf of classics, including *The Travels of Marco Polo*, *Montesquieu's Persian Tales*, *Tales of the Monks*, *The Romances of Voltaire*, *Herodotus*, *The Apocrypha*. And at last, in a breathing spell, he set to work on his novel, *Coronet*, which he had been nursing in his mind for seven years.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

MANUEL KOMROFF

Coronet*, *A Novel

[Coward-McCann, $3.00]

FIVE years ago I heard Mr. Komroff describe this novel, then unwritten. The recital lasted through an evening, and from it the listener emerged thoughtfully. Now when I have come to the end of the printed volumes I feel again the struggle for the long view that possessed us who listened that night. For this is a novel of ideas and pageantry both tender and stunning, a book larger than the little analytical novels of to-day as a continent is larger than an island. Very plainly the author's sympathies lie with the Russian, not with the English, novelists; the sweep and scope of his work, therefore, has little parallel in American fiction.

Beyond most novels I have read, this novel is spectacular. It begins in Florence in 1600 and ends in Chicago in 1920; the story dwells for long in the France of Napoleon, Chopin, and Balzac, and in Russia from the time of 'the Great Retreat' to the 1917 Revolution. Time affords no more spectacular epochs. And fortunately the novel is saved from kaleidoscopic confusion by a device as simple as that employed by Wilder in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. A rickety bridge made Mr. Wilder's diverse stories one; a coronet does the same for Mr. Komroff. Outwardly the novel follows the fortunes of a Renaissance coronet, a jewel which tends constantly to bring evil out of goodness; we follow it in its passage from the original owner, the Duc de Senlis, down the ages until restored to one of his descendants in 1920. Inwardly and subtly the story pictures the decline of aristocracy, of which this coronet is a symbol. There have been, the novelist shows us, four aristocracies: the aristocracy of birth, as personified by the Duc de Senlis; the military aristocracy, as personified by Napoleon; the aristocracy of art, which Chopin represents; and the aristocracy of culture, as it existed in Germany before the war. The novelist pictures the decline of each before the power of money.

This digest has a formal sound, whereas the book itself is alive. It is an ant hill of people, full of human passions, motives, and eccentricities, speaking what one must occasionally reread in order to understand, acting

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scenes which one will not soon forget. Leaving out the Florentines, who do not matter much, we have the dukes, monks, a jeweler, a scavenger, and an innkeeper of Senlis; Napoleon's army from field marshal to corporal; Parisian actresses; Russian nobles and peasants; Chopin, Balzac, Nietzsche, a Chicago pork packer — and half a hundred more. These people are related sometimes by blood, sometimes by coincidence, always by their proximity to the coronet. Very actively they touch our sympathies and hold our interest.

Komroff's episodes and especially his dialogues are touched with the mysterious, the allegorical, often making it necessary to reread, and sometimes straining credulity. At any time moments of inner sight may occur, dimming the reality of the episode in which they are present with a curious half-light which, though it may confuse the reader at first, is in the end more explicit than plain statement. This touch of the mystic is essential to Komroff's art, as it is essential to that of the great Russians; for me it invests the book with passages worth much more than one reading.

So vast a design must at times ride coincidence pretty hard, as in the drummer boys' escape and the final purchase of the coronet. The call on the imagination may sometimes lead to extremes such as the overwrought picture of the Retreat and the incredible frozen horse. Impersonation may be sometimes overburdened with artifice, as in Napoleon's soliloquy and Jobey's gravedigging. These are minor points and may not trouble other readers. To tip the scales the other way, I need simply allude to the brilliant description of the occupation of Moscow, the death of Chopin, André's ringing denunciation of nobility, and the acuteness of the conversation between Alex and Paul's wife.

In a letter describing his preparation the author wrote: 'How many characters, events, dialogues, and devices I threw away because they did not dovetail into the general design I cannot say, but I should estimate that they would make five or six volumes. Some people think that a two-volume novel is exactly like a one-volume novel, only longer. This is a mistake. A two-volume novel must have the material of four or more; otherwise it should be compressed into one. . . .'

And rich this material certainly is. All in all, this is a big book, intellectually and physically.

EDWARD WEEKS

FROM that stimulating and witty volume, ***The Fine Art of Reading*** (Stratford Co., $2.50), by **Professor Robert E. Rogers,** I lift this quotation: 'Poetry is the result of the imagination at work daydreaming, making something out of nothing, spinning out its fancies like a spider her thread, making pictures, telling stories.' The definition may be handy in reading Mr. Morrison's estimate of some contemporary poets.

A CRITIC AND FOUR POETS

Practical Criticism, by **I. A. Richards** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), may well be recommended to readers of poetry. It is an attempt, not to express final or personal æsthetic criteria, but to examine into the difficulties which a group of intelligent students actually found in the appreciation of poetry. The best way to treat difficulties is to secure specimens. Mr. Richards accordingly gave the members of his group printed sheets on which appeared a series of poems, with no indication of authorship, and asked them for written criticisms. These criticisms reveal, one would imagine, nearly all possible barriers to appreciation. The procedure was rudimentary, and of course the criticisms are rudimentary. Yet even a practised and enthusiastic reader of poetry can refine his faculties by the kinds and degrees of failure Mr. Richards has brought to light. The book contains also, among other suggestive chapters, some excellent and valuable remarks on poetic form.

The great and primary failure, of course, was in understanding. But more is involved, as Mr. Richards shows, than simple misapprehension of mere sense. This was fundamental and surprisingly frequent. But, not to mention other mistakes and incapacities, failure to understand the 'tone' in which the poet was addressing his hearers was equally disastrous.

Mr. Richards makes more than ever clear what ought always to be evident, that a poem, for the reader, is an experience — an experience in which sense, form, tone, and emotion are merged in a felt whole. Let but one of these elements fail to be apprehended, and the misunderstanding is apt to be total, for no element is independent of the others.

It follows that we may ask of the poet sense worthy of occupying the mind, form capable of arousing æsthetic pleasure, the tone of a man addressing his fellows in one of the large, recognized ways, whether tragic, ironic, or lyric, and emotion springing from the union of the other three. What experiences, in this quadruple sense, are the poets of the day creating for us? I have just come from reading several new books of poems with an enthusiasm which I hardly expected to feel when setting out. Let me begin with **Malcolm Cowley,** whose ***Blue Juniata*** (Cape and Smith, $2.00) is his first volume of verse. The book contains a number of pieces marked by quiet and sensitive excellence, along with a larger number that fail, either through weakness, immaturity, or because their material is inherently inferior. In such poems as 'The Urn,' 'The Death of Crowds,' 'The Streets of Air,' Mr. Cowley's somewhat attenuated blank verse is very delicately and beautifully attuned. His thought, not large, is sensitively perceptive; his images are particularly well matched. 'The Urn' is a poem that truly

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forms a precious possession; it can be turned to again and again and read with gratitude.

S. Foster Damon has given his new book of poems the needlessly preposterous title ***Tilted Moons*** (Harper, $2.00). Mr. Damon, a scholar and critic as well as poet, gives much more to the reader in the way of experience than Mr. Cowley. His thought is larger, more acute, and more mature. It draws on much wider resources of reflection and reading. He is able to give in condensed, sharp stanzas dramatic summaries of characters and situations, ironically pointed. Moral judgments are present in his poems: they are sound and terse, as in his stanzas on the woman taken in adultery, entitled 'Magdalene Festival.' I should not say that Mr. Damon is an exponent of grace or richness in poetic style. A dryness can be felt in the measure of his lines as well as in their thought and wit. There is little undulation. The intellectual qualities are the chief, and they are of great merit. Yet his imagination is resourceful, and many original and striking figures are at his command. Mr. Damon has included in his book several fugitive impressions reminiscent of Amy Lowell, which might well have been left out or worked into larger and better-formed poems. But he deserves a tribute for his ode written for the Beethoven Festival in Boston two years ago. It takes a high place among occasional odes.

Hervey Allen's *New Legends* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.00) reveals him as a thoroughly accomplished poet, thoroughly mature in his mastery of poetic style — varied rhythms, richness of verbal texture, fine command of imaginative figures. His tone is of the most agreeable, pleasant lightness. It is unusual to find this in conjunction with the true breath and being of poetry, but the union is present in Hervey Allen. I make these remarks thinking largely of one poem in the book; others reveal the same qualities in less degree, and with less significance of matter. 'Sarah Simon' is the poem that particularly excites my enthusiasm. It is a long story in blank verse, and it is a rare experience to read anything that gives equal delight as poetry, at the same time contriving to be so wise, human, fresh, and touching. Continual lightness and continual poetry flow together in the verse, while the long life of the simple, heroic Negro woman, with her love of earth and animals, her knowledge of them, and the gradual alienation of her stupid children through the well-meant intervention of misunderstanding whites, is told with discernment, humor, and pathos. Hervey Allen delights in effects of opulence and color, of the exotic; but in 'Sarah Simon' this habit of mind is merged with becoming simplicity. One could believe for a page or so that Sarah belonged on Cape Cod instead of in the tropics, that she was white instead of black; and she never loses a self-reliance that would be at home in New England.

All these are men of excellent capacity, but still men. A figure of an altogether different stature has been waiting in the background. **Robinson Jeffers** has much in common with the great story-tellers, and something in common with the masters of poetic drama. His power seems at times to be almost without limit — the strong, swift compression of his phrases, his rapid, condensed command of narration.

Great tragedy is the province of Mr. Jeffers, but he has committed some aberrations in the government of his realm. He is as nearly without reticences as a writer can well be. I feel that his rough assaults on traditional modesty are often entirely natural and justified. They have a function in the story he is telling, and Mr. Jeffers is simply not even faintly prudish. But at times his disregard of the usual rules of restraint is not really needed, and then the detail in question might better be left out. And the trouble goes deeper. In some of the poems for which Mr. Jeffers is best known — 'Roan Stallion' and 'Tamar,' for example — the material as a whole is at fault. Incest is a favorite and not very successful subject. I am not sure how far some of his most violent scenes are intended for symbolism, and how far some of his failures may be due to imperfect mastery of it. In any case, what the reader finds is horror so extreme that it falls into the grotesque, and misses its object by excess.

But read Jeffers at his best, as he may be seen in 'The Tower beyond Tragedy' and in the principal poems contained in his new book. In 'The Tower beyond Tragedy' he deserts his favorite scene, California, for ancient Greece, and writes a poetic drama on the return of Agamemnon to Mycenæ, his murder by Clytemnestra, and the vengeance of Orestes. It is magnificent. No one has guessed the depth, the height, the power of contemporary poetry until he has listened to the Cassandra of Robinson Jeffers, and the voice of the murdered king crying through her. In this poem the music of Jeffers is at its best. I do not feel that he always makes the form of his work count as form. His usual lines are long, irregular, and unrhymed. True, they are often strongly rhythmic, and not as loose as the vagabond sentences of Whitman. But their length usually forbids the recognition of typical units of rhythm, on which the form of poetry so much depends. In 'The Tower beyond Tragedy,' however, Jeffers succeeds in combining freedom from the usual measures with the distinct and unmistakable presence of poetry. The lines are like a pack of hounds in full cry — noble music indeed to the ears of any reader wearily dissatisfied with the 'diminutive lyrics' to which so many magazines and volumes of the day are limited. One thinks of Shakespeare's envious phrase, in the sonnets, for his rival: 'The proud full sail of his great verse.'

'The Tower beyond Tragedy' may be read in ***Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems*** (Horace Liveright, $3.00). Jeffers's new book, ***Dear Judas*** (Horace Liveright, $2.50), is in his best strain. The title poem is

From the Italian Renaissance to Modern Chicago —

—the golden coronet, symbol of the vicious arrogance of Aristocracy, passed from hand to hand. Fashioned in the shop of a master goldsmith of Florence, displayed finally at the wedding of an American pork packer's daughter. The vivid pageant of Aristocracy trying to hold its own and falling before first one onslaught and then another, fill the pages between.

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a pseudo-drama on the Passion. What other profane writer has dreamt such a Christ, such a Judas, such a Mary, let alone setting them down in the glory of such poetry? 'The Loving Shepherdess' is a story of to-day, terrible and harrowing, but full of poetic beauty and power. Who would have his bowels of compassion wrung, let him read this. Other poems cry for mention, but I must leave the reader to explore Jeffers for himself.

THEODORE MORRISON

'READING a book'—I am quoting again from Professor Rogers — 'is like dropping chemicals into a test tube. It is dropping ideas into a brain. There should be a reaction, some kind of explosion. No explosion, no brain. The book *may* be at fault, but ten to one it is the brain which is inert. Every book contains at least one point where an idea touches your personality and your life is of immediate interest to you.' Three contrasting volumes by three such able novelists as Ruth Suckow, Rebecca West, and Edith Wharton can be trusted to touch other readers as they have touched the *Atlantic* reviewer Ethel Wallace Hawkins.

THREE COMPETENT WOMEN

IN her new novel, ***Cora*** (Alfred A. Knopf, $2.50), **Ruth Suckow** shows again how a style that lacks beauty and distinction may be carried off by vigor of narrative, fidelity of psychology, and intense reality. One need not be a purist to be irritated by Miss Suckow's ineptitudes of syntax; but neither need one have grown up in a kitchen that teems and resounds with the neighbors' children, or have wakened with a sickening drop of the heart to the fact that one's husband sees no special reason for paying his bills, to feel the uncommonly living quality of this writer's scenes.

Cora Schwietert is an entirely consistent creation. The independent, competent little girl, already in revolt against the slipshod ways of the household, grows logically into the driving, hard-headed young woman wholly dedicated to her battle for the material betterment of the Schwietert family. This singleness of purpose, however, is hampered by an accident of temperament; for Cora is a highly-sexed young person, and a somewhat susceptible one.

A passionate interlude gives the element of contrast, as its Yosemite background gives a sense of magic-carpet escape from the sound of office and street car and unsatisfying home life. And even at its most drab the story is intensely alive as it moves to its inevitable conclusion of disappointment and compromise.

Beside this unplaned, sturdy structure, **Rebecca West's** brilliant fantasy, ***Harriet Hume*** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), is like a mirage palace. Yet this dream stuff is shrewdly and sharply wrought, and glittering. Every page of the novel has its flash of wit, its stinging stroke of satire, its bold or delicate ribaldry. There should be a law against those who would take it upon themselves to interpret fantasy. As for this story of that fascinating minx, the lovely and loving Harriet Hume, and the pompous, ambitious, and unscrupulous Arthur Condorex, who would be a mighty statesman, the innermost core of its meaning will indubitably be 'this to me and that to thee.'

Harriet loved Condorex so well that her bright eyes looked at him with second sight. 'She had come between him and every human being's right not to know quite what he was doing.' So naturally he came to hate her. 'All of Arthur Condorex's advancement had been earned by his talent for negotiation, and with none could he negotiate more successfully than with himself.' Miss West accomplishes the dissection of his soul with a delicately diabolical touch, and, sometimes, with pity.

The exceedingly mannered style is sustained with great skill. It serves its pointed purpose well; whether in such bits of vividness as 'She had flipped at three joyous notes in the treble before she ran to open for him' and 'A very low kind of dog, a fox terrier such as seems to be wearing a cloth cap,' or whether in the innumerable flashes of annihilating irony or of strange beauty.

In the powerful last section of the book, Miss West has dared to attempt the almost impossible, and has achieved it. She has modulated grimness, and a curious stress touched with horror, into coolness and clarity and peace. It is as if one passed into some fourth-dimensional region and found all strange yet somehow well-known and reassuring.

One must go as far back in **Mrs. Wharton's** work as to *The Age of Innocence* to match the depth and the breadth of ***Hudson River Bracketed*** (Appleton, $2.50), and its blending of irony and tacit pity. This novel depicts the making of an artist out of an ignorant and crude but sensitive youth from 'Euphoria,' Illinois. Vance Weston's father is an energetic real-estate man, and the boy's early years have been passed in an atmosphere of Pep and Progress, and in a steady crescendo of removals from house to bigger and more ingenious house. When, at nineteen, he comes to New York with the ambition of being a writer, he naturally brings with him an immense scorn for any object or any idea more than a few years old. His whole universe sloughs away from him at one magic touch when he falls precipitately under the spell of 'The Willows,' a strange, oldish house on the Hudson, veiled in the sweeping shimmer of weeping-willow branches, and holding an almost palpable sense of the past. But if æsthetically the boy's soul is virgin soil for the sowing, emotionally it is not quite that: it has had the preliminary harrowing of a brief amorous experience that

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The BOOKSHELF

turned suddenly from a starry idyll into loathsomeness. So he has in him that which is ready to be said, and vehemently.

The word 'authority' has been used again and again in comment on Mrs. Wharton's art; but how is it possible not to use it once more for this study of a growing talent — of its travail, its despairs, its bewilderment and disgust at the commercial and diplomatic necessity, its hours of mastery and glory?

Mrs. Wharton's scorn of the spurious in all its guises comes out in the essential pettiness of Lewis Tarrant the editor, with his 'ravenous vanity,' his panic anxiety to seem assured, his secret distrust of his own judgments; in the vacuous fluency of Grandma Scrimser in her campaign for 'coaxing folks back to Jesus'; in the publicity lingo of Bunty Hayes, manager of 'Storecraft.' There is a page upon which Mrs. Wharton's irony takes for once, rather startlingly, the form of contemporary personal allusion. This sudden sweep of the scimitar makes one reflect a little awesomely what bloody coxcombs there would have been had Mrs. Wharton chosen to write 'prefaces' instead of novels. On the other hand, the book has in a marked degree the 'veined humanity' that often underlies this writer's hardness. But perhaps the most Whartonesque element of this novel, the thing that gives it its richness and depth, is that sense of the author's fastidious passion for the highest beauty that brushes by now and then like a beating of wings.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

IN December, Dean Frederick J. E. Woodbridge contributed to the Bookshelf the leading review of Bertrand Russell's *Marriage and Morals*. Now there has come to us Dean Woodbridge's own long-nourished volume, *The Son of Apollo*, which can — according to Lucien Price — be trusted to give a mellow satisfaction to classicists whether profound or casual.

***The Son of Apollo*, by F. J. E. Woodbridge**
[Houghton Mifflin, $4.00]

THIS study of Plato by Mr. Woodbridge is contrived a triple debt to pay. If one already knows his Plato, this volume becomes a spirited interchange between author and reader, a comparing of notes beside a study fire: agreement, disagreement, lively discussion. If one has never read Plato, he could, in these pages, glean an idea of what it is all about and why Plato goes on being important to the European races. And finally, books about the classics are mainly valuable if they can succeed in making us read those classics, or reread them — if not in their original tongues, then, let us say, in Jowett's excellent English translation of Plato; and this, I think, will be the effect of Mr. Woodbridge's work on many readers.

It is excellently planned. Instead of wearying the uninitiated with laborious digests of the dialogues, it treats their main themes broadly in four succinct chapters: Politics, Education, Love, and Death. For prologue there are two chapters, one on Plato's life and one on the historic vicissitudes of his writings. For epilogue there is a stirring chapter on Socrates. The thought material for each chapter is assembled from the whole body of Plato's work, set forth tersely without technical jargon, and when passages from the dialogues do appear they are so pat to the argument as to be easily readable for their own sakes and are charmingly translated. Critical comment has been so subtly interwoven with the texture of the expository passages as never to obtrude the writer's personality. Indeed, so far has the dyer's hand been subdued to the hue it works in that Mr. Woodbridge's style, like that of many another lover of the Greeks, repeatedly achieves the directness, simplicity, and suppleness of Greek itself — that kind of 'Greek English' which the Oxford and Cambridge Hellenists write so well.

As the book proceeds it gains momentum from one's realization that everything conceivable is under discussion, and under discussion in that peculiarly forcible way which comes from our hearing ourselves talked about by one who is not speaking of our age but of his own. From such a speaker we take home truths to ourselves much more readily than when they are aimed at us directly.

Thus the chapter on education contains pages on the difference between the teachability of the debatable and the undebatable which make thoughtful reading for the advocates of the Socratic method in modern education. The chapter on Love is probably more candid than it could have been even as recently as twenty years ago. A comparison of it with Jowett's introductions to the dialogues on love will indicate the difference. It is here that classical scholars generally use the tongs. Mr. Woodbridge uses them also, but he uses them less, and the tongs are not as long as they were once. The whole book mounts in a steady climax to the two concluding chapters on Death and on Socrates. These, I think, would lay hold on even the reader who cared nothing for the general body of Platonic thought, if only as a corrective and a steadier against an age when so many seem to have relegated ideal values to the discard. In these pages of Mr. Woodbridge (and of Plato) we are reminded that, despite gasoline engines and high-powered salesmanship, certain finer values do continue to exist.

LUCIEN PRICE

LAST month Dean Woodbridge spoke his plain mind about Bertrand Russell. We do not often print letters from publishers, but this which expresses a very diverse opinion should have its day in court.

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The BOOKSHELF

DEAR MR. WEEKS:—

I am taking occasion to comment on Dr. Woodbridge's review of Bertrand Russell's *Marriage and Morals*, with which I must take issue. Though my position as Mr. Russell's publisher may seem a biased one, and though you may therefore feel that publishers' comments on reviews should not be printed, yet I am wondering whether the controversial nature of *Marriage and Morals* may not carry a sanction for a publisher's statement in your columns.

Dr. Woodbridge cites as an example of nonsense Mr. Russell's statement, 'Marriage in America, as in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, is conceived as an alternative to fornication.' This may well be an example of nonsense when plucked out of the text of the book, but if read as sequential to Chapter V, entitled 'Christian Ethics,' it assumes an entirely sound meaning. Dr. Woodbridge says, 'The old-fashioned, the religious, affectionate husbands and wives, affectionate parents and children, even many lovers, themselves beyond morals and marriage, are pretty sure to lay the book aside with feelings varying from violent anger to amused distaste.' This seems to me a too complacent assumption that the ideas of the majority represent the need of an evolving race. Dr. Woodbridge quotes Mr. Russell, 'What I am saying is that sex intercourse apart from love has little value, and is to be regarded primarily as experimentation with a view to love.' And Dr. Woodbridge says, 'Some may call this a dangerous doctrine. It ought rather to be called silly,' etc. This, I think, is a superficial observation which Dr. Woodbridge himself later refutes. Certainly Mr. Russell's idea of making people aware of the valuelessness of sexual intercourse as an expression in itself is the best means of controlling sex, which Dr. Woodbridge says in the last paragraph of his review is necessary to prevent ruin. The resulting inanity of sex is the surest way of reaching ultimate sex idealization in love, which is what Dr. Woodbridge himself espouses, so that Mr. Russell's presentation of an irrefutable psychological truth leads to the effective control of sex as a force, also Dr. Woodbridge's goal. The fact that Mr. Russell's ideas are at sharp variance with the practices and opinions of convention seems to be Dr. Woodbridge's objection to them. He is too deeply prejudiced against radical change to permit himself to see that Mr. Russell and he are apparently at one in their basic ideas.

Faithfully yours,

HORACE LIVERIGHT

NEXT month we shall review H. M. Tomlinson's long-promised war novel, *All Our Yesterdays*. Meantime I have been reading three books in each of which there are fighting and bloodshed to a greater or lesser degree. Two years in France left me with an endless appetite for war books; it also predisposed me in favor of those which do not make war inspiring. Yet in this one cannot be consistent, for acts of courage were admittedly as much a part of the picture as the wounds and the degradation. Each of these three books seeks to emphasize courage.

In ***Marines and Others*** (Scribner, $3.00) **Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.**, of the U. S. Marines, has brought together his third collection of short stories and line drawings, mostly devoted to the exploits of the troops with which he is serving to-day. Thomason's is a graphic touch; his prose and illustrations together form a picture as highly colored as Kipling's, though without the Englishman's sense of sound and smell. I like 'Love Story of a Marine' and 'Air Patrol' the best of the group.

On the other hand, **James Hopper** in ***Medals of Honor*** (John Day, $3.00) is concerned with fact, not fiction — at any rate, the facts as they are remembered after a decade by twelve of the men who won the Congressional Medal of Honor in France. The author tracked these men to their homes of to-day; he saw what they are doing now, and by adroit questioning he brought into print the incredible things which they had once done at Cantigny or Château-Thierry. The contour of his chronicles may have been somewhat softened and exaggerated by time, but not much; here is courage, and a brutal taxing of man's endurance that is harrowing to read. Those who were too young may think it boasting; those who were there know it for the heroic truth. Incidentally, the jacket of the book, by Rockwell Kent, is one of the best I have seen in some time.

'G. B.' by **W. F. Morris** (Dodd, Mead, $2.50) does not properly belong among serious World War books, for it is a straightforward mystery novel in the romantic vein, which merely uses the recent war as its setting. This setting, however, is extremely vivid, and has all the qualities of a personal experience in its pictures of life among a group of men in a British cycle corps, both behind the lines and in action. The characters are neatly individualized, the story told with suavity, and the dialogue has professional excellence. If the plot were carried through as well as it promises, '*G. B.*' would be a masterly 'thriller' on a very high plane; but it falls back on a trick of dual personality and a series of escapes that do not quite carry conviction. As a picture of Englishmen at war it adds to our glossary and to our point of view. But its chief excuse for consideration here is as a reminder that authors can still unblushingly turn the war to romantic uses.

Edward Weeks

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FEBRUARY, 1930

THE MONGOLIAN NOBILITY

BY FRANS AUGUST LARSON

I

I CAME out to Mongolia from Sweden in 1893, for the Christian Missionary Alliance of New York, and worked under their direction until 1900. I was twenty-three years old. Except for six weeks spent in England, this was my first venture away from my homeland. I settled first at Paotao, on the Chinese border of Mongolia, and here I began to study the Mongolian language. I could find no books from which to work, but I secured a teacher, and used the method of asking him the name of this thing and the name of that — in this way making up a vocabulary. It was not very satisfactory; I made slow progress. I wished I might learn by living where Mongol was the native tongue, but it was not easy to secure residence within Mongolia. The Mongols are a proud people and do not encourage foreigners to settle among them.

I was attracted by what I saw of Mongolia across the border. All my life I had liked horses. I grew up with horses in Sweden; I groomed, fed, and rode them from my earliest boyhood. I longed to talk and live with these people who galloped through the streets of Paotao, for I admired their free, easy grace and the jolly good nature with which they seemed to joke with each other.

In those days I was very homesick. The Mongols seemed more akin to me than any other folk near.

The whole of Mongolia then was divided into innumerable states, each ruled over by a nobleman, with the power of an absolute monarch in his own territory. All these noblemen traced their right to rule back to the old days of Genghis Khan; many of them were direct descendants of Genghis's sons.

My opportunity to enter the country finally came through the courtesy of the monarch of Ortos, the state whose borders touched Paotao. I made friends first with the Chinese military official in Paotao, through his horses, and he took me with him one time when he went to call on the Prince of Ortos.

The festivities lasted for three days. The Prince and his family were all very kind to me; I was very happy during the visit and very sorry when the end of the third day came and the mandarin took me up to bid farewell. The Prince spoke to me kindly. I knew enough Mongolian by that time to understand that he asked me to stay longer. I stayed.

Living quarters were prepared for

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me inside the monarch's residence, and he personally selected a teacher to help me with the language. I had daily lessons, but more helpful than these lessons was the opportunity of hearing Mongol spoken all day long. I had to speak it too, because there was no other means by which I could let my thoughts be known to the people around me.

The Prince gave me good horses to ride and took me out with him continually on trips over the state. His wife visited me daily, always bringing one or two of the ladies in waiting with her to my quarters. She became my mother adviser in the small but important details of Mongolian etiquette.

One day she brought a crowd of young ladies to visit me, and they soon let me know that they had come for the special purpose of examining my knees. A Chinese trader who had come to the palace to sell silk brocades had told them that a foreigner's knees could not be moved in the same way as those of the Mongols or the Chinese. I was embarrassed, but the Princess was the wife of the absolute ruler of the state as well as my hostess, and when she repeated her request I uncovered my knees. Then she and her ladies in waiting pinched and pushed them backward and forward. Finally they expressed their opinion that my legs were made in the same way as theirs. So they were satisfied, and I could cover my knees again.

Another day the ruler's wife appeared saying that she thought it was very bad for a young man to live without a wife. She considered it too lonely for me, and felt that I should learn the language very much quicker if I had a woman to talk to always. She said that since I was an orphan with no parents to arrange a marriage for me, and in reality was in Ortos in the position of the Prince's son, she had chosen a nice girl from her ladies in waiting.

She told me that all arrangements for the marriage had been made, adding that the girl was beautiful, high-spirited, and an excellent horsewoman — and in love with me. She was both surprised and annoyed when I declined her good offer. The Prince laughed heartily when he heard of it.

In Ortos I was taught to conduct myself as a Mongol gentleman, and in addition I learned much concerning life in the country and the method by which each ruler governs his small state. All this was later very useful to me.

I lived under the patronage of the monarch of Ortos for three months, and then, with introductions from him, I went north to Urga to enjoy the experience of life in the capital of Mongolia, where many nobles were gathered, as well as the advantage of using a cosmopolitan language.

People in Urga were very kind to me and exceedingly hospitable, as the Prince of Ortos had been. Here I made friends who have remained my friends all my life. All the monarchs of the states of North Mongolia had royal tents pitched in Urga. Some of them, in addition to governing their own states, had duties relating to Mongolia as a whole. There were also many nobles who came up for a few months every year to be near the Living Buddha, who was, in addition to being the Mongol God, a very popular man.

In Urga I made friendships which later opened the door into every state in Mongolia. I did not consciously do this, for I was a thoughtless, rollicking lad in those days, keen on hunting parties and sports of all kinds. The young Mongols of my own age were good companions, and I was never homesick after I had entered Ortos.

II

Some years after I first went to Mongolia, and when I had lived in many different parts of the country, I was called up to Urga and created a Mongol duke by the Emperor of Mongolia, with full rights equal to those of a Mongol prince's son. This honor was a tremendous surprise to me.

Each ruler has his advisers and officials, some of noble birth and some who are from the commoners. Most of them were, and still are, very wealthy, although they have no money in banks. In fact, there are no banks in Mongolia, and if a Mongolian has any money he at once turns it into animals of some kind. Wealth is counted according to the number of horses owned. Many princes possess thousands, in addition to numberless sheep, camels, and cattle.

Many of the Mongolian nobles have built stone palaces, elaborate structures patterned after the Manchu palaces. But very few of them actually dwell inside of stone walls. They use these palaces on state occasions, at festival times, and whenever they wish to make a great display. The average Mongol is more comfortable in a tent. He has a distrust of the softening influences of luxurious modes of life. I have never met a Mongolian noblewoman who did not consider life inside of walls unhealthy.

Even when a monarch does dwell in his palace, the heir to the throne is brought up in a yurta beyond the palace gates, where he lives exactly the same hardening life that his ancestors have lived for centuries. His food is the simple strengthening food of the commoner — mutton and curd cheese; his drink, mare's milk. He learns to ride as Genghis Khan rode, and to meet wolves, weather, and hunger with a stout heart. A monarch on the Mongolian plateau must be a man of physical prowess who does not know the word 'fear.'

The ruler of a Mongolian state does not receive an allowance in money with which to meet his needs; but the people of the state must supply him with anything he requires. So, although he may possess many thousands of horses, which he has inherited perhaps from his mother, as his own fortune, still when he travels it is the custom for him to use state horses. And when he travels he also draws upon the country for men, tents, food, and anything else that he needs. The people have to provide him all the year round with felt for his tents, saddles, carts, oxen, clothes for himself and family — in fact, anything within reason that he needs.

All royal residences, whether movable yurtas or stone palaces, have connected with them a yamen, or place where all government business is transacted. Here the nobleman himself may go often, if he pleases, and personally attend to all the affairs of the state; but in actual practice he is much more likely to have this work done by commoners who are responsible to him.

In the yamen all disputes between individuals within the state are decided, criminals are punished, tributes are determined upon, and official dispatches on outside matters are written. Usually the man in charge of the yamen — or the men, if there happen to be several — talks with the nobleman concerning any important question before they reach a decision. All dispatches must be shown to him before they are sealed.

According to the old common law of Mongolia, still in force to-day except where Soviet influence has come in in North Mongolia, any and every citizen in a state has a right to personal au-

dience with his ruler; but only in very special cases do citizens take advantage of this right. Usually all troubles are settled peaceably at the yamen.

Murder is a crime practically unheard of in Mongolia, and with the exception of Urga the country has no prisons. None are needed. The worst crimes are those sufficiently punished by a spanking administered at the yamen.

Each man and woman in a Mongol state owes one moon of annual service to the ruler of the state if that service is needed. It is the custom to call workers in turn.

The man or woman is used for whatever duty he or she is fitted to perform. One woman may be able to mend tents but would be impossible as a lady in waiting; a man might be a good magistrate but out of place as a cook. The Mongols are a people of common sense, and do not make mistakes in delegating a person to a piece of work.

This constant movement of the population to the royal residence and out again into the state has a dual value, for it makes all citizens well acquainted with the ruler. They watch him grow from babyhood to old age. They know him intimately, and he knows each and all of them.

I have traveled east and west, north and south, and been entertained by most of the noblemen of Mongolia. In many states I have known the father as monarch, and then his son as monarch, and now know the little boy who is growing up to rule, and in all my experience I have met with but three men who were not just rulers, with greater thought for the prosperity of their state than for their personal fortune. It is bred through centuries in the Mongol nobleman to consider it his duty to rule wisely and well for the span of years allotted to him.

III

In 1908 the Prince of Hanta asked me to go with him on a trip from Urga to Peking, then to Tientsin and on to Shanghai. The Prince had never been to sea before, and he was much interested in our boat. We had a two-berth cabin together. I asked him to choose whether he would sleep in the upper or the lower berth. This matter occupied his mind for a long time.

He had never slept in a bed of any kind, as the Mongols always sleep on rugs thrown on the ground or on the floor of their yurtas or palaces. He pressed the berths with his hands, tried the springs, shook his head dubiously, and finally decided he would try to sleep in one of them; and when he had decided that, he gave his attention to the decision as to which it should be.

He said, 'If I take the lower berth you will be above me, which is not quite right, as I am above you in rank.' I agreed with him in this, but told him that it depended on which way we looked at it — whether the upper or the lower berth should by right go to the man of highest rank. Still, in case the steamer sank, the man in the upper berth would be nearer the surface of the sea.

He scratched his head over this for a little time, and then said, 'Yes, if I were in the lower berth I might be drowned.' So he took the upper berth, climbed into it, and there he stayed for the entire journey to Shanghai. The rough coastal trip he declared to be worse than any Mongolian blizzard.

When we got to Shanghai the steamer docked on the opposite side of the river from the city, and we had to cross in a small sampan. He was much frightened by this and inquired how he would be able to save himself in case the sampan sank. I told him there was

nothing to do but swim for the shore, and explained to him as best I could what swimming was. He said it would be impossible for him ever to learn to swim, and asked if there was some aid by which a man could keep himself afloat in the water until rescued. I told him the only thing for that was a good lifebelt. He was much interested in the idea, and immediately we arrived on shore in Shanghai he insisted on going to a shop that sold lifebelts, where he ordered a hundred! These he shipped up to the plains of Mongolia, where they are probably in some yurta to-day.

When the Prince got back to Urga he unwrapped one of the lifebelts and showed it to the Living Buddha. The Buddha was most anxious to discover whether or not it would really work, so, as the River Tola was in high flood, they strapped it on to a lama priest and threw him in. He did not sink. The Prince of Hanta declared that the money spent for the lifebelts was really well invested.

Once the Prince stepped off the curb to cross Nanking Road in Shanghai right in front of a street car which was coming at a good pace. I seized his arm and tried to pull him back. Then, when he would not come back, I attempted to hurry him across. He stopped dead and said, 'Don't be a fool. I know how these cars are made. They have brakes and can be stopped at any place — so why hurry?'

In Shanghai the Prince of Hanta bought twenty thousand dollars' worth of stuff for the Dalai Lama, who was then in Peking. This was a most extraordinary business. He gave no order for any particular thing. He made all his purchases in three days, and spent the whole sum on foreign objects. Morning and afternoon of each day he asked me to conduct him to a foreign shop. Inside, he pointed the butt of his riding whip at everything that took his fancy and ordered it wrapped up and dispatched to Peking.

He bought, among other things, clocks, watches, looking-glasses, knives, canes, rugs, lamps, lanterns, a big astronomical telescope, a kitchen range, an electric curling iron, ladies' shoes with high heels, and a Christmas tree with decorations!

He ran riot in the shops. I could not curb his purchases or advise him in any single matter. He was like a child let loose in a bazaar. I did not think much of the things he got, but the Dalai Lama was very pleased, and so were all the friends whom he invited in to see what he had brought from the strange Chinese port city of Shanghai.

IV

When a Mongolian boy or girl reaches the age of seven years it is customary for the parents to begin to look about among their friends for a suitable engagement for marriage. The lamas of the near-by lamasery are always consulted in this matter, and the horoscope of both children whose parents are considering a preliminary engagement is at once taken by a priest.

If the comparison of the horoscopes shows that the children were born under stars favorable to a prosperous and peaceful union, then the parents of the girl invite relatives and friends to a feast. This is called the 'feast of the small white scarf' or the 'first engagement.'

The parents of the boy bring their young son with them to the festivities and the little boy kneels before his fiancée and holds his two hands, palms upward, in front of him. On his upturned palms there lies a white silk scarf, and on the scarf two silver earrings, the gift and the symbol of the

first engagement. The girl's ears have already been pierced as a small child, in readiness for this gift. She takes the earrings from his hands and puts them on. This is the pledge that if they grow up suited to each other they will follow this first ceremony with a formal engagement when they are about fifteen.

If all has gone well with both families and their children have grown up healthy and wish to follow the engagement with marriage, the parents of the girl again make a feast. This is a much more serious and elaborate affair than the first. The family are busy for many days before, preparing for it, and only the girl's relatives attend it. They assemble, dressed in their best clothes, and feast.

The parents of the boy are not invited, but they send a special delegate, who presents a big silk scarf and a pair of bracelets to the daughter of the house in whose honor the feast is held. By the offering and the acceptance of this large scarf and engagement bracelets the honor of the boy and the girl and of both families has been pledged, and this ceremony must be followed by consummation in marriage within three or four years. The girl is never supposed to know the exact date for the marriage until the day arrives, or to be present at home when preparations are made for it. It is customary for her to go to visit the woman highest in rank in her family during the preparation for the wedding festivities.

Not long ago I attended the wedding of the daughter of a wealthy commoner who was married to the son of the ruler of a state where I often visit. When I arrived at the encampment of the family the girl was away visiting her aunt. The encampment buzzed with activity. Twenty new white cone-shaped tents made of wool felt from the spring clipping had been pitched near the family tents, ready for the reception of guests.

Relatives had been invited from far and near to come to the marriage festivities. Some had already arrived when I got there; the others rode in and were welcomed soon after.

Dressed in bright silk, the girl's relatives and immediate family made the encampment a brilliant moving mass of color. The marine blue, sapphire, olive green, purple, lavender, wisteria, and rose gowns of lay men and women, heavily embroidered with butterflies, flowers, and birds, mingled with the crimson and yellow brocades worn by the lamas.

The girl's brother was sent to his relative's encampment to bring her home. The aunt and her family came back with them. When the group reached the top of the hill which overlooked the encampment of the girl's parents, she saw the preparations that had been made in her absence, was startled, and, turning her horse round, made off across the plains. But her brother soon caught up with her, seized the bridle, and pulled the horse back toward home. She then leaped from the saddle, but her cousins caught her. Matrons of the family, who had waited behind a clump of shrubs just below the hill, ran forward and closed about her in a tight circle. The most recently married woman among them flung a thick blue veil over the maid's head. Blinded by the swathes of the veil, she was carried through the encampment and put down on the felt-padded floor of her own tent. Then her relatives withdrew, leaving only the aunt with her. The door was fastened securely on the outside.

Throughout the day and most of the night the gorgeous assembly that had gathered for the wedding feast made merry. A band of musicians strolled about playing gay music. They lin-

gered in the great banquet tent where the father entertained the men highest in rank among the guests, or passed into the glittering throng of matrons gathered in the tent of the girl's mother. They made their way through the entire encampment, even penetrating where the herdsmen and servants gathered round steaming bowls and full tankards.

Only in the tent where the girl lay there was darkness. At dawn the servants took tea in to her. A little while later her girl friends and younger sisters forced their way in. They sat in a circle about her and sewed the girdle of her dress fast to their own — a symbol that they thus held her in maidenhood with them.

V

A large party of mounted nobles rode in from the west. Clouds of dust heralded their arrival. A hundred strong, mounted on fine horses, they were a magnificent sight, clad in the most brilliant raiment the imagination of a color-loving people could conceive and the wealth of princes execute. They led a riderless white horse that arched his neck and lifted his feet high, shaking his golden bridle and rattling golden stirrups against white doeskin saddle guards.

At the hitching place the girl's family welcomed the party from the palace. The ceremony of greeting and method of procedure were so elaborate that more than an hour of formal phrases was necessary before the last 'You go first' and 'No, you; I am not worthy' had been exchanged and all were seated in the great reception tent in the exact order of precedence — the exact place that he or she knew was his or hers by inherited right.

All the visitors were greeted and honored, save the young bridegroom-elect — a slender boy of seventeen. No notice was taken of him. Ignored in silence, he was permitted to enter last and wait unobtrusively in the lowest place by the yurta door.

The representatives of the two families were seated on cushions in two rows facing each other, the highest in rank of the two households in the left and right places nearest the altar. The first of the visitors cleared his throat significantly. There was perfect silence. In sonorous tones he repeated the speech wherein has been poetized the formal words with which a Mongol daughter shall be asked for in marriage.

When he had finished, a servant knelt and presented him with a silver cup of wine on a white scarf. The wine and the scarf were accepted. Then the man of first rank in the girl's family quoted the formal response in rolling phrases. Again the servant knelt and offered wine in a silver cup on a white scarf.

When the second speaker's parched throat had been relieved, another man among the visitors took up the cue. After him came another answer from the drama prepared through the ages past. So on and on, with wine ceremoniously offered to each speaker and as ceremoniously accepted. Sometimes the orators were women, sometimes men.

The vocal play came to an end, and servants entered with garments carried on extended arms: underclothing of soft silk; boots of finely tanned leather, ornamented with elaborate stitch patterns; a long rich satin gown embroidered in golden thread; a beautiful sleeveless jacket — all made for the bridegroom in the home of the girl. An attendant pulled off the shy lad's usual apparel and dressed him in this new outfit. Now he was invited by the girl's family to come and sit on a cushion.

While food and drink were pressed upon the confused, flushed boy, deputies were dispatched for the bride. A struggle ensued in her tent, where the girls fought to hold her against her elders. Some of these girls were flung into corners, others were pushed roughly inside the door, as their friend was carried away. One, stronger than her companions, clung on even outside, until the steely grip of her fingers had to be loosened by a sharp blow.

The maid, still wrapped in the mist of the blue veil that had been flung over her the previous afternoon, was put down on the ground outside the reception tent. Here she lay, in her plain dress, soiled and wrinkled now — the dress she had worn the day she traveled home. She reminded me of a crushed blossom in the centre of that gorgeous throng.

Women lifted her to her feet, and the man highest in rank in her family knelt beside her and begged her to accept a silver bowl of milk with a lump of butter floating on the surface. Her mother raised her veil and pleaded with her to drink, reminding her that the pure white milk was symbolic of their pure love for her, while the golden butter was the token of that love's genuineness.

The daughter humbly bent her lips to the silver brim and took a few sips. Then a red silk cape was quickly flung over her dress, and a large red hat was dropped over her blue-veiled head. Her jeweled headdress was not adjusted over her hair, but fastened round her neck so that it held the veil down even more closely than before.

The white horse was now led up. Strong arms lifted the inert girl into the golden saddle. The spirited horse snorted and reared.

Men, with hands on each side of the bridle, led the horse a few paces, while relatives on either side of the girl kept her in the saddle. All the rest of us had now mounted — all the girl's relatives, men and women, young boys and girls, as well as all the palace party. Our horses were restless to be off. The girl was lifted down from the saddle and put into a cart, into which had been thrown soft furs, covered with a spread of red silk. A horse was fastened to this two-wheeled cart. The aunt got in with the girl. A mounted herdsman took the leading rein, and we were all off at breakneck speed over the trackless plateau, the cart that contained the bride-elect careering madly in our midst.

At the first neighbor's encampment women rushed out. They dashed furiously in among our horses and jerked the leading rein from the herdsman's hands. They soon had the cart stopped and gathered about the maid with words of comfort. Other women followed them out of the yurtas with tea and cakes with which they begged the girl to refresh herself. She thanked them, and made as though to leap from the cart, but her aunt struck the horse and he bounded ahead at a frightened gallop. After another hour we sighted the tiled roofs of the palace in jagged outline against the sky.

The girl was taken from the cart and put on the white horse again. Riders kept close around her, holding her in the saddle and guiding her mount. When we came to the palace we all dismounted on the green slope below the eastern gates, where tents had been made ready for the festivities.

VI

A small altar spread over with a cloth of satin had been placed on the grass. The bridegroom and his personal attendant knelt before this altar. The bride stood near them. An official offered her a silver basin of milk in

which floated butter — a token that this new household welcomed her with pure hearts and would be true to her. The girl was then taken away by the women of the palace, to rest in a private tent.

The rest of us were conducted to the places that had been arranged for our comfort. All was quiet until flute players summoned us to come for a feast.

The best viands that the state could supply were served on low tables around which we sat on brilliant cushions. Dish after dish followed in lavish abundance. As the servants brought food, the ruler of the state and his wife, the bridegroom and his brothers and their young sister, went from group to group, serving each guest, on bended knee, with a silver cup of wine. Lastly, filling the cups already six times filled, came the bride, still blinded by the blue veil and guided by the bridegroom's eldest sister, who also served wine.

Above the clatter of crockery, the scurrying of servants, and the hum of conversation, music swelled from throats and from stringed instruments strummed with the fingers or played with a bow, like a violin. As time advanced, the wedding party grew more and more merry. Guests joined with minstrels in the singing of ballads recounting the historic romances of famous Mongolian lovers.

At sunset the lad and the maid were ceremoniously conducted to a big white felt yurta which had been prepared as a bridal chamber, and were left there with the girl's aunt.

In the festival tents and on the sloping plain the music continued to throb with sentimental melody. At midnight a second feast was spread. Again the ruler and his wife with their three younger sons and their two daughters offered silver cups of wine to each guest on humbly bended knees, murmuring wishes for peace.

After this we all retired. Next morning tea and cakes were served in our tents, so that all who desired to do so might rest until late. For the entertainment of the more energetic, wrestling matches were staged between the prince's soldiers and the young lamas from the state temples. Flutes announced the first feast of the day sometime past noon.

Then the bride came out from the palace and walked among the people who had gathered to pay her homage. She wore golden slippers and a long gown of lavender silk with a short white satin jacket embroidered in gold. Her head was crowned with her glossy hair arranged in smooth coils and weighted by the headdress which was both her dowry and the symbol that she was now a matron. She conducted herself with magnificent regal dignity — gracious, yet unapproachable. All of us who looked at her talked of her amazing beauty and her queenly manner.

That afternoon there was horse racing, followed by another banquet. The next day a final feast was served in mid-morning, as it is the custom in Mongolia for wedding guests to take their departure before noon on the third day of celebration.

Guests most distantly connected with the bride took leave of her first, going to bid her farewell in the bridal chamber, where she sat ready to receive them, dressed in a gown of jade green, over which her lovely pearls fell like drops of morning dew. She accepted all the congratulations with cool dignity, until at last her own family came to kiss her good-bye.

I had known her since she was a tiny child, and her father insisted that I wait to bid her farewell with her own immediate family. As we came to her, her haughty poise dropped from her

like a player's mask. In a broken voice, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she pleaded to be allowed to return to the encampment of her father, but her parents turned deaf ears to her entreaties. When she rose from her seat to follow them, they pushed her back on her royal cushion and put heavy stones on her silk skirts, to symbolize that she was fastened to her new sphere of life. They reminded her that by the common law of Mongolia every girl must fulfill the engagement she makes in company with her parents when she is fifteen years of age, and that after the wedding ceremony she must live three days and three nights with the man she has married.

The other side of this law — written so deeply in the hearts of the freedom-loving Mongolian people that even an absolute monarch dare not override it — is that when the youth and the maid have risen to manly and womanly wisdom by three days' and three nights' experience either may end the marriage at will without explanation other than the desire to do so. After that each may live alone or marry again without any further divorce or any second marriage ceremony.

VII

On the morning of the fourth day I rode back to the palace with the girl's father, in company with his eldest son and his eldest brother, both lamas from the state temple. We were accompanied by an escort of mounted men who carried three cooked sheep and three big baskets of bread. The girl's brother led a saddled riderless horse. We were received in the bridal chamber. The bride was seated on the same cushion on which she had sat when we took leave of her.

Her father knelt before her and told her that her family now offered her the opportunity to return to them. His attendants brought her three silver platters on each of which lay a whole cooked sheep and three platters heaped high with bread. He said, 'This is a token, my daughter, that your father is both willing and able to provide for you.'

With a gesture the daughter bade her father rise to his feet and ordered the palace servants to remove the food. This was an indication that she was satisfied with her marriage and did not now wish to return home.

Marriage has no religious significance in Mongolia; it is a civil contract. Its binding force is the mere will of the man and the woman, and either one is at liberty to end it. When the marriage is dissolved soon after the wedding there has to be an adjustment of wedding expenses. If the bridegroom is the one who desires separation, he must repay the bride's parents for the cost of their part in the wedding; if the bride is the dissatisfied party, she must refund the groom's parents what they have spent.

In Mongolia women have equal rights with men in the regulation of affairs, with the exception that in divorce the children of a marriage remain with the father unless one or all of them are of sufficient age to decide which parent is preferred.

There is no moral censure of divorce. The Mongols reason that when a man and a woman cannot live together harmoniously they are better apart. Each may pitch his or her tents in company with relatives or alone.

The Mongol woman is quite as capable of managing the affairs of life as the man. From childhood the girl is accustomed to long intervals of time in which the men of her family are absent from the encampment, leaving the women to look after themselves. She knows how to tend the flocks and to do

all the necessary things. Even in young girlhood she makes long journeys on horseback alone, seeking shelter in encampments throughout the country she crosses as independently as a boy. If she chooses to live alone, she knows how to take care of herself.

There are no restrictions concerning the remarriage of either party in a divorce. Only the first marriage is celebrated with ceremony such as I have described. In later unions the couple usually give a feast to friends and relatives at which they announce their marriage, but this is not really necessary. Often couples simply join tents and herds without even the ceremony of a celebration feast.

(Further chapters of the Duke's Mongolian experiences will appear in the March issue)

THE CALIFORNIA LEGEND

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

When you cross the invisible line which separates Southern California from the remainder of the state — and from the universe, for that matter — you find yourself in a foreign country with strange and amusing folk ways, more like the world Alice discovered behind the looking-glass than a part of this somewhat matter-of-fact and unimaginative United States. The traits which surprise the visitor must be acquired traits, for the inhabitants are after all Americans at heart like the rest of us, coming mostly from plain and unadventurous states such as Iowa or Illinois. In their original habitat they never exhibited such initiative, imagination, solidarity, and loyalty. Something in their new environment — sun, soil, climate, the scarcity of water, the cheapness of food, the imminence of Hollywood, or possibly merely the exhortations of the most earnest chambers of commerce in the world — has given them all a complacent patriotism for their adopted country, a serene myopia to its shortcomings, and a calculated but agreeable courtesy toward visitors from less favored spots that almost disarms the latent suspicion with which we all approach California for the first time.

You enter the country in your car, perhaps. At once the entire population springs to your assistance. Do you hesitate a moment at a fork, a passer-by comes quickly to the side of the car to ask if you want to ask anything.

And the information is always forthcoming, eager and sympathetic. And it is given with a certain smiling pride in being a citizen of the country about which you inquire. Every inhabitant has taken an oath that no visitor shall be repulsed. *Noblesse oblige*. To be a Californian imposes its code. Hospitality is a civic cult.

Automobile clubs and chambers of

commerce await you with rows of smiling girls to answer your questions and supply your wants. Every golf club in the neighborhood of San Diego is at the disposal of the visitor. You apply to the chamber of commerce and the cards of introduction are forthcoming with none of the red tape which discourages such offers elsewhere. Even beautiful Chula Vista, said to be the best course in Southern California, is open to you. The hotel keepers fill your rooms with flowers and fruit. Bankers, taxi drivers, conductors, and policemen are at your beck and call. I stood in front of the Santa Fe ticket wicket at Pasadena and lamented to my wife that, owing to a misunderstanding of time of arrival in Chicago, I was under the necessity of sending a number of telegrams to change appointments. The ticket agent reached out, swung a typewriter in front of him, and said: 'Tell me what you want to say, and I'll write them for you.' And he did. Can you imagine such a thing happening in any Eastern railroad station?

The dénouement to the siege of civic kindness came after we had left Southern California. We were driving up that long, straight, rather dull, but magnificently paved road which leads from Los Angeles to San Francisco, romantically called El Camino Real, and as conditions were favorable Martin was tooling the car along at the rate of about fifty-five miles an hour.

After a while we began to be vaguely disturbed by a car behind us signaling to pass. Martin drew aside, but held to his speed. He could see in his mirror that it was a Ford coupé — 'I was n't going to let a Ford pass us,' he said afterward.

Drawing aside did not answer. The car clung, but did not pass, and the signals became so peremptory that Martin finally stopped his car.

The Ford drew up behind us and out of it stepped a traffic officer in full panoply, like Cinderella out of her pumpkin, and with the utmost courtesy gave my driver a summons returnable at Salinas, the next town, to which he proceeded to follow us.

In his testimony before the justice the policeman was most considerate. He had trailed us through two villages. My driver slowed properly for traffic, he said, and exercised great discretion in overtaking, and in short the only charge was driving at a speed of fifty-five miles an hour. The justice said that since we were visitors the fine would be half the customary amount, and we contributed seven dollars and a half to the treasury of California. The very next day in the state legislature the member from Los Angeles, speaking on the new motor law, vigorously attacked the practice of police patroling roads disguised by Ford coupés as taking unfair advantage of visitors, and had it written into the new law that hereafter such cars must be painted a distinguishing color and plainly marked 'Traffic Police.' And that was that.

This civic hospitality, whether it has been inculcated by chambers of commerce or is merely the effect of sunshine and blue skies mingled with a burning local pride, makes things pleasant for visitors, and is perhaps the reason why so many who go to scoff remain to stay. I am especially susceptible to such amiability because of my deafness. I require patience and consideration in pursuit of direction. Long experience in extracting information from curt and bored bank tellers, policemen, information clerks, and ticket agents has taught me to appreciate a people willing to take the time to wait for my slow audition. I have

found the same cheerful and sympathetic helpfulness in Italy, so perhaps the climate has something to do with it.

Another worth-while result of the coöperative spirit of Southern Californians is its solution of motor congestion. Everyone is his own traffic officer. Traffic is controlled, not by policemen or signal lights, though they have both, but by what can only be defined as the forbearance and unselfishness of each individual motorist. A car approaching a crossing comes to a full stop. A car approaching it at right angles also comes to a full stop. The car that stopped first starts first.

And thus the traffic flows on all day long, controlled by an 'After you, Gaston' spirit which is stronger than law and has its roots in that instinct firmly planted in the heart of every Californian to coöperate in everything that has the good of California for its purpose.

To be sure, there is at each intersection in cities a red stone in the middle of the street bearing the injunction 'Stop,' but the instinct is stronger than the injunction, and the practice obtains even in the open country. So pervasive is the influence that my chauffeur adopted it as a matter of course after a few days. It is true that the streets and roads are wider and more numerous, which of course helps to make this spontaneous solution more effective. Nor should it be forgotten that roads and streets have been built since it was really understood what the motor car means to modern civilization. The Californians began the art of living where we leave off. And so favorable are motoring conditions that car ownership in Los Angeles is ten times greater per capita than in New York City.

II

The capital of this country which proves itself as worthy of exploration as Brittany or Etruria, and for similar reasons, is a city covering more than a thousand square miles. It has no corporate name, but the built-up section extends from Altadena on the north to San Pedro on the south, and from Monrovia on the east to Santa Monica on the west. Its nucleus is Los Angeles, and numerous suburbs and dependencies, such as Glendale, Beverly Hills, Hollywood, Pasadena, Inglewood, Redondo, Palos Verdes, Long Beach, — seventy-nine in all, — are set closely together and constitute one integral city. It is not densely built, however. There is something spacious and airy about it, partly because the buildings are low, but also because of the many wide streets which cross the aggregate in both directions from one end to the other, making it without doubt the most motorable city in the world.

When Baron Haussmann, at the command of Napoleon, revised the city of Paris and drove his wide boulevards through the congeries of narrow mediæval streets, and thus prepared the way for the motor car long before motor cars were dreamed of, he evolved the rudiments of a city plan which has been adopted by Los Angeles and improved upon so that it is possible to drive with speed and certainty to the most obscure address in any of the 11,500 streets of this huge, sprawling, conglomerate city. The greater city is gridironed with broad boulevards, ten lanes wide, cutting it into blocks many times the size of ordinary city blocks, and these large blocks are subdivided by the lesser streets into anywhere from three to twenty smaller blocks. These islands have necessarily no designed relation

to the boulevards. In some cases they suggest an independent development which has been later tied up with the main plan by the boulevard. In this way even golf links have been included in the built-up district and exist as oases of recreation. Whatever the method, the plan is admirable and should furnish the model for all future cities able to start from scratch.

The fact that the roads and streets in Southern California are so good, and in the built-up parts wider and more numerous than in older sections of the country, is due partly to a climate which is kinder to concrete roads than our Northern winters, and partly, I believe, to an unusual spirit of coöperation, which seems to move inhabitants to boost improvements that will justify this country in pluming itself in its advertising, and bring it nearer its goal, which seems to be more and still more inhabitants. It is remarkable how the towns and cities of this country are obsessed by size, how highly they prize mere population. To some of us this seems to be the worst feature of most big cities. But in this case, while we have little sympathy with the ambition of Los Angeles to be larger than San Francisco, we acknowledge that some of the means to that end have produced satisfactory results.

The underlying cause behind the marked disposition to concerted action which has affected Southern California in so many novel and amusing ways is probably scarcity of water, and the coöperation necessary to ensure a sufficient supply to transform the country from a desert into the truck garden of the nation. There may be a lingering trace of the old pioneer spirit, the getting together to enforce law and order in a new country, vigilantes and informal courts by which horse thieves were tried and executed, but most of the present inhabitants are too new to have any recollection of that self-helpful period. Coöperation is necessary, however, to secure water. Southern California has more acres under irrigation than any other state in the Union, and the United States has more than any country except India. Expressions such as 'acre foot' and 'second foot' puzzle the visitor. An acre foot is the amount of water that will cover an acre a foot deep, while a second foot is a cubic foot passing through a sluice gate in a second. All water used by each inhabitant is measured and paid for. Gardens and fruit farms respond to the exactitude with which water can be applied without waste or drought.

This fantastic, colorful, light-hearted civilization depends for its very existence on irrigation ditches. Like Keats's, its name is writ in water. And water is the civic tie that binds. To get water, distribute it properly, and collect rates to pay for it demands coöperation of a farsighted character; and Californians, having learned the lesson of acting together, have proceeded to apply it to other operations of living with surprising and satisfactory results.

One of the entertaining features of storing water for future use is the temporary employment of it as a municipal plunge or public bathing pool.

These are found in every community. They are as inevitable as the cogged wheel of the Rotary Club hung at the gate of every city inviting motoring Rotarians to come and share the weekly communal feast. Impounding water for irrigation purposes creates large reservoirs, and it is the custom to use these cisterns for recreation in the form of bathing and swimming. The climate admits of

their use the year round and they are seldom idle. The water, having served this purpose, goes on its way to irrigate the land and nourish the oranges, lemons, grapes, celery, and asparagus that grow so abundantly in what was once a desert.

The genius for teamwork is exhibited in the marketing of these crops. California is famous for its coöperative advertising and selling. Oranges, lemons, raisins, grapefruit, nuts, lumber, and other native products, produced in small units, are pooled, graded, trade-marked, and advertised with profitable results, and these methods could and should be imitated by farmers everywhere. California agriculturists, truck gardeners, and fruit farmers enjoy the advantages of trade-unionism because they are all nourished from the same fount. There is something about this dependence on one source for water, the controlled use of it, and the amazing results it produces, so superior to nature's reckless and haphazard methods, that engenders an enlightened selfishness which places the common good ahead of the individual good.

It also explains the excitement occasioned by such projects as the Boulder Dam irrigation scheme. In the East this is merely another engineering or political problem. In the West it has started an orgy of speculation. San Diego and Los Angeles swarm with agents selling land with water rights, bought by thousands in spite of government warnings that there are no such lands yet for sale.

Water is the staff of life, and those who have seen with their own eyes the miraculous transformation of Imperial Valley from a desert to a vast truck garden are condescending about the story of Moses smiting the rock in the desert of Zin.

III

But coöperation alone, though carried to great lengths and affecting the thinking of a whole community, would not produce such striking and novel results in the way of behavior, dress, landscape, architecture, and advertising unless backed up by an unusual originality. The Californians have civic imagination, just as they have civic courtesy and civic collectivity.

There are even the rudiments of a national costume, taking the form of aprons. Aprons have a profound sociological significance, according to the learned Herr Teufelsdröckh, — if anyone reads *Sartor Resartus* these days, — but in Greater Los Angeles they have something the character of the liveries of the ancient English guilds.

I first saw one on a doctor. My wife had occasion to visit a specialist, and the doctor practised his specialty in a trim white apron. It is no new thing for a physician to wear an apron, but this apron was different. I noticed it with especial attention because I am interested in aprons, my hobby being that of a gentleman carpenter and joiner. It had no buttons, but two long straps crossed in front, one going through a slit in the side, and tied in the back — a neat and picturesque costume.

Next I had my hair cut and noticed that the barber wore an apron identical with the doctor's except that the color was brown. I visited an oculist to have my glasses repaired and the oculist's apron was blue of the same nifty cut. In one of the largest and by far one of the most attractive grocery stores I have ever seen, which I visited in the spirit in which one would visit the Cathedral of Canterbury, I found all the salespeople wearing the national

apron, the color being a light apple green.

Thus costume added its picturesqueness to a variegated scene and enhanced the impression one had of visiting a foreign country. I was on the trail of an intriguing sociological discovery. I traced the apron to its source, helped by answers to questions discreetly asked, and learned that it was the invention of a woman who is busily engaged in putting the entire populace into appropriate aprons. I bought two myself, partly as authentic souvenirs of the country, as one buys sabots or bonnets in Plougastel, but mainly because they seemed to be a real achievement in occupational aprons and would be handy to keep the sawdust off my clothes.

Outdoor advertising takes strange forms. Instead of the two-dimensional poster we have in the East, there is three-dimensional advertising; in other words, statuary of a kind. A wayside refreshment stand specializing in chicken dinners has a huge hen fifteen feet tall surrounded by a brood of gigantic chicks worked out in staff or some plastic material, like a scene in *Chanticleer*. 'Hokey-pokey' is sold from conical structures shaped and painted to look like ice-cream cones, and orange drinks are dispensed from huge oranges looking for all the world like the house of Peter Pumpkin-Eater in the nursery book. The retail shops of a chain of bakeries are miniature flour mills with great Dutch sails which revolve slowly all day and by night are outlined in colored electric lights. A dairy is advertised by a group — cow, milkmaid with pail and stool, and a small child waiting for a drink — the style and color of which remind one irresistibly of a Rogers group magnified a thousand diameters. A racing automobile advertises gasoline, a page in buttons a hotel; and a life-size plaster elephant with gorgeous Eastern trappings is the sculpture-poster of a silk house. And 'hot dogs' are sold from the interior of a Brobdingnagian puppy; but in moving-pictureland the popular roadside snack seems to be a 'grilled Hamburger.' On the aviation field at San Diego is a heroic statue of Lindbergh — heroic in size only — with the legend, 'Here is where he started.' What the effect would be if the work were artistic it is hard to say, but one feels like quoting, 'Even if it was good, I would n't like it.'

In the designing of hotels we find many dramatic gestures. In the East we conceive of a hotel as one building; in California the hotel becomes a small village of cottages with the central building but slightly larger — the houses and grounds treated with all of the transitory picturesqueness of a World's Fair setting. The Garden of Alla on the famous Sunset Drive near Hollywood is an amusing instance. This was formerly the estate of Alla Nazimova — hence the name. Its numerous bungalows surround an immense pool, and are dolls' houses completely equipped, even for light housekeeping, though there is a common dining room in the central building. As with most houses in this region, the heating is electric and turned on and off by switches like those of the lights. Another hotel is a Norman village, its half-timbered cottages clinging to a steep hillside, with gateways and clock towers, like a picture postcard.

The top of the highest hill in Flintridge, joining Pasadena, is capped by the Biltmore Flintridge, a rambling group of Spanish buildings not more than two stories high at the most, whose red roofs and oyster-colored walls seen from the valley below are about as good a bit of the scene paint-

er's craft as anything you will see. The hotel is reached by admirable roads, curving and zigzagging. Where the hill juts out into a shoulder a small spur runs to a turnout for the purpose of inspecting the view. In cleverly created atmosphere this hotel surpasses anything I have seen in this country. The unexpected irregularity of it on the inside, as it runs up and down the hill, with rooms of unusual shapes in the most surprising places, keeps one chuckling with amusement, and it is hard to convince one's self that this is a serious hotel, it so expresses the playtime, holiday, theatrical spirit.

While this hotel bears the name given to one of our enterprising hotel chains, this simply means that it has been recently acquired by the Biltmore interests. One could hardly imagine hotel builders of the Eastern type conceiving, much less producing, a hotel like a page out of the *Blue Fairy Book*. It was built by a man named Flint, and sold to the Biltmore interests after he died. He was a California spirit imbued with the drama and color of this strange playland, and created his hotel with something of the freedom and imagination with which an artist makes a picturesque sketch upon a canvas.

Up at Santa Barbara they have taken a page from Omar Khayyám and the hotel is a Persian garden. The gardens drop in terraces from the small Oriental main building, with pools and waterfalls and carp and goldfish, and myriads of flowers, and colored lights that play upon the building at night. The dining room on the top floor is a balcony overhanging the gardens, with striped marquee and waitresses in Spanish peasant costumes. The bedrooms are in arms of the building which flank the garden on both sides. The vista spans the gardens, a circular pool with flotillas of stately swans, an oval bowling green encircled by a high hedge, and climaxes in a serene, inscrutable bronze Buddha with hands demurely crossed palm up to receive pennies deposited by tourists as harbingers of good fortune. As one walks these terraces in plus fours he feels like an anachronism, as though he should be attired in burnoose and turban, or like a man who has gone to a masquerade in a dinner jacket. Here is the perfect moving-picture spirit, and the hotel is often used by the producers at Hollywood as a setting for their films, for it has beaten them at their own game.

Vista del Arroyo, Pasadena's most picturesque hotel, has its dependencies hanging like swallows' nests to the side of the deep canyon which divides Pasadena from Los Angeles. Close at hand is the graceful bridge which spans the canyon and carries California Boulevard, the road from Pasadena to Los Angeles. The golf links are on the bottom of the canyon, and opposite is one of those characteristic developments which are dotting the Los Angelic plain with a new kind of hill town. Broad, perfectly graded roads sweep up the hill in masterful curves, and along these roads are being erected low red-roofed houses, the gables of one on a level with the doorstep of the next above it. While nearly all have one architectural motive, their variety is amazing. The contour of the ground suggests new stunts in layout and landscaping, and every opportunity is daringly seized.

Each of these houses has its own eye-opening view across the level plain of Los Angeles, west to the sea or north to the mountains that serve as a backstop for sunshine and give Pasadena its salubrious climate. And all the time you are in a city — not in the country. Miles of built-up

streets radiate in every direction. It is certainly *rus in urbe* to a degree few places can equal.

One has the illusion of beholding whole towns created while one waits. San Clemente, Palos Verdes, — cities imagined by an artist collaborating with an engineer, sketched out on the hills overlooking the sea, and being rapidly filled in with buildings conforming to the artist's plan, — show a freedom from preconceived conventions as refreshing as it is sometimes astonishing.

Speculative builders create houses of the most elaborate character, miles of them, with landscaped gardens, fountains playing, electric refrigerators installed, before a single one is sold. The unfettered imagination is equaled only by the sublime self-confidence, and these houses, surprising as it may seem, are most of them attractive and individual, with the kind of individuality which in the East is put into a house only when built by its owner. No speculative builder or real-estate man in the East dares dream such dreams as his brothers on the Pacific Coast not only dream but execute. While much of it is new and, therefore, still a little raw, the rawness is less evident than it would be in a development on so large a scale in the East. This is because the promoters seem to be willing to spend their money in advance of sales, before there is any income from purchasers, shaping the thing, giving it form, color, and life. And green things grow so fast with unlimited sunshine and judiciously rationed water. The builders have to have the whole scene in which to stage their play, always in the spirit of the moving-picture producer.

IV

If you seek a reason for the good-naturedness of the Californian you will probably find it in his environment. A gentle climate, mild but not enervating; sunshine all the time and artificial rain when needed, with their concomitants of abundant flowers and fruit; leisure and freedom from worry, since California is the last resort of many who have acquired the means of living — these are no doubt responsible for the complacent attitude toward the state itself and the amicable disposition toward visitors who come to view it.

The concerted action, the community frame of mind, are the offspring of the superior kind of coöperation necessary to provide a sure and sufficient supply of water; but the originality, the imagination, the unconventional reaction to the old problems presented by community living, must be due to the near presence of Hollywood, with its stage effects and make-believe world.

In older cities development and improvement must follow lines already set. And living follows the lines of physical environment. Most of our modern cities, even when reconstructed by town planners, are still in the traditional manner. They are the same old cities improved. But in the metropolis of Southern California and its neighbor on the south, San Diego, the builders have cast aside the old rules and fetishes and created cities in the sanguine and colorful spirit in which a producer plans a setting for a new film drama. It must be because invention of scenic background has been so perfected on the lots of Hollywood, Culver City, and Universal City that not only Los Angeles but the whole of Southern California appears to be designed in the spirit of a theatrical setting. There is the same dash and picturesqueness; there is also the same air of unreality and transitoriness.

The producers learned first for their imitation worlds to construct a mediæval walled town or a Roman hippodrome or a Persian garden, perfect in effect and atmosphere, and then the builders began erecting cities and villas and gardens and hotels in the same high spirits. Real-estate promoters have covered the hills with monoliths — that is, poured houses, touched up with troweled stucco, — pink, red, brown, blue, yellow, every color and all schools, including the primary, but mainly Spanish, — with red-tiled roofs and wrought-iron balconies, grounds landscaped and terraced, combed and kempt, with fountains and flowers, that somehow do not quite escape the transitory effect of the scene painter's brush. The vigor of their imagination, the plasticity of their materials, and the facility with which they work in new forms and discard old traditions, together with the natural beauty of the setting, have conspired to evolve a California style, sometimes fantastic, quaint, or sensational, but on the whole stimulating, exciting, and beautiful. The audacity of the Hollywood stage managers is the moving spirit of the real-estate promoter.

Never have I seen projects so imbued with imagination and hope. Indeed, imagination and hope and the bare but beautiful hillsides and the omnipresent sunshine are all many of them have at present. Driving to the mountains from San Diego, you pass first through an extensive suburb of miles and miles of one-story bungalows, — the car in one half, the family in the other, — lining wide, smooth, numerous streets, christened University City. Beyond the next low mountain you enter a beautiful green valley empty of everything made by man but rows of neat yellow-and-black location signs, marking the scene of a new town. 'You are now entering Chesterfield,' the first sign announces. Various markers call attention to the golf club, chamber of commerce, theatre, community centre, Elks Club, and, of course, the community plunge, — all the structures and institutions necessary to compose a large and flourishing modern city, — and there is not a single building in the whole valley. The project imposes something of the strain on one's imagination of the emperor's new clothes in the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale. Not to see the city so vivid in the minds of its creators proves one stupid or unfit for what office he may hold, even that of casual tourist. The last jubilant bulletin gives the finishing touch: 'University City looked like this ten years ago.' You think back on the immense suburb you have just left and realize that only in a moving-picture world could a city so complete be sketched out on the vast drawing board of nature's green hills and its completion be so confidently anticipated. This spirit gives the whole country its air of unreality. It is stage effect.

It is astonishing what a difference the absence of cold weather makes. Gardens can be laid out which do not suffer from frost in winter or from deluges of rain to wash them out in summer. Delicate effects can be attempted which become permanent. The domestic heating plant, bulking so large in our cellars and in our building and upkeep budget, is casual and incidental, an incredibly small unit tucked away in some convenient corner or spare closet or recess on the basement stairs. Large country clubs are warm with two small electric heaters of the kind we turn on in our bathrooms before the big heater has begun its ministrations.

It is this that makes possible the spread-out effect of the buildings. The Andalusian motive, with its long wings

surrounding a patio, is historically justified by the fact that this country was settled by the Spanish and that its climate is reminiscent of Lusitanian summers. It is an architecture peculiarly fitted to warm countries, and the small amount of heat needed makes it unnecessary to pile houses on top of one another. I imagine fear of earthquakes plays a small part in the height of buildings.

Fruit and flower stands give the streets an air of colorful gayety the year round. The flower markets extend half a block, one unbroken band of color. Oranges in up-ended boxes add their positive hue to the wayside spectrum. Deep red apples in high pyramids on roadside carts are part of the kaleidoscope. Grocery stores are a surprise to the Eastern eye. They have no fronts, but are open to the weather like a stage setting — one great show window, the packaged goods in serried and checkered patterns on shelves at the back, and the green vegetables and fruits, spotlessly clean and invitingly fresh, adding a decorative touch in front. These markets are set back from the road with a crescent-shaped parking space in front. You drive the nose of your car right up to the counter.

Showmanship and salesmanship have become fine arts with these people. They sell everything from oranges at five cents a dozen to hilltop Spanish villas at fifty thousand dollars apiece with a dramatic unction that is Oriental in its origin and French in its decorativeness, except for the scale on which it functions. It is all so fresh, so modern, so new, as if made yesterday — as, indeed, it was. A map two years old is obsolete, as I learned to my cost when I tried to find the public library. And the library appealed to me because of its outdoor reading room. Even the banks are amusing.

Everybody has a car. I went to a moving picture in a theatre that looks like something by Maxfield Parrish. Two thousand people were in the house and everyone came by auto. The parked cars radiated in all directions, as at the Army game in the Yale Bowl. And there was plenty of room to park them. When we drove back from Hollywood to Pasadena the roadway was full of cars, but the sidewalks were empty — a vision of the future city, when pedestrians have become extinct. In San Diego street names are lettered on the curbstones instead of on the lamp-posts, so that you do not have to lie down on the floor to read them. The automobile salesrooms are of a New York grandeur. But, despite the pervasiveness of the motor car, the Californians use the airplane as freely and casually as we in the East hop on to a trolley car. And there is always a flock of planes over your head as you play golf on the bottoms of the canyons.

Agua Caliente, the American Monte Carlo, is just across the Mexican border. A hotel and casino are set down in a green valley three miles from Tia Juana, done in Spanish style. The buildings are fashioned of concrete and stucco, gorgeously colored, with imitation antique ironwork; they are surmounted by mission bell towers and surrounded by gardens, golf links, landing fields, swimming pools, and restaurants. The laborers about the grounds are dressed as peons with enormous straw hats, and the bellboys as *caballeros* with wide yellow sashes, slashed trousers, and patent-leather hats. The ceilings are beamed and painted in scarlet and gold, the bedrooms surround the patio which will be a garden some day soon, and the whole effect is as 'arty' and intriguing as an Alice Foote MacDougall restaurant. It is still in the making, the links and landing fields newly turned red clay,

but already it gives the impression of a dream place, fantastic, colorful, dramatic. It is right off the picture producer's lot.

They are strange people, these Californians. They seem to like to 'kid' themselves. Just as they substitute a dream architecture for the stern realities of the East, they hope to dispel facts by the use of words. They insist on calling an earthquake a fire, and grow angry if visitors do not adopt their locution. By calling it a fire they make themselves believe that the earthquake never happened. This is the art of imbuing a whole community with a manner of thinking which makes things what they seem. There is the best authority for it, too. Ever since Plato, scientists have been toying with the idea that the physical world has no existence outside the mind. The Southern Californians are well within their scientific rights in imagining a world as they would like to have it and stoutly maintaining that it is there. The visitor who crosses the invisible barrier is soon affected by the California state of mind. To him the emperor is fully clad. He sees the clothes and so helps to create them. I had not been there two weeks before I was explaining to a late comer in the veritable California manner that the cold snap we were having was unusual, and quoting the mean-temperature tables that hang in every real-estate office.

The country is a sort of vast civic laboratory where experiments in living are tried out under favorable conditions. The Californians begin with *now*, with nothing to undo, and have an opportunity to solve our problems of the built-up East on a clean slate without erasing the old examples that came out wrong. Their experiments are shrewd, original, and sometimes amusing. They receive people from other states, submit them to the influence of sun, blue sky, easy living conditions, abundant flowers and fruit, plenty of light and air, cheap food, and low building costs, and soon engender in them the same enthusiastic loyalty and patriotism that the older inhabitants have, and find them ready to accept the entire California code and join in all the movements to put the state over, just as though they had not grown up in colder and more selfish communities.

You may deplore the Californian's attitude; you may think that he boasts too much, that he talks like a prospectus; but you must admit that he has the goods.

SHELLEY'S LOST LETTERS TO HARRIET. II

BY LESLIE HOTSON

I

FROM the letters we have thus far published it is obvious that Harriet had no desire to accept the new situation which Shelley pressed upon her. With her hope of getting him back, she was well advised to delay the execution of deeds settling money on her which would confirm her acceptance of a separation. Shelley, meanwhile, felt keenly the contumely of those who ignorantly thought that he was deserting Harriet and cutting off his supplies of money to her.

During the next few days, September 16–26, we find affairs taking on a new aspect. In a letter which has disappeared, Shelley urged Harriet to decide how much of his income she expected to be settled on her. Before replying, she went to Shelley's solicitor Amory, and divulged all the details of the plan of separation. What advantage she hoped to gain by this is not clear; but it is plain from her husband's next letter that by her act she had broken a promise to him and injured his immediate prospects. Furthermore, her family was proposing to proceed against Shelley in the courts. At the same time, her bitterness was such that she began to extend the blame, hitherto confined to Shelley and Mary, to Mary's father, Godwin. There is something pitifully crass in Harriet's miserable attempt to incriminate Godwin, who sympathized with her and stigmatized Shelley's behavior as wicked and licentious. She spread the evil report that he had sold Mary to Shelley for a substantial sum; and then, to see what he would say, visited Godwin and told him what was being said of him, with the assurance that she did n't believe a word of it.

Shelley was indignant. His next letter is perhaps the sharpest that he ever wrote to Harriet: —

D. LETTER NUMBER 5

56 MARGARET STREET
*Sept*r. 26, 1814

You abruptly closed all communication with me. You left unanswered the questions which I urged to you on the subject of money. This I should have attributed perhaps to carelessness[1] on the subject had I not received information of the most unworthy and contemptible proceedings on your part.

In the first place, I find that you have detailed the circumstances of our separation to Amory, in opposition to your own agreement with me, in contradiction to your own sense of right, and with the most perfect contempt for my safety or comfort. He, as you foresaw, has determined to resign the affairs of mine that were on the point of completion.

In the second place, I learn that Miss Westbrook told Mr Edward Hookham that it was the intention of your father to take legal steps in consequence of my conduct. In this proceeding, if it be indeed true that your perversity has reached this excess, you destroy your own designs. The memory of our former kindness, the hope that you might still not be utterly lost to virtue and generosity would influence me, even now, to concede far more than the law will

[1] MS. carlessness

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force. If after you receive this letter you persist in appealing to the law, it is obvious that I can no longer consider you but as an enemy, as one who under the mask of friendship and affection has acted a part of the basest and blackest treachery.

If Miss Westbrook has spoken falsely, I beg you to pardon me. I would not willingly occasion you the slightest pain.

I was an idiot to expect greatness or generosity from you, that when an occasion of the sublimest virtue occurred, you would fail to play a part of mean and despicable selfishness. The pure and liberal principles of which you used to boast that you were a disciple, served only for display. In your heart it seems you were always enslaved to the vilest superstitions, or ready to accept their support for your own narrow and worldly views. You are plainly lost to me for ever. I foresee no probability of change.

The subject of money alone remains; I request you to inform me of your expectations on this head. But for the information I have received, I should have relied on your confidence that I would scrupulously transmit you a portion of whatever sums came into my possession.

I do not know that it is conducive to your interest to injure an innocent man struggling with distress. You have asserted to various persons that Godwin favored my passion for his Daughter. This, Harriet, you know to be most false. It is wanton cruelty and injustice to circulate this report.

If you can represent your conduct to me in a more favorable light than I now behold it, I shall rejoice.

P. B. Shelley

This rebuke stung Harriet out of her silence. She labored to justify her conduct: she had gone to the lawyer only for advice, and did not intend to prosecute her husband. She reiterated her ignorant conviction that Godwin had acted the pander to his daughter and Shelley, and took this opportunity of again telling the latter what she thought of his mistress. A quicker means of losing Shelley's affection and of lowering herself in his opinion it would be hard to find; and Shelley's rejoinder shows that he despaired of maintaining their friendship.

E. Letter Number 6

56 Margaret Street
Sept.r 27, 1814

I rejoice at least to observe that you desire to vindicate yourself. If reason should restore you to philosophy and to my friendship, I shall have additional occasion of satisfaction. Of this I foresee no hope. It remains for you to collect the best resources of your judgment, that you may communicate to me your final determinations, your principles and your views. If thro' your prejudices and delusions it is impossible that we can sympathize, at least let me have that information from you, which will prevent any scheme that I may devise for your advantage from proving injurious to your plan of life.

I recommended you to apply to an attorney in case you had lost all confidence in me. You have applied to an attorney: the consequence is obvious — you are plainly lost to me, lost to the principles which are the guide and hope of my life. You say that you have employed an attorney, but that you intend to take no legal measures. This is itself a legal measure. Wherefore not let Hookham, or any common friend, be the arbiter of our differences, if any difference exists? He can explain to you my resources, my powers, my intentions. I repeat that I consider this application as an act of determined hostility.

I desire to renew no intercourse of whatsoever nature with you, whilst you act under the principles which you recently avowed: these you were formerly the foremost [1] to stigmatize and abhor. A common love for all that the world detests was once the bond of union between us. This you have been the first to break: and you have lost a friend whom you will with difficulty replace. Your contumelious language toward Mary is equally impotent and mean. You appeal to the vilest superstitions of the most ignorant and slavish of mankind. I consider it an insult that you address such cant to me.

[1] MS. formost

Harriet, if you still continued what I once hoped you would never cease to be, if you deserved my affection, with what eagerness would I devote myself to your pleasure! Desert the selfish and the worldly wretches with whom you seem to pride yourself in making common cause, and I will be your friend, not in the vulgar sense of friend, but in the most emphatic meaning of the word.

I address these exhortations to you without the slightest [1] hope that they will make the least impression. You are plainly lost to me.

With respect to Godwin you are mistaken, or you deceive yourself. Godwin refuses with bitter invective and keen injustice all further communication with me. Whatever proofs you have, as you value whatever good opinion of you your narrow conduct has yet left in my breast, send them without delay.

If you feel yet any ambition to be ranked among the wise and good, write to me. I am hardly anxious however to hear from you, as I despair [2] of any generosity or virtue on your part. How happy should I be if I have done you injustice.

P. B. Shelley

Address me at Hookham's. I am unable to raise money yet. I have not a farthing for myself. If therefore your resources are exhausted, I cannot assist you. I inclose M^rs H^rs letter.

This letter was written just before Shelley and Mary changed their London lodgings from Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, to 5 Church Terrace, St. Pancras, in the much meaner and obscurer district of Somers Town. Need for rigid economy and a safer hiding place from bailiffs dictated the move.

Mary's entries in the Journal are laconic: —

Monday, September 26. Shelley goes with Peacock to Ballachy's, and engages lodgings at Pancras. Visit from Mrs. Pringer. Read *Political Justice* and the *Empire of the Nairs.*

Tuesday, September 27. Read *Political Justice;* finish the *Nairs;* pack up and go to our lodgings in Somers Town.

II

The next letter is without a date. Apparently it was written on or about October 3, in answer to fresh complaints from Harriet. She has taken a new line of attack, somewhat as follows: Though Shelley has deserted his wife, he basely tries to keep his hold over her by reminding her of all the money he has spent for her benefit. Such a charge is too hysterically absurd; and in his reply, though manifestly once more disappointed in Harriet, Shelley merely appeals to her knowledge of his character to dispel these vulgar fancies. To her renewed harping on the wrong he has done her, he answers that he intended no injury, and that what has happened was inevitable. Cold comfort for poor Harriet! Yet in a postscript he becomes again the solicitous husband. Her advanced pregnancy demands that she take good care of her health; but she must be cheerful, and confident of the event. Then, — she still retains his books and part of his wardrobe, — might he have stockings, 'hanks,' and Mrs. Wollstonecraft's posthumous works?

F. Letter Number 3

[*? October* 3, 1814]

Harriet, you mistake — you obstinately mistake me. I never stated that I had conferred pecuniary benefits on you or that I derived from such sources a claim to your confidence and regard. I had hoped that the more substantial benefits of intellectual improvement, and the constant watchfulness [1] of a friendship, ill understood, it seems, would not have been degraded by so mean and common a mistake.

[1] MS. slighest
[2] MS. dispair

[1] MS. watchfullness

I perceive that your irritated feelings have led you into this injustice towards me. If my friendship is thus rejected, I cherish little hope of any advantage arising to either of us from our intercourse. I was deeply solicitous that what has taken place should have been avoided: that although united to one perfectly adapted to my nature by a lasting and intense affection, you should have perceived that I continued to be mindful of your happiness, that I would have superintended the progress of your mind, and have assisted you in cultivating an elevated philosophy, to which without the interest I have taken in your improvement, it is probable that you never would have aspired. If you inflexibly resist these advances of kindness, if in return for my intentions you overwhelm me with contumely and reproach, what hope remains of a favorable issue to my ill-requited attempts?

I am united to another; you are no longer my wife. Perhaps I have done you injury, but surely most innocently and unintentionally, in having commenced any connexion with you. That injury, whatever be its amount, was not to be avoided. If ever in any degree there was sympathy in our feelings and opinions, wherefore deprive ourselves in future of the satisfaction which may result, by this contemptible cavil, these unworthy bickerings? Unless a sincere confidence be accorded by you to my undesigning truth, our intercourse for the present must be discontinued. You derive more pain than advantage from the irritations produced by my visits. The interest which I take in you is disturbed by no feelings which prevent me from calmly calculating on your happiness.

Collect yourself, I entreat you: remember what I am; recall your recollections of my character. The hint respecting my duty to settle the property on you which your letter contains proves how little you can appreciate it. You have little need to fear that I shall fail in real duty.

Affectionately yours
P. B. Shelley

I hope that you will attend to the preservation of your health. I do not apprehend the slightest danger from your approaching labour. I think you may safely repose confidence in Sims's skill. Your last labour was painful, but auspicious. I understand that cases of difficulty after that are very rare.

My dear Harriett, I am anxious for your answer. You must not do me injustice. [Injustice] you have done, so I expect you to repair it. I see Hookham to night. I am in want of stockings, hanks and M^rs^ W's posthumous works.

I cannot keep the engagement made at 3 tomorrow. I hear that my personal safety would be endangered by appearing there. Will you inform me where I can call upon the persons?

Something, either the tone of this letter or a temporary return of her usual good nature, made Harriet's next communication more conciliatory. Shelley's indignant words could not have been pleasant to digest, and she had no desire utterly to lose his good opinion. Her milder missive was received on October 5, for which day Mary records in the Journal: 'Peacock at breakfast. Walk to the Lake of Nangis and sail fireboats. Read *Political Justice*. Shelley reads the *Ancient Mariner* aloud. Letter from Harriet, very civil.'

In his prompt answer Shelley gladly responds to her altered tone; but he has at length come to see — what would have long been evident to any eye but his — that the distance between their minds is unbridgeable. She whom he hailed in July as the sister of his soul is in October no more than a friend, and the mother of his dear child Ianthe.

G. Letter Number 7

You had better continue to direct to Hookham's.

Pancras *Oct.* 5^th^ 1814

Do not imagine that my feelings towards you are ever bitter or unfriendly: that it is necessary for me to wait until I am in a good-humour with you before I read your letters. The manner in which I addressed you of which you complain was produced

by your own letters. No cold or distant feelings originated in me. I was desirous to be your friend in the most emphatic meaning of the word. And the milder and more kind tone of your letter gives me encouragement to hope that you at least desire my friendship.

I think I am aware of the meaning of the word. To sympathise in our principles and views, to have common pursuits [1] and habits of feeling is the origin of friendship and the attendant of every species of affection. I shall never cease to interest myself in your welfare. You were my wife, you are the mother of my child: you will bear another to me. But these are ties which only bind to worldly matters where sympathy in the great questions of human happiness is wanting. They produce mutual kindness, compassion and consideration . . . .[2] but the sacrifice [3] and self devotion of an elevated friendship cannot exist when the causes have ceased to act. Do not be dispirited by this consideration. There are probably many and very excellent persons in the world who are capable of being to you as the brother of your soul, who can participate your feelings, your tastes, and your opinions. You justly remark that I am not that person. I shall watch over your interests, mark the progress of your future life, be useful to you, be your protector, and consider myself as it were your parent; but as friends, as equals, those who do not sympathise can never meet.

Do not mistake me. I am and will be your friend in every sense of the word but that most delicate and exalted one. I solemnly protest to you that not the slightest unkindness or enmity towards you has ever entered my heart. If in reflecting on your conduct I seem to discover any traces [4] of generosity and virtue I am sensibly affected. Yes! I am enough your friend to make the employment of a lawyer quite unnecessary.

I do not seek an interview until I find that you entirely understand me: until I receive some additional pledge of the correspondence of our sentiments. I do not absent myself from unfriendliness or indifference, but from a consideration of the justice which is due to me and your own feelings.

Do not send me Mary Wollstoncroft's works. I committed an oversight in requesting them. I beg you to keep them. I can easily procure another copy. If you could copy for me and send one poem called *an Indian Tale* — I wish to have it. Will you send also the *Wandering Jew* if it is with you?

How is my child? One of the circumstances most painful to me in your estrangement from Mary and myself, is the separation from this infant. I know that by the law of nature she is yours, and not mine — that your feelings towards her depend on physical sympathy, whilst mine are the result of habit and self-persuasion. I yield therefore to an hard, yet real duty.

Allow me to hear from you again soon. Let me know the state of your health.

And ever believe me, dear Harriet,

Your affectionate friend

P. B. S.

When I can procure money, I shall make my arrangement with you. I shall not converse with any lawyer on the subject. In the present case law is out of the question.

Tahourdin has called, but I have been so busily engaged with lawyers as not to see him. Have you a copy of the settlement?

Shelley's requests for copies of poems are interesting, but I am unable to identify *An Indian Tale*, unless it be an early form of *Fragments of an Unfinished Drama*. The request for *The Wandering Jew* is important, as showing Shelley's continued interest in this production of his of four years before. Medwin, his cousin, claimed a share in its composition.

III

Shortly after writing this letter Shelley suffered an attack of lung trouble. Incessant worry over money and fear of arrest for debt had under-

[1] MS. persuits

[2] This is apparently Shelley's punctuation, and does not indicate omission in the text

[3] MS. sacrafice

[4] MS. tracts

mined his health. On Monday, October 10, a gloomy letter from Harriet added to his distress. She is physically upset, and miserably lonely; Eliza has taken Ianthe to Southampton, as London did not agree with the child. She will not allow Shelley to visit her, and the atmosphere of her father's house breeds despair. But an answer of Shelley's, telling of his illness, takes her mind off herself; and her concern for him appears in a kind letter urging him to take measures to regain his health.

While the attack of illness passed off, Shelley's lack of funds now assumed an alarming aspect. He had mortgaged his income to Hookham the bookseller; he had gone into debt for the ingrate Godwin; the coach he had bought in 1813 for Harriet and himself remained unpaid for. The coachmaker Charters and other creditors had lost patience. On October 5 he had tried to arrange a negotiation to obtain £400 for £2400 of post-obit. On the eleventh the negotiation fell through and the money was refused. Without a friend who would help him, Shelley saw nothing ahead but the debtor's prison for himself and starvation for those who depended on him.

In this harassed state of mind he writes to Harriet on October 12, urging her to make her quarter's allowance from him go as far as possible, for he has no assurance that he can pay the next. He is particularly anxious to spare her the humiliation of becoming entirely dependent on her father.

H. Letter Number 8

5 Church Terrace, Pancras
Oct. 12*th* 1814

My dear Harriet,

Altho' I am entirely free from all apprehension as to your health, I am still very anxious to know the progress of your indisposition. Pray tell me exactly how you are. I do not know whether even now you may not have been confined. You have forbidden me to see you, or certainly my solicitude on your account would long before have led me to visit you.

Your sister is absent from town? On some accounts I regret to hear this. I wonder that her professed affection for you permitted her to leave you in the terrible state of dejection in which your letter of Sunday was written. Remember, dear Harriett, that such attachment as I profess for you is always to be counted upon: that if any exertions in my power, or my presence could amuse or benefit you, I am most anxious to perform these friendly offices, and consider as a misfortune that you feel yourself unable to accept them.

Money affairs are in a desperate[1] state. If November arrives without further success I must go to prison. These matters require an attention on my part which I shall continue to extend to them, until they are settled. I have not any money to send you. I must attempt to procure a small sum at immense sacrifice[2] for present necessaries. If I can do this, and send you any, do not let your father be acquainted with it, as he will then entirely put the matter off to one who, however desirous, may not be able to procure the smallest sum. Pride is as efficacious as avarice. I do not doubt but that he would support you until I can procure money; believe me, I am most anxious to spare you this degradation and wretchedness in depending on that selfish fellow. I may remark that an affair which I expected to complete has entirely failed, and that for the present I am without hope or resource.

Do not give Sims a fee every time he comes, and make the advanced quarter last as long as you can. We find ourselves able to live at the rate of £4 a week much within our income. But I am not ignorant of the many additional expenses[3] required by your illness and expected confinement. I only remark my incapacity of assisting you at present.

I thank you for your kind attentions in

[1] MS. desparate
[2] MS. sacrafice
[3] MS. expences

recommending me to abstain [1] from washing my head. I take your advice, but shall not wear flannel yet — the complaint on my lungs which I mentioned is much better. I am in hopes of passing the winter without feeling another attack.

Write to me very soon. Believe me, dear Harriet

Most anxiously yours

P. B. S.

IV

We come now to the darkest period of danger, privation, and suffering for Shelley and Mary. Professor Dowden says that 'the days of severest trial, including those of severance [of Mary] from Shelley, lay between October 23rd and November 9th.' [2] A hunted man, with a mind so distressed that his pulmonary illness returned, Shelley found it unsafe to stay at his lodgings with Mary, unsafe even to remain at Peacock's. Execution of the claim of the coachmaker Charters was expected on November 1, and there was no possible means of staving it off except by an appeal to Harriet. The coach had been one of her pleasures in their days of comfort. It was now to be his ruin unless she could lend him temporary aid. In helping him she would be acting in her own interest, for she looked to him for income that would keep her partly independent of her father.

On or about October 25, Shelley writes to Mary: 'I have written an extremely urgent letter to Harriet to induce her to send money. . . . I have told Harriet that I shall be at Pancras when her answer arrives.' Certainly the letter which follows is 'extremely urgent.'

I. Letter Number 9

[*?October 25th*, 1814]

Direct to Church Terrace
send the boy I shall be there then.

[1] MS. obstrain
[2] *Shelley*, I, 488

My dear Harriet

I cannot raise money soon enough. Unless you can effect something I must go to prison, and all our hopes of independence[1] be finished. I see no resource. I must hide myself til the 6th and then if you can raise no money, go to prison to save my bail.

Direct to me still at Pancras,[2] and tell me when I can hope to have a sum from you, and what that sum can be. I depend wholly on you. My own exertions have all failed. I tell you again and again that we must both be ruined if I cannot quiet Chartres. And I know not whether, in the event of my going to prison, my estate might not be sold for a mere trifle to benefit my creditors.

Write to me and send the money soon. Send what you can get, if in no other manner, by little and little. I should not have the conscience to press this matter so ungracefully if your danger was not almost equal to my own.

Write quickly . . . send a porter with the letter. If possible, let it contain the £30. I am certain to repay it in a fortnight.

These vexations have induced my antient illness. I am perfectly free from danger but so exhausted as scarcely able to walk. This however does not matter. I have not a friend in the world who can assist me. My endeavors have been in vain.

If once in prison, confined in a damp cell, without a sixpence, without a friend (for I have mortgaged my income to Mr Hookham), I must inevitably be starved to death. We have even now sold all that we have to buy bread. I am with a friend who supplies me with food and lodging, but I think you will shudder to hear that before I could sell the last valuable Mary and her sister very near perished with hunger. My dear Harriet, send quick supplies.

Very affectionately yours

P. B. Shelley

This appeal in extremity, which Harriet heard and answered, closes the list of the nine new letters to her. The tenth letter was written after an interval of more than two years. It was ad-

[1] MS. independance
[2] MS. Pancrass

dressed to Eliza, shortly after Harriet's death. There is room only for the briefest summary of events in the interim, so far as they concern Harriet.

V

The birth, toward the end of November, 1814, of Harriet's second child, Charles, was followed within a few weeks by the death of Shelley's grandfather, Sir Bysshe; and, after the winter of his misery, Shelley's skies slowly grew brighter. In the summer of 1815, as soon as he was able to do so, he gave Harriet £200 for her debts, and settled a further £200 a year on her, which, with her annual £200 from her father, was ample for all her material needs.

But Eliza and her father were determined not to let Shelley off so easily. Under their direction Harriet still refused to sign a deed of separation, and demanded additional allowance for the support of the children. On his side, Shelley felt entitled either to his separation or to the custody of one of the children, and accordingly asked for the care of Ianthe. The Westbrooks refused, and riposted with a threat to take the matter into court, and to make a public scandal of his past behavior and his atheism. Shelley replied that in such case he would stop Harriet's allowance. Checked by this, the Westbrooks then approached Shelley's father, but Sir Timothy declined to be drawn into the contention.

Another winter went by. In the summer of 1816 Shelley was absent with Mary on the Continent, but his friend Peacock, always a loyal supporter of Harriet, was doing what he could to straighten out her affairs. Harriet, whose childhood had been made unhappy by her father's treatment of her, grew more and more miserable under his roof. As early as January 1815, she had written to Catherine Nugent, 'I am still at my father's, which is very wretched. When I shall quit this house I know not. Everything goes against me. I am weary of life. I am so restrained here that life is scarcely worth having.'

At some undetermined time between June and September, 1816, Harriet left her children and her father's house. The immediate cause of her departure remains unknown. Shelley afterward firmly believed that Eliza, to secure her father's fortune to herself, managed Harriet so that she left home. It may be that at her first misstep her father banished her from the house. Possibly she was so wretched that any irregular connection, however foolishly entered into, which promised affection seemed preferable to life at home. The pathetic and sordid details of her misadventures are mercifully hidden. On November 9, a few days before Shelley wrote anxiously to Hookham for news of her whereabouts, Harriet, overwhelmed with despair, had taken her long farewell of Eliza: —

Sat. eve.

My Dearest and much Beloved Sister, — When you read this let[t]r I shall be no more an inhabitant of this miserable world. Do not regret the loss of one who could never be anything but a source of vexation and misery to you all belonging to me. Too wretched to exert myself, lowered in the opinion of everyone, why should I drag on a miserable existence? embittered by past recollections and not one ray of hope to rest on for the future. The remembrance of all your kindness which I have so unworthily repaid has often made my heart ache. I know that you will forgive me — because it is not in your nature to be unkind or severe to any. Dear amiable woman that I had never left you, oh! that I had always taken your advice. I might have lived long and happy, but weak and unsteady have rushed on to my destruction. I have not written to Bysshe. Oh, no, what would it

avail, my wishes or my prayers would not be attended to by him, and yet should he rec. this, perhaps he might grant my request to let Ianthe remain with you always. Dear lovely child, with you she will enjoy much happiness, with him none. My dear Bysshe, let me conjure you by the remembrance of our days of happiness to grant my last wish. Do not take your innocent child from Eliza who has been more than I have, who has watched over her with such unceasing care. Do not refuse my last request, I never could refuse you and if you had never left me I might have lived, but as it is I freely forgive you and may you enjoy that happiness which you have deprived me of. There is your beautiful boy, oh! be careful of him, and his love may prove one day a rich reward. As you form his infant mind so will you reap the fruits hereafter. Now comes the sad task of saying farewell. Oh! I must be quick. God bless and watch over you all. You dear Bysshe and you dear Eliza. May all happiness attend ye both is the last wish of her who loved ye more than all others. My children — I dare not trust myself there, they are too young to regret me and ye will be kind to them for their own sakes more than mine. My parents — do not regret me, I was unworthy of your love and care. Be happy all of ye, so shall my spirit find rest and forgiveness. God bless you is the last prayer of the unfortunate

HARRIET S.

To you my dear Sister I leave all my things; as they more properly belong to you than anyone and you will preserve them for Ianthe. God bless you both.[1]

On the same day she disappeared from her lodgings. A month later the poor girl's body was found in the Serpentine.

The shock of this catastrophe was a terrible one to Shelley. Leigh Hunt says, 'He never forgot it. For a time it tore his being to pieces.' It is clear that he had had no inkling from Eliza of the ominous tone of Harriet's letter or of her sudden disappearance. Hastening at once to London, he sought the aid of Leigh Hunt. His two concerns were to find out what had led to 'this dark, dreadful death,' and to demand his children at the hands of the Westbrooks. Inquiry soon satisfied him that Eliza was guilty of Harriet's death. In an unpalatable and self-centred letter to Mary dated December 15, Shelley eagerly disclaims all responsibility in the tragedy and accuses Eliza of virtual murder. It is proper to add, however, that the authenticity of this letter has been questioned.[1] Not only is it misdated, but it turned up under suspicious circumstances years later, when its 'discoverer' hoped to sell it for a substantial sum.

Whether or not we are to believe that Shelley was unmanly enough to hasten to excuse himself of all blame, it is certain that he was convinced that most of it lay at the Westbrooks' door; and he wished all the more to get his children away from them as soon as he could. The two children, previous to the death of Harriet and without his knowledge, had been placed under the care of a clergyman at Warwick. Before resorting to compulsion, however, Shelley tried, by sending Mrs. Boinville as his representative and by fair speaking, to persuade the detested Eliza to relinquish little Ianthe and Charles. Letter Number 10 of the new correspondence is this politic communication.

J. LETTER NUMBER 10

LONDON *Dec*^{r} 18th 1816

DEAR ELIZA

Before you receive this letter, M^{rs} Boinville will probably have informed you of my resolution with respect to Ianthe. My feelings of duty as well as affection, as a father, incite me to consider every moment of absence and estrangement from these beloved and unfortunate children, as an

[1] First published by W. Courthope Forman, *Cornhill Magazine*, January 1922

[1] See *London Times Literary Supplement*, December 1, 1927, p. 894

evil, the sense of which has been increased to agony by the terrible catastrophe which is the occasion of this address. You will spare me and yourself useless struggles on this occasion, when you learn that there is no earthly consideration which would induce me to forego the exclusive and entire charge of my child. She has only one parent, and that parent, if he could ever be supposed to have forgotten them, is awakened to a sense of his duties and his claims, which at whatever price must be asserted and performed.

I called on you twice yesterday. I wish I had found you at home. I designed to have communicated intelligence which I am aware is painful to you, in a manner the least painful. As it is, allow me to assure you that I give no faith to any of the imputations generally cast on your conduct or that of Mr Westbrook towards the unhappy victim. I cannot help thinking that you might have acted more judiciously, but I do not doubt that you intended well.

My friend Mr Leigh Hunt will take charge of my children and prepare them for their residence with me. I cannot expect that your feelings towards the lady whose union with me you may excusably regard as the cause of your sister's ruin should permit you to mention her with the honor with which Ianthe must be accustomed to regard the wife of her father's heart. To deal frankly with you, I cannot believe that you will refrain from inculcating prepossessions on her infant mind the most adverse to my views. I do not think the worse of you for this; perhaps you would have the generosity to curb the feelings that would lead to this effect, but I cannot consent that days and weeks should pass, and that what I consider my duty and the happiness of my child should depend on your forbearance.

I had the strongest wish to consult your feelings in this affair. And I cannot but think that they would be best consulted by immediate compliance. Nothing can shake my resolution. The lapse of a few weeks would only render the execution of it more distressing to you. As to Ianthe, a child's sorrows are over in a few hours.

Mr Hunt will attend any appointment you may be pleased to make for delivering the children to his care in my behalf. I should feel most happy in complying with any request which you might make that is consistent with that agonizing and impatient sense of duty, which will not endure the absence of my child. I can most sincerely say, that I should eagerly seize any occasion of convincing you that I bear no malice.

I purposely omit adverting to the event from which the occasion of this letter springs. All parties, I imagine, suffer too deeply to find any consolation in the unnecessary display of their sensations.

I remain, dear Eliza,

Yours very truly

P. B. Shelley

I may as well say — tho' I dare say Mrs B. has told you as much — that my applying to my attorney on this occasion was founded entirely on error.

If the 'December 15' letter be really Shelley's, the disingenuousness of saying on December 18 that he gives 'no faith to the imputations generally cast on your conduct or that of Mr. Westbrook' is certainly very unlike the frank and sincere Shelley. The rest of the letter is straightforward enough. He recognizes that Eliza hates Mary and that she is convinced that his union with her was the beginning of Harriet's fall. Consequently, if Eliza kept the children, she would piously teach Ianthe to loathe Mary and abhor her father's ideas about religion; and, as he explains, this cannot be allowed.

By this letter Shelley not only did his cause no good, but in the phrase 'the lady whose union with me you may excusably regard as the cause of your sister's ruin' he furnished Eliza with a weapon against himself which she was not slow to use in the subsequent Chancery dispute.

VI

Of course Shelley never regarded his union with Mary as the cause of

Harriet's ruin. He had admitted to Harriet what he considered his culpability, as we have seen, in Letter Number 3: 'Perhaps I have done you injury, but surely most innocently and unintentionally, in having commenced any connexion with you.' He was to blame for having foolishly fallen victim to Eliza's matchmaking and Harriet's appealing beauty when she threatened to kill herself for love of him. The *mésalliance* of ideas and sympathies had made him despondent long before he fell in love with Mary. If Shelley had been forced to remain with Harriet, misery might well have overtaken them both. When he did find Mary, their passionate love was so true, deep, and irresistible that he could never be brought to believe that it might or should have been overcome.

Though his conscience acquitted him, it was nevertheless bitterly plain that he had been used by fate as an instrument in Harriet's tragedy. Peacock, who was Harriet's friend no less than Shelley's, tells us that 'Harriet's untimely fate occasioned him deep agony of mind, which he felt the more because for a long time he kept the feeling to himself.'

Harriet has had her cold defamers and her impassioned champions. The apparently contradictory manifestations of her character have given each camp plenty of ammunition. Peacock says that she was always cheerful. Hogg observes that she was obsessed with the idea of suicide. She was fond of Shelley, yet proved cold to him, and voluntarily left him for several periods. She expressed warm affection for her children, but refused to nurse the infant Ianthe, and ultimately deserted them both. How can we understand her?

I am convinced that it is both mistaken and unjust to regard Harriet as an independent, responsible adult character. From Hogg we have a vivid picture of Eliza's control over Harriet's every thought and act. He adds, 'Eliza had tended, guided, and ruled Harriet from her earliest infancy; she doubtless had married her, had made the match, had put her up to everything that was to be said, or done, as Shelley's letters plainly show.'[1] Such complete mental and emotional servitude to Eliza must have retarded her growth. Hogg was puzzled by her suicidal obsession. Even in her happiest and most independent days with Shelley, she made self-murder a staple of conversation, calmly discussing in all companies her resolution of doing away with herself. But is it so puzzling? It is common for the child who feels hopelessly inferior and dependent to make himself interesting and important by meditating suicide. Harriet's mind never grew out of this childish state.

Though she married and had children, she failed to develop into a wife and mother, and remained Eliza's little sister to the end. After the inevitable failure of her marriage, she reëntered her father's house; and the unhappiness and restraints of the dependent child returned on her with added force. Even her children were more Eliza's than her own. At the last, her one ineffectual effort to be an adult and live her own life led directly to her death. She was twenty-one when she died.

Where is the blame in such a case as this? Certainly Harriet was not responsible. Shelley, drawn unawares into a hopeless situation, struggled in vain to get rid of the sister and emancipate Harriet's spirit; but Eliza's hold was stronger than Death. In utter ignorance of their crime, Harriet's sister and father had made her unfit for the burden of life. There is no heart that will not pity her.

[1] Hogg, *Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley* (ed. Dowden), p. 275

Discovery of these letters has not only extended our knowledge of Shelley's life during the obscure months of destitution and illness in the autumn of 1814, but has also given us authentic evidence of the progress of his relations with Harriet. We have now his words to her immediately after revealing his desperate love for Mary: an amazing document, eloquent of self-delusion and of his fatuous hope that he could keep her as a best friend whom he had given up as a wife. We now know how persistent, in spite of his earlier disappointments in Harriet, this delusion proved to be. He cherished it through the summer; and for weeks in the autumn he repeatedly exhorted poor Harriet to live up to the philosophy she once so docilely echoed from his lips. We now see Harriet in bitterness forgetting the fundamental generosity of his character; losing all confidence in him, and behaving as anyone but a Shelley might expect her to behave under the circumstances. She carries vulgar abuse, threat, and ignorant slander too far even for Shelley's endurance, and his scarecrow hope of retaining her as a spiritual comrade falls to pieces before our eyes.

Yet these new letters add nothing which changes our conception of the essential nature of Shelley as a man. It would be difficult to find in all history a mind so sensitive, loving, and generous which had its best efforts more cruelly beaten by disappointment and disillusion. We feel for his sufferings, but we cannot utterly deplore them. Suffering purged him of his early errors and folly, and helped him to become before his thirtieth year the wise and courageous leader who in his love of mankind hoped all things and endured all things.

BLOODHOUNDS

BY THOMAS BOYD

I

EARLY that February morning a prisoner serving a five-year sentence on a Georgia work gang began a race for freedom. Edging toward the guard, he jerked the rifle from his shoulder and, with it to protect himself, outran the shout that went up for help and broke into a thicket, through which he stumbled to the main road that led northward from Atlanta in the direction of the mountains. On the road he stopped a passing car, and after formidably ordering the driver to get out he steered several miles farther from the convict camp, till finally, near the base of a big, sprawling hill wooded with scrub pine and underbrush, the hurried machine slid off the slippery red clay, its wheels ploughing into the earth too deep for further traction.

Now it was the middle of the morning, and, along the byways of the red clay road on which the useless car stood mired, state and county police in mud-clotted automobiles were warily patrolling the base of the silent, desolate-

looking hill. At an ominously steady rate a chauffeur drove the sheriff's touring car back and forth between the stalled machine and the nearest crossroad to the north. Enclosed by the loudly flapping side curtains, Sheriff Bronson, the prison warden, and a reporter from one of the evening newspapers occupied the rear seat and concernedly watched the running landscape. Bronson sat in the middle, holding a cigar in one hand, while with the other he grasped the neck of a bottle of corn whiskey balanced on his knee. On his left the warden turned a gray face toward the scratched, yellowish isinglass and with pale eyes stared moodily out toward the west, where the sloping fields, blanketed with tall, dead grass, rose up to the hill where the convict was believed to be hiding. At Bronson's right the reporter, new to that territory and to his job, leaned stiffly forward and tried to look intelligent and at ease.

Bronson caught his cigar between his teeth and took out his watch, which he looked at and snapped shut again. 'Bloodhounds'll be up here most any minute now,' he said. His voice was casual — not at all vindictive.

The gray-faced warden's eyelids flickered rapidly. 'I hope they're not too late to pick up the trail.'

Talk of bloodhounds startled the reporter, who was sensitive and could see ahead a little, though not very far. Turning his face around, he looked obliquely through the back window up at the silent hill where the hunted man was concealed. The air was thick with a penetrating mist; it would be cold on the hill, and the convict had scarcely more than a blue denim suit to cover him. When the bloodhounds came, the reporter speculated in agitation, would the poor devil be driven up a tree to avoid their lustful jaws, or would he try to break out of the wood and across the fields about which the state and county police made a moving cordon? Fearing the sight of a man's body being torn, the reporter was disturbed by the remembrance of stories in which tracked refugees tried to drown themselves in swamp or river rather than let the fierce, implacable hounds come upon them.

II

The sheriff's car was slowing down. The reporter saw it was nearing the crossroad. Over the intersecting road from the west another car was approaching, completing its tour along the north base of the hill. It was running smoothly between the rolling fields, the top down, with two solid figures, one of whom was holding a rifle, in the front seat. Sheriff Bronson bent forward and told his driver, 'Wait a minute, Joe.'

Both machines slowed down and stopped close to each other. Bronson opened the door and hailed the man at the driving seat. 'How you makin' out?'

The driver of the other car had a round, blond head and light blue eyes serene and empty as midsummer sky. His name was Stover. With solid, sloping shoulders and a wide mouth held tight at the corners, he sat back from the wheel and rubbed his massive chin against the comfortingly warm collar of his gray sweater worn beneath his coat. He showed a slow, confident smile. Not bothering to look at the man beside him, who held a rifle between his legs and who was, like himself, of the county police, he said, 'We're makin' out fine, chief.'

Sheriff Bronson nodded. 'Harvey's bringing his pack of bloodhounds. Be here most any time now.'

Perfunctorily the gray-faced warden glanced beyond the police car and over the rolling fields to the darkly wooded

hill where, in an animal's burrow, or beneath a tangle of underbrush, the fugitive was probably lying. 'They'll sniff him out,' he said.

In his corner of the car the reporter fidgeted. It was getting so that every time he heard the word 'bloodhound' his nerves crimped painfully all over his body — as if, he had an embarrassed feeling, some ancestor of his had once been gnawed by a baying pack of them and he had inherited the shock. Certainly he was not being a man among men. But he could not help it. And, thinking of the convict soon to be shivering less from the cold than from sharp-nosed, deep-lunged beasts, he said rapidly to the sheriff, 'Why must you wait till the bloodhounds come? Are n't there enough men here to go up the hill and capture him now?'

Amused and contemptuous, Stover's mild blue eyes met the reporter's for a moment. The warden was silent. But Sheriff Bronson answered: 'There's a thousand acres on that hill, and all woods. We ain't got the men to tackle it. But don't go frettin' about your story; the dogs'll fetch him out before your paper goes to press.'

'Well, we'll move along,' said Stover, and pressed his heavy foot down on the accelerator. The motor hummed with a low, beautiful regularity, but that was not surprising; it would have been odd if it had n't, for as Stover sat there at the wheel, his shoulders squared and his sleek chin so set and full of purpose, he looked so strong, so competent and self-assured, it was inconceivable that even machinery should n't obey him to a nicety.

As Stover turned around, Sheriff Bronson stopped him. 'Wait a minute. Here! What the hell's the matter with me?' He held forth the bottle of corn whiskey. 'It's a cold day, Stover. Little corn 'll warm you up.'

Stover had a drink and wiped his mouth with the back of his thick hand. 'Much obliged,' he said. 'We'll go along now.' The gears meshed smoothly. Completing his turn at the crossroad, he conscientiously went back to his alert patrol of the stretch which hemmed the convict in from freedom to the north.

'Stover's a good man,' muttered the sheriff as his own machine drove steadily southward. Nobody contradicted him. The warden sat gazing bleakly over the chauffeur's shoulder into the empty red clay road. And the reporter, feeling time rushing to the hour when his paper went to press, heard only the rattling side curtains as he leaned forward and looked out upon the expressionless hill.

III

The sheriff's car rode on toward the mired automobile which the convict had abandoned early that morning. Arriving within a few hundred yards of it, Bronson said, 'There's Harvey.'

For the reporter there was an ominous sound in the name. He jerked his head and looked through the windshield. Beside the stalled machine he saw a tall, rangy man of the mountaineer type standing dangling a handful of leashes, while about his feet a pack of dogs, their noses smelling of the earth, ran with nervous eagerness. The three men from the sheriff's car got out. Even in so brief a space one of the bloodhounds, circling among the brown, lean pack, struck the trail. With great soft ears hanging low and dolorous brown eyes staring worriedly from a wrinkled face, the bloodhound traced the scent across the road and into the upward-sloping field.

The others followed, but each apparently with a scent of its own. As they hid themselves up to their sinewy flanks in the dead, sallow grass, Harvey,

the keeper of the dogs, said with a gentle drawl that was almost caressing, 'Go git 'im, Bide! Git 'im, Dolly! Them's good houn's, Mist' Sheriff.'

Both the sheriff and the warden nodded carelessly. But the reporter, his gaze on the wooded hill up which the pack were briskly moving, wandered off to the other side of the road and beyond. It was obvious where he was going, and as he left Sheriff Bronson called, 'You'll get a real eyewitness story out of it if you can catch up with them dogs!'

That, the reporter realized, was not mere jocularity. 'Sure,' he answered half-heartedly and kept on up the sloping field, near the top of which the hounds were disappearing.

They were not to be overtaken. Before the reporter had gone halfway to the crest they had passed out of sight among the trees. He went on. A little later the bloodhounds began their curious baying — a lost, baffled noise that made him hasten. It did n't sound much as if they had yet sniffed out the convict's place of hiding, but perhaps they had. And if so . . . Instinctively his feelings ranged him beside the criminal against the dogs, and as he hurried forward he looked anxiously for some wieldy club with which to beat at them when they closed in on the fugitive.

Low and troubled, they bayed again. A fierce hatred for the bloodhounds ran through his veins like molten steel, and he knew that whatever it cost him he would be with the convict in the fight against their snapping jaws. So he stumbled among the trees.

Far behind him was coming Harvey, the keeper, still dangling the leashes from his hand and swinging leisurely on his gaunt legs. Police machines with armed men continued to patrol the red clay roads that went northward. And down to the right, on the crossing that severed the north base of the hill from the sweeping fields and clumps of trees beyond, the open touring car with Stover and the other county officer bulking squarely in the front seat still kept passing on its steady course.

Breaking on through the wood, the reporter followed the noise of the mournful-sounding pack, which seemed to come out clearly from the right. He went along the inner fringe of trees in that direction, vainly swallowing at a lump which excitement had lodged in his throat and looking desperately for a stick. But there was nothing like a weapon to be found. He hurried ahead, his mind agonized with pity for the shivering convict, his face and hands and wrists numb to the stinging branches that struck against them and the tearing brambles through which he ran.

Suddenly the sky grew lighter. He found himself at the edge of the field again and within sight of the bloodhounds. They were running about in a distracted manner, their black noses quivering as they smelled at the dead leaves, twigs, and grass. It was clear that for the moment they had lost the scent. The reporter took hold of himself. In their confused and awkward sniffing, their long ears flapping and their sad dark eyes peering from the folds of wrinkles about their brows, they did not look so fierce as the reporter believed they really were. It seemed strange that they should be.

As he stood there Harvey came up with the leashes trailing from his hand. The keeper nodded shortly, his eyes fixed on the dogs. Bending down, he began talking to them gently, directing them with familiar gesture to search out the trail again. 'Here, Bide! Here, Dolly!' he said. 'This way, boy!' Unexpectedly the pack dashed off into the wood, their keeper stalking after them.

IV

The reporter sat down. He began to realize that he was having a hard day. Worrying about his story, he knew he should phone the office. If the convict was on the hill, the dogs would find him, but even if the animals were as vicious as their reputations made them out to be, Harvey was there to keep them off and they were likely to obey his voice. Thinking it useless to remain, the reporter turned and started down the hill toward the crossroad, where, he could see, Stover still kept a steadfast watchfulness from the passing car.

Going through the tall dry grass, the reporter reached level ground as Stover turned back from the main road. The reporter stood waiting. Stover came nearer and he called, 'Say, where's there a phone around here?'

Sleek, hefty, and self-contained, Stover jerked his round head toward the back seat. 'Get in,' he said. 'Maybe Sheriff Bronson'll know.'

The reporter stepped on the running board and closed the door after him. The machine rolled steadily forward half a mile to the more distant crossroad, where it met another police car and then turned back again. Nobody spoke. Both officers watched the fields with calm, omniscient eyes. As they neared the place where the reporter had boarded the car he believed he saw a patch of dead grass move. He kept silent, but a moment later the policeman with the rifle between his legs shouted, 'Hi!' and pulled up the weapon with the butt against his shoulder.

'See him?' asked Stover quietly.

'There he is! Come out of that, you ——!' The machine stopped and the policeman with the rifle leaned forward and leveled the barrel upon a spot in the field some yards ahead and to the right. The dead grass stirred. A hump of faded blue appeared above it; rising higher, it grew into the figure of the escaped convict, who stood hatless, in denim overalls, his empty hands above his head and his face a white oblong of wincing terror.

'Ah,' said Stover, and opened the door of the car. He ran forward, almost with agility for a man so heavy. As Stover came upon the convict the reporter could not hear him growl, but could see his arm go back, his fist push forward, and the smaller form fall into a defenseless heap. Stover kicked, but the denim figure did not move. Leaning down, he picked it up as easily as if it had been a gunny sack full of shavings, and struck again and again until under his blows it went completely slack.

The other policeman slid over to the wheel and drove the car slowly forward to where Stover was holding the fugitive, whose face was a smear of red. As they drew nearer the reporter laughed, high and idiotically. A word rose up in his throat and bubbled over his lips: —

'Bloodhounds!'

A TOURIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

IN JERUSALEM

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

We were in Wadi Halfa, a town in the Sudan, about one thousand miles up the Nile; had made the usual excursion to the Second Cataract, and were in some quandary whether to spend a few days at the excellent Cataract Hotel at Assuan on our way down the Nile or go directly to Cairo and thence to Jerusalem. We decided on the latter.

When we reached Cairo we, this time, went to Shepheard's Hotel, I suppose one of the most celebrated hotels in the world. It seemed quite like getting home after our wanderings, and as we sat over our coffee and tobacco in the lounge after dinner I saw a woman across the room flying signals apparently at my daughter, who recognized an old 'Bryn Martyr' and immediately joined her. She had an interesting story to tell. Like ourselves, she had just reached Cairo, but she had *come quite alone from the Cape*. Now this is an adventure for a group of men, and, for a lone woman, quite unheard of. Cook does not recommend the journey, which is long, rough, and not free from danger, and will not sell tickets. I asked our friend whether she might have exhausted the possibilities of getting a husband in civilized lands, and she laughingly admitted she had. Then she told us that she and another woman had agreed to make the trip, how at the last minute the other woman got 'cold feet,' and how she determined to make the adventure — which she said turned out to be without untoward incident — alone.

'You were, of course,' I said, 'very careful about what you ate and drank.' 'Very,' she replied. 'If the water stank I did n't drink it, and if the food was rotten I did n't eat it.' I listened in amazement, thinking how careful we had been, and then remarked, 'I suppose you had letters of introduction everywhere.' 'That I had,' she replied, 'and I paid very handsomely for them, or rather for it. I bought it from Brown Brothers and Company, and I drew money without difficulty in countries that your friend Crosby Brown never heard of.'

I think I rather prefer Shepheard's to the Semiramis: it may not be quite so excellent, but it is in the centre of things and its terrace is world-renowned. As someone has said, 'sooner or later every famous man in the world is seen on the terrace of Shepheard's.' But the guides, the dragomans, are a nuisance: descend the steps to the street and you are mobbed with people who want to show you something, take you somewhere, sell you something. A black-and-tan mongrel youth approached me late one afternoon and inquired if I did not want to see the beautiful Egyptian girl dance naked. 'No,' I replied decidedly; 'what is she dancing for?' 'Joy,' was his reply.

The vision of a dirty, middle-aged woman distorting herself, disgustingly, rose before me, as did the more pleasing pictures of the 'Little Egypts' and 'Little Turkeys' of my youth. They first came to us at the time of the World's Fair in Chicago, settled down and grew old with us, and called forth the song 'Roxiana,' which made such a success in *The Belle of New York*. Roxiana's father, it will be remembered, kept a saloon at the corner of the Bowery and Canal. His daughter got an engagement in a big the-*a*-tre after 'she dyed her amber hair an inky black; and she tied herself in knots that did amaze yer — you'd think a snake was crawlin' down her back.' Then there was something about her being 'as limber as a piece of macaroni, looking as Oriental as a rug'; and finally,

> She was wobbly, she was jerky, they called her Little Turkey,
> She did the squirmy, wormy, naughty coochee-coochee dance.

But this is a serious paper, and I am humming to myself 'Jerusalem, the Golden.' I cared not how soon we left Cairo; by this time to-morrow we should be on our way.

II

Jerusalem! I am afraid I had given little thought as to what I should see there. I did not then know that one should go to the 'Holy City' as a pilgrim, not as a tourist. Jerusalem is a severe test upon one's bump of belief, and my bump is not pronounced: it is, in fact, a depression. Jerusalem is not — from Cairo — much of a pilgrimage. One gets into an excellent train, has dinner, and changes at Kantara West, and on a silly little ferryboat crosses the Suez Canal, a matter of some four hundred feet, to Kantara East, gets into an excellent sleeper and goes to bed, in Asia. Next morning, after breakfast, one changes again into a railway carriage better fitted to climb the mountains to the city, which is set upon a hill, — in fact, upon several hills, — and there you are.

One has a curious sensation upon arrival: one thinks of the Holy Sepulchre and of the many centuries in which it was in the keeping of the 'unspeakable Turk'; one thinks of the Crusades, those enormous movements of peoples from west to east which altered the course of history and changed, so many times, the map. And one descends at a perfectly modern railway station in a very modern town, gets into an automobile, and is whirled to one's hotel. It is perhaps a mile to the Grand New Hotel — which has not been new for forty years, and if it once suggested grandeur, it no longer does. But it is neat and comfortable: one demands several rooms with baths and heat, and one is accommodated. What if the heat is supplied by an oil stove? It is nevertheless heat, and after several hours in an unheated railway carriage on a bitter cold winter's day one is not too particular.

Cook — how could one travel without Cook? — has been apprised of our coming, and we are met at the station by a man who seems delighted to see us, and tells us that our guide is awaiting us at the hotel. And it was so, and an excellent guide he proved to be. Need one say that Jerusalem is now and has ever been a walled city, with many gates? Certainly not. But not everyone knows that when the former German Emperor made his theatrical entrance into the city, some years ago, which he announced was henceforth to be under his protection, he had a huge hole made in the walls of the city, that he might enter in what seemed to him a fitting manner. The chief entrance — that is to say, the one by which tour-

ists formerly entered the city — was the Jaffa Gate, but the traffic now flows through the Emperor's Hole, for the historic gateway would hardly accommodate automobile traffic; indeed, one can go only a few yards inside the walls, in a motor, on account of the very tortuous and narrow streets and their precipitous inclines.

Our visit was in January, perhaps the worst month in the year for going to Jerusalem, and it had been raining the day before and it might rain again, — so our guide said, — so we contented ourselves with a glance at the crowded and noisy streets, and then entered a waiting motor for a journey to the Dead Sea and the River Jordan.

It was a cold, bleak ride; the sun shone intermittently, and the distance seemed interminable. The Dead Sea is, in itself, an interesting phenomenon: it is about thirteen hundred feet below the level of the not far off Mediterranean, and it receives its water chiefly from one source, the River Jordan. There are no especially saline features in the basin itself and but few in the waters which enter into it, but there is no egress whatever. Water leaves the Dead Sea by evaporation only, and through countless millenniums such salt as there was has remained in the 'sea,' until now it is indescribably salty and bitter. The dryness of the atmosphere alone prevents the sea from overflowing. I reminded myself of Dr. Johnson's remark to his biographer, in reply to his question, 'Do you not think the Giant's Causeway worth seeing?' 'I do, Sir, but not worth going to see.' That is exactly my opinion of the Dead Sea.

Our guide in and about Jerusalem was an intelligent and obliging gentleman, speaking excellent English and having, himself, no delusions whatever as to the genuineness of the places and things that he showed us. We spent several days in his company, and, looking back, I cannot remember that he ever stated anything as a fact. In this he was wise, for, except for the city itself and its great ineffaceable landmarks, it is full of fakes, frauds, and sucker bait. And we, Philadelphians, who are witnesses to the development of the legend of Betsy Ross and the Flag, should not require much explanation as to how the thousand and one legends of the happenings in and about Jerusalem lengthened and strengthened and thickened, until their exploitation came to form the chief, indeed the only, industry of the city: it all came about quite naturally.

For several centuries after the birth of Christ and until the Emperor Constantine embraced Christianity, Jerusalem had been the scene of many battles and of much bloodshed; it had been, in fact, practically destroyed. But thither, about the year 325, came Queen Helena, the mother of Constantine, with a desire to see things. The city was then a scene of desolation: its inhabitants few and poor, and perhaps hardly aware of the glory that was Jerusalem. To what did they owe the honor of this visit? To the desire of the lady to see the place of the Crucifixion and, perchance, to find the cross on which the Saviour was crucified. The Queen had traveled far; it would indeed be sad if so distinguished a visitor should be disappointed in her search. After some delay and difficulty a cross was found; then two more, and the crown of thorns. Quite naturally, the question arose as to which was the cross, the true cross, on which the Saviour had been crucified. A certain bishop who accompanied the Empress was equal to this emergency: each cross was taken in turn to the bedside of a dying woman, and the true cross was revealed when it touched the woman's body and caused her instant

restoration to health. The Empress thereupon enclosed a portion of the cross in a silver box — silver was at the time more valuable than gold — and sent it to her son, which accounts for its now being in Constantinople.

Thus began the systematic frauds which have continued to this day. Pilgrims returning to their native countries carried with them weird tales of the holy places they had seen and the miracles that had been performed for their benefit. These tales fired the imagination of other pilgrims, and each succeeding generation, demanding greater and greater wonders, was supplied. The custody of the true cross was entrusted to the then Bishop of Jerusalem and his successors, and they did a thriving business in selling small pieces thereof, until at last it became convenient, as Gibbon says, 'to suppose that the marvelous wood possessed a secret power of vegetation and that its substance though constantly diminished still remained entire and unimpaired.'

It did not require much imagination to see that an inexhaustible source of revenue had been tapped: the demand for relics grew by what it fed upon, and the 'manger' in which the Infant Christ lay was discovered; a portion of this may still be seen in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. It will be remembered that this church is erected on a spot where snow — snow, mind you — was found on a certain morning in August, many years ago; but let that pass. Before the altar is an ornate pit, surrounded by a marble balustrade, in which is a large kneeling statue of Pope Pius IX: he is looking with a broad smile at the altar, behind which is a treasury which contains a portion of the manger. I like to think that he is smiling at the idea that sober men, like myself, still pay handsomely to see this sacred relic.

III

But to return to Jerusalem. A few years after the visit of Queen Helena, who had by this time become a saint, Jerome, a father of the Church and a great scholar, took up his abode in the neighboring town of Bethlehem, where he employed himself in compiling and editing what has come to be the Vulgate, our Bible. Jerome wrote that every species of crime and vice — and he proceeds to enumerate them — was practised by the inhabitants of Jerusalem. The city had become, from the gifts of pilgrims, enormously rich, hence the object of intermittent attack. Such was, and to some extent still is, the Holy City, which we were visiting under the guidance of a man as completely *désillusionné* in the matter of relics as I am.

It will be remembered that Jerusalem — and Jerusalem means 'city of peace' — was an old and important city long before the birth of Christ, and that notwithstanding the significance of its name it has been throughout its long history the almost constant scene of battle, bloodshed, and revolution. Legends which antedate the Saviour by a thousand years lie thick all around. Egypt is old, but its age does not seem to intrude itself upon one. In Palestine one is stunned and bewildered by the mental familiarity, if I may use the expression, of what one sees. We entered a motor; almost before we got up to speed, the site, the alleged site, of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah was pointed out to us. Like all properly reared boys of my generation, I had listened to much reading of the Bible and had been made to read it myself. I remembered the fate of the cities of the plain, and I was glad that our guide did not point out the salty remains of Lot's wife, which earlier travelers claim to have seen. The

Dead Sea offers little to the tourist except what he brings with him; I wet my hands in it, and then said to the guide, 'Now show me the Jordan.' We reëntered the motor and drove a short distance to a swollen and muddy creek. *Voilà le Jourdain!* Here was a more distinct disappointment.

The Jordan, the principal river in Palestine, rises, no doubt, somewhere or other, flows into the Lake of Galilee, and out of it again, a distance of some sixty miles as the crow flies, two hundred as it pursues its tortuous course into the Dead Sea, out of which, as I have said, it never emerges. Its width is from twenty to one hundred and fifty feet, and its depth from nothing to twelve feet, dependent upon where one takes soundings. We were looking at the 'Place of Baptism,' and I then and there made a wise resolution: namely, to try to be respectful, not to laugh at anything which might be shown me. In Palestine one should have that faith which removes mountains, and I have ever been a skeptic.

'How about lunch?' I said. 'It is provided at Jericho,' was the reply. 'Then let us go to Jericho' — and to Jericho we went, I thinking how many times I have sent one or another to Jericho, never expecting to go there myself. It was once a city of importance: it had a theatre and a palace, and King Herod died there; Mark Antony gave it to Cleopatra as a present, and the prophet Elijah spent his last days there and departed from near-by Jordan, it will be remembered, in a chariot of fire. Subsequently it became a ruin, and a ruin it remains, for the present hovels which house — if they can be said to house — a thousand souls hardly form a town; and the hotel where we lunched, the Grand Winter Palace — well, it did its best for us and with that we were perforce content. On our way back to Jerusalem we were shown the spot where a certain man fell among thieves: the Inn Samaritan marks the spot, and it was interesting to learn that it was not until a thousand years after the event mentioned in the Bible that the place was indicated.

Tired, cold, and hungry, we reached our hotel, and with some pleasant English people, with whom we had gone up the Nile, gathered around our oil stove and indulged in that pleasant function, tea, laced with some excellent brandy which I had taken the precaution to carry with me.

After dinner I sought to present a letter of introduction to the Bishop of Jerusalem, — a bishop of the Church of England, that is, — but he was out of town; so instead I went out into David Street and struck up an acquaintance with a strapping young Englishman whose uniform told me he was a member of the Palestine Police, with which Great Britain is endeavoring to put order into the country. I came upon him just as he was threatening to arrest a man for cruelly beating a donkey. I asked him how he liked his job. 'I 'ate it,' he said; and then continued, 'You see, these people are Harabs and they've no idea 'ow to treat hanimals. But what can Hi do? This country can't hafford to lock 'em up, heven if Hi harrested 'em. Hearly in the mornin' Hi sometimes takes 'em hup an' makes 'em set in the station hall day an' lets 'em go at night. They vanishes for a week maybe, maybe not — 'ow can Hi tell? They're hall a mass of whiskers, if you harsk me.'

'The climate is lovely in the spring,' he said, in reply to my question, 'but what's a chap to do with 'is time hoff? 'E can go to the pictures, but the letterin' is in Harabic an' Hi can't catch it. Hi can speak it fairly, but read it, who in 'ell can? Hi can't, for one.'

'Nor I, for another,' I replied.

"'Ave you been down to Jericho?' he asked. 'That's where the man fell among thieves in the Bible; an' hit's easy to do now: the country is full of caves, lots of 'em; a man can disappear an' leave no trace, not for years. A bit back they 'ad a shot at the Bishop of Jerusalem,' he continued. "'E's the 'eavy swell in these parts. Hi 'opes 'e likes 'is job better'n Hi do mine.'

Of life, in the accepted sense of the word, there is little or nothing in Jerusalem: the people work and quarrel and go to bed, or go to bed without quarreling. Our little party sat around a solitary electric lamp and read: I had a copy of *Eothen* with me. Who that has read that delightful book of travel can forget it! It is the story of an adventurous young Englishman with a keen sense of humor, who made his way practically alone through Turkey and Palestine, and across the desert into Egypt. The mere fact that the book has for almost a century kept its rank as the best of all books of travel sufficiently recommends it. It was with difficulty that I put the book aside, climbed into a clean and excellent bed, and was soon fast asleep.

IV

Jerusalem, the golden!
With milk and honey blest

How often as a child I have raised my small voice in this grand old hymn! It was, I am afraid, the poorest possible preparation for a visit to the city of the present. Jerusalem, within the walls, is a tiny town of only two hundred and ten acres, about the size of a goodish farm. About one fifth of this entire area is occupied by the Haram-esh-Sherif (the Noble Sanctuary), an enclosed space on the flattened summit of Mount Moriah. It appealed to me as being perhaps the only authentic spot in Jerusalem, as it is certainly the most beautiful and impressive one. Here Solomon, almost one thousand years before Christ, erected the most famous temple in history; here he had his palace and gave judgment. Four hundred years later it was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. It was rebuilt by the Jews, and pillaged or partly destroyed by various conquerors; rebuilt by King Herod, and again destroyed, this time by Titus; subsequently it became the Dome of the Rock or the Mosque of Omar, whichever may be its proper name. Whoever it was, among many, who erected or restored, or reërected or re-restored, this historic mosque did a magnificent job. It is a huge octagon, surmounted by a circular building which carries the Dome, immediately beneath which is the Sacred Rock. All in all, it is the most beautiful building I have ever seen.

This is, indeed, the general opinion. A friend to whom I had written replied: 'I too think the Dome of the Rock the most beautiful building I have ever seen. There is something in the situation and the simplicity which reënforces the overwhelming sense of history, as one stands on the spot where a single god, whether Allah, Jupiter, Jehovah, or God, has been worshiped, uninterruptedly, from the earliest time of which even tradition exists. As I looked over the polished marble rail at the great Rock beneath the Dome, I felt as if the plumb line of history had dropped at my feet.'

The legends about the Rock, which is huge and bare, are fantastic. Here Melchizedek offered sacrifice, as did Abraham offer his son Isaac; here stood the Ark of the Covenant, and beneath the Rock the Prophet Jeremiah concealed it, where it is to this day. The Rock was at one time suspended in the air; from it Mohammed ascended into Heaven on his miraculous mare, and

the Rock was about to follow suit when the Angel Gabriel repressed it: the print of his hand, an immense depression, is shown. Another indentation is exhibited as a footprint either of Christ or of Mohammed, according to the religion one affects. But notwithstanding all this nonsense, the Dome, the Temple, the Mosque, — whatever you will, — is glorious. In the Moorish style, of marble and porcelain, which resist the weather and glisten in the sun, it was the model for several old round churches in England, including the Temple Church in London.

David Street is the Broadway of Jerusalem. It begins at the Jaffa Gate and descends, and then ascends to the enclosure within which is the Dome of the Rock. An architect might describe David Street as being a stairway four yards wide, the treads of which are ten feet wide and the risers four inches. Along or through this steep and narrow thoroughfare there is a constant and colorful procession of Arabs, Jews, Greeks, Armenians, Christians, donkeys, and camels, all uttering weird noises in an effort safely to thread their way through the chief shopping and market district of the old city. It is a sight always to be remembered.

There is another fine mosque within the same enclosure not far from the Dome of the Rock, a mosque which as a Christian church dates back to the year 500, near the entrance to which is the tomb of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, who are said to have made a penitential visit to Jerusalem and died there. Within this mosque also is the Praying Place of Moses, and another stone bearing the imprint of the foot of Christ, and not far off is the Golden Gate through which Christ the meek and lowly entered on Palm Sunday, and so forth, and so forth. The tree on which the remorseful Judas hanged himself did not interest us nearly as much as several groups of old and magnificent cedars to which no history was attached.

Without a guide it would be difficult to thread the crooked, narrow lanes outside the enclosure of which the Dome of the Rock is the centre, and one might easily miss the Jews' Wailing Place, where from time immemorial the Jews have been accustomed to bewail the misfortunes of their race. It purports to be, and possibly is, a portion of the wall of Solomon's Temple, but more probably it is a section of wall of a later temple erected on the site or foundations of the old one. Be this as it may, Saint Jerome refers to the habit of the Jews of bribing the Roman soldiers so that they might, unhindered, weep over the ruins of their Holy City.

The wall, which is perhaps two hundred feet long by fifty in height, is composed of enormous blocks of limestone, and for centuries, to this day and hour, all day long, old men and women have knelt and prayed before this wall, rubbing it with their hands and kissing it with their lips, until several courses of stone, between three and five feet above the ground, have become discolored and highly polished from this treatment. On Friday afternoons the place is thronged with Jews by the hundreds, coming and wailing and giving way to others. There are several formal rituals in use before this time-honored wall, — based, I am told, upon the Seventy-ninth Psalm, — which are chanted reciprocally by priest and people. The custom was suspended for years (and it might well be suspended again, on hygienic grounds) until, some time ago, Sir Moses Montefiore secured from the Sultan of Turkey, the then ruler of Palestine, permission for its resumption. It is an interesting, disgusting, and unforgettable sight, as are so many in this historic city.

The movement 'Back to Jerusalem' (or Palestine) is, I should say, a foreordained failure. I had an interesting talk with a well-informed man born in Jerusalem and deeply interested in the welfare of the country. He told me that the money given by rich and well-meaning Jews in New York City, and elsewhere in America, was largely consumed in the salaries and expenses of officials, and he pointed out that no prominent, wealthy, or intelligent Jews considered for a moment leaving the country of their adoption, where every opportunity was theirs, for the sake of rebuilding Palestine; that for every hundred Jews who come, ninety leave, and leave at the earliest opportunity. The fertile land of Palestine is relatively small in area, while its mountain ranges are bleak, rocky, and inhospitable, affording pasture only for a few sheep and mountain goats. Nor is manufacturing possible in a country which has neither coal, iron, oil, wood, soil, nor even water. Education, which is supposed to solve so many problems, is of little use here, for there is nothing for the people to do when they are educated. What Jew is going to leave New York, where there are a hundred million of us to prey upon, — and only a handful of Scotch to be guarded against, — for the sake of rebuilding a country in which the proponents of the plan would not themselves think for a moment of settling?

The several Jews to whom I talked seemed only too anxious to get away from Palestine. One afternoon I was looking into the window of a small cigar shop, wondering if it would be possible to buy a good cigar therein. The proprietor, a young Jew, observing me, asked in passable English whether I would not enter and buy something. 'Yes,' I said, 'I should like to buy a good cigar.' He recommended a cigar made in Holland, the price of which was three cents, but knowing from experience that a Dutch cigar is a byword and a reproach in the mouth of any man, I declined. Then he sought to sell me some cigarettes. 'But I don't smoke cigarettes; I want a cigar, a good cigar.' 'Mister,' said he, becoming very confidential, 'would you buy a Corona cigar?' I said I thought I would if I could be assured that it was a genuine Corona. Would I buy a box of Coronas? Yes, under certain conditions I might buy a box. 'I have an ambition to sell you a box of Corona cigars,' he continued. 'I have sold a single Corona, but a box, never.' The discussion ended with the purchase of a box of Coronas, at a monarch's ransom, which the poor man ran out and bought at the near-by Allenby Hotel. Then the man — he was about thirty — told me how ardent was his wish to go to America: 'I have such great ambition for New York, I work forever; soon I own a picture theatre; I am so full of ambitions. Here life is hopeless. I sell only in a week once a box of cigars, made in Holland — bad to smoke and no profit. I shall never forget this day's business. You must be very rich man to buy a box of Corona cigars; it never happened so before. Mister, I am ambitious to sell you a cigar case to remember you by.'

V

To 'the stone which the builders rejected' and which 'is become the head of the corner,' to the spot where Abraham found the ram caught in the thicket, to the tomb of Absalom, and many similar places, I turned a blind eye and a deaf ear. But in spite of my unbounded skepticism I felt for a moment something of a thrill upon entering the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. For how many centuries has the thought of this spot influenced the en-

tire Western world! The effort to redeem the Holy Sepulchre from the Turks united nations which had little else in common: my knowledge of the Crusades was vague enough, but . . . Here our excellent guide began his discourse.

'As you see, this is a very large church, or rather group of churches, belonging to Catholics, Protestants, Copts, Greeks, and Armenians; it covers the site of the Crucifixion and the Place of Burial. The churches here have been built and destroyed and rebuilt and renovated from time immemorial, and chapels added to commemorate various incidents which took place immediately before and after the death of the Saviour. Much that you will see and hear is of necessity legendary.'

Here is the 'Stone of Unction' on which the body of Jesus is said to have been laid for anointing when taken down from the cross; this stone is not the traditional one, but was placed in its present position in 1808. One could be pardoned for looking at it without emotion. The traditional place of the Crucifixion is covered by a chapel some twenty steps above the level of the church floor. It is a small affair, greatly overdecorated in mosaics and precious stones and plentifully behung with lamps which are always burning. At one end is a large altar before which is a marble slab with a hole in it, in which our Saviour's cross was set, while two similar holes are said to be the sockets in which the crosses of the thieves were placed. I was sorry, very, to have been shown all this: it was so vulgar, so artificial and unconvincing, so entirely different from what one expected to see; but there was more of the same sort to come — much more.

A few yards off in the floor is a brass slide; this may be pushed back and there is revealed a portion of rock with a hole in it, perhaps ten inches deep: this is shown as the rock which was rent at the time of the Crucifixion, which was accompanied by an earthquake which rent the veil of the Temple from the top to the bottom. Mercifully we were not shown the 'veil.'

Said I to my guide, 'Frankly, I am not pleased with all this; let us now go to the Sepulchre itself, and then seek the light and air,' for the place was stuffy with the smell of unclean priests and the burning lamps and incense. The whole edifice in which we were seemed very highly departmentalized; constructed on different levels in varying styles of architecture, and used by different sects which hate each other with the accumulated hatred of centuries: hatred which only religion can engender.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a hexagonal building, not larger than twenty by thirty feet, built of marble; it is lit by a great many hanging lamps, the flames of which are never extinguished. The stone which was rolled away from the mouth of the Sepulchre by the angel is shown, somewhere; I forget where, but it is not in the little chapel, to which admittance is had by a low door, which contains the Tomb itself. This is a tiny chamber six feet square, lit and in some sense heated by the forty-three hanging lamps. This, the quintessential tomb, if I may use the expression, is jealously guarded by the Roman Church, and Mass is said daily.

Chapels abound, Copt, Catholic, and Greek, and woe betide the unfortunate priest who dares set foot in a chapel of a rival: it is a sad commentary that to keep the priests from fighting a policeman is always on duty. One item, shown gratis only on Wednesday in Holy Week and at other times upon the payment of a fee, is the Column of the Flagellation, the column to which Christ was bound to be scourged by

the Roman soldiers. Normally, this column is covered with a brass housing in which is a hole through which one can push a kind of stick and thus, by proxy as it were, touch the column; at the same time an electric light is switched on. By kissing the end of the stick which has touched the column one is supposed to have had one's money's worth.

At this point I insisted on light and air, and at once; there was more to be seen, much more, but I had seen enough, and of the Holy Sepulchre more than enough. In the interest of hygiene, decency, and true religion, it would be well if it were possible to close the entire 'fabrick' — as Dr. Johnson would call it — and keep it closed. As long as it is open to the public, fools, like myself, will visit it.

'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.' Only the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane carry a measure of conviction with them. Chapels and altars and tombs can be made by men like me, but only God can grow such trees, immemorially old, as the olive trees in the traditional 'Garden,' and the view from the Mount of Olives is superb.

VI

The 'little town of Bethlehem' lies five miles only from Jerusalem, and the journey would be a pleasant one were it not spoiled by too many traditional sights, such as the Tomb of Rachel, which has, however, been an object of veneration by the Jew for three thousand years. Like Jerusalem, it is a town of immemorial age, and has been subjected to many vicissitudes: a hamlet a thousand years before Christ, it has been destroyed and rebuilt time and again. The church which covers the traditional birthplace of Jesus is one of the oldest in the world. Assuming, and it is a reasonable assumption, that Jesus was born in a stable and lay in a manger, what may have happened is this. His parents, who were humble people, coming in the course of their travels to Bethlehem, went to an 'inn' and could get no accommodation. What an inn was in a little town like Bethlehem two thousand years ago may be imagined. It may have consisted of one or two chambers only, in which there was no room for them. The country all round about is very hilly: the ground floor on one side of a building would be the second floor of another side. The 'stable' was, in all likelihood, the ground floor or basement of the inn, in which travelers could house their donkeys and camels; the accommodation was little worse than that afforded above, and the manger may well have been a shelf or ledge of rock.

In any event, in Bethlehem, and probably on this site, the Emperor Constantine erected a church about the year 330, a part of which may still be standing, largely concealed by the walls of three convents: Roman, Orthodox, and Armenian. The church has been restored time and again, the last change in it, and a beneficial one, having been made only a few years ago. The Chapel or Grotto of the Nativity lies twenty feet below the floor of the choir of the church and is reached by two flights of steep, slippery stone steps. It is now a vault some ten by thirty feet, constructed of Italian marble and mosaic in awful taste and hideously overdecorated with ornaments of gold set with what may be precious stones. Along one side is an altar, and under it set in the floor a silver star, around which is an inscription, HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST. Certainty in matters of this kind is of the utmost importance. The chamber is lit with a

number of silver lamps in which a flame is always burning, and it is the duty of the various sects who watch the shrine — and each other — to keep their own especial lamps lighted. Here is, of course, the Altar of the Magi — in a word, 'all things were fulfilled.' I greatly wish I could have believed that I saw the actual tomb of Saint Jerome, or that the chapel was the place where he for so many years labored upon the compilation and translation of the Vulgate from out of its original languages into Latin, a task for which his learning made him especially fitted. He seems to have been a most interesting, if quarrelsome, character.

It is a poor little town, is Bethlehem: from its stony and far from level fields round about it must be difficult to secure a crop of anything; of manufactures there is little or nothing. Trashy gewgaws made of mother-of-pearl, ornaments made of olive wood, — which is now getting scarce because so many trees were burned in the late war, — the sale of beads and trinkets, afford such commerce as there is. The people of Palestine suffered greatly during the war. They had everything to lose and nothing to gain by fighting. General Allenby was just another conqueror, and a very fortunate one. His career was not distinguished until he was sent to Palestine, and he would never have been lucky enough to reach his objective had it not been for that enigmatic hero who called himself Lawrence, but whose name is probably Scott. England alone could produce such a man. His exploits are recounted in *Revolt in the Desert*. For a time he acted alone; then he had the complete backing of the War Office. By promises he must have known he could not make good he obtained the good will of the Arab chiefs, whose tongues he spoke and whose costumes and customs he adopted.

Did a sheik want to be King of Jerusalem, or of this town or that? Certainly: why not? They became his followers: for him they were prepared to lay down their lives, and especially the lives of their followers. Lawrence made it possible for Allenby to reach Jerusalem, which he took without firing a shot. The war came to an end; Allenby became Field Marshal. England could not or would not — at any rate, did not — make Lawrence's promises good, and the man who actually delivered Jerusalem became, under an assumed name, a private in Britain's flying forces in India. Some day his life will be written, and we shall know certainly much more than we now do of this amazing character.

VII

I felt really sorry for a poor old man who followed me about the streets of Bethlehem for several hours, seeking to inveigle me into what he said was his 'factory.' He asked me if I were not an American, and I admitted I was; whereupon he remarked, 'Mr. Fairbank, the President of America, he my best friend; he always visit me when he come here, always to buy many things. He my best friend I have; when I go America I go see him.' I suppose that during some visit that our former Vice President may have made he was seduced into buying a bit of carved mother-of-pearl, and I doubt not that he threw it away long before he got home.

In such traveling as we have been engaged in guides are necessary, but they are sometimes awful. We had one, one day, when we were sight-seeing with a party which included a group of Germans; the guide spoke his piece in English, and then attempted to translate what he had said into German. It must have been vile, for an old German

was finally galvanized into screaming, 'Spoke English! Spoke English! It is less vorse!' In other words, he preferred to hear my language butchered rather than his own.

To return to Jerusalem. There was, seemingly, no end to the wonders which would be shown for money. But our legs were tired, and our credulity had been subjected to outrageous strains.

No! I had no wish to see the stone where 'the Virgin, she sit, when she milk the little Lord Jesus' — a boulder on which one might discern a few spots made whitish by drops from the Virgin's breast. I had seen enough, and more than enough.

'The proper time to come to Palestine is the spring.'

'I can well believe it.'

'The wild flowers then are lovely.'

'No doubt; so are the tame flowers at Hampton Court.'

But before we get to London there is Syracuse, and Taormina, and Naples, and much more. Above all, there is ROME.

THE WAR IS OVER[1]

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE

I

AFTER the war, England faced the hardest problem of her history. The men were being demobilized and there was no work for them. I think I knew something of the mind of the soldier, and I feel certain that the dole saved England from a debacle. When I saw thousands of men marching through the streets of London rattling tin cans and begging from the passers-by, I was afraid that they would recognize me. I had painted in glowing words another kind of England.

The workers, employed and unemployed, were seething with discontent. They were a barrel of gunpowder, only waiting for a provocation to act as a match to set it off.

I was getting ready to go on another 'Y' mission, to the Rhine. Mr. Lloyd George sent for me. He said the situation in industrial centres was acute and he believed I was the man to handle it. He hoped I could remain a year in England and do in the industries what I had done on the western front.

My words were few. I accepted the invitation. He told me to see an officer of the Treasury concerning remuneration. That, I told him, I could not do. I never could talk to Labor and be in the pay of the government. I must be absolutely untrammeled. A few friends would provide me with car fare and food. He promised to back me personally in any way I needed him.

Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, and the mining regions of South Wales were the first stopping places on this part of the pilgrimage. The Prime Minister wrote personal letters to newspapers and manufacturers. All factory gates were open to me, and the

[1] Earlier chapters of Dr. Irvine's history appeared in December and January.—EDITOR

newspapers noised abroad my message. I did not confine myself to factories and shops. I spoke in churches and halls and wherever working people forgathered.

In one of these large cities I was arrested and taken before a high police official, charged with neglecting, as an alien, to report myself. During the war I had observed these alien restrictions with meticulous care. I had suffered much in so doing. Now it was over, such formalities seemed absurd and outrageous. Before the official I was boiling with indignation.

'Does the name of Inspector Javert recall anything to your mind, sir?' I asked.

'No.'

'Then any reference to him would be wasted. Let me say, sir, I am doing England a service that no man in England could do. I am the personal representative of the British Government in your district and I have been too busy to call at a police station every time I go around a corner; and I want calmly and quietly to tell you that I'm sick of this snooping suspicion and will report no more anywhere, nor to anybody!'

He sat at a desk. When I finished he arose and gave me one of the most stinging rebukes I had ever received. It startled me.

'I thoroughly agree with you,' he said quite pleasantly, 'and I shall write at once to the Home Secretary and have you excused!'

II

In those days the Clyde shipbuilding yards and the coal-mining region of South Wales were the red-flag spots of the Labor discontent. Lloyd George asked me which of these places I would visit first. I said, 'Your fellow countrymen, sir; they are the worst.' A newspaper in Cardiff heralded my coming. That a reactionary newspaper should welcome a man who was a friend of Labor was quite puzzling to the miners. I had more difficulty in overcoming the good will of the paper than I had in giving the miners a new point of view.

A veteran Labor leader had asked one of the old Labor 'war horses' to preside at one big meeting. He did so, but I could see opposition in his attitude from the start. The hall was packed with men.

'Tom Richards asked me to preside here,' he began; 'but I notice that this speaker is recommended by a newspaper that has no use for us, and we have none for it. Something strange about that. This paper says this man is interested in a better England. We are not. We are interested in a better Wales. The gentleman who is to speak is a mystery man. How can he be any good to us who comes with such a rotten endorsement?' In this tone and manner he went on for about fifteen minutes.

This sort of introduction was providential. It fanned into a flame all the smouldering fires of my Celtic nature.

'I'm sorry for your chairman,' I began. 'I'm sorry for this audience and Tom Richards and the newspaper. I'm sorry for everybody concerned — except myself. Before I begin my address I want to iron out a few things. I want to take the brick out of the chairman's bouquet! He has been brutally frank. I will be just as frank without the brutality.

'When a man says he is a friend of Labor, or a champion of Labor principles, what would you consider a fair test of his loyalty? I venture to say that not a man in this hall will disagree with me when I say that service to Labor is the surest and best test. We

are agreed on that. Well, then, if that be true, I challenge your chairman, I challenge any man in this audience or any man in South Wales, to lay his cards on the table before a committee selected by your chairman. I will lay mine beside them, and if that committee does not decide that I have a better right to address Labor than your chairman has, I will apologize for being here — I will apologize for my existence.

'By service to Labor I do not mean holding down a Labor job, nor do I mean union membership for personal benefits through group organization. I mean service rendered and sacrifices made without money payments and without any material benefits whatever.

'These hands of mine are white now. They used to be black and gnarled and chipped. I worked in a coal pit in the old days for a shilling a day. Keir Hardie and I worked in the same pit. He was skilled. I was only a mucker. I was stupid, ignorant, and dirty. No slave with ball and chain ever felt his slavery more keenly than I felt the slavery of ignorance and dirt. I escaped. I became a soldier that I might learn to read.

'The necessity of a higher education drove me from these British Isles. I secured a university degree; but instead of divorcing me from the working class, it knit me close to them. Without knowing anything more than a cat about Socialism, I joined the movement. I am an American citizen. The American Socialists elected me to the National Executive Committee. I am an honorary member of six great labor unions. I have been a minister and have been kicked out of many churches because of my loyalty to the working class. I have had the real-estate agents of an entire city combine to prevent me from renting a home. I have had newspaper opposition all through my career. I know what it is to go hungry for Labor, to be misunderstood, to be maligned and persecuted for it, and yet, Mr. Chairman and miners of South Wales, I have never been on Labor's pay roll!

'I gave up a position to come over here and lend a hand. I am against war. I learned to hate it on the battlefields of Egypt. But when men are suffering and dying by the hundreds of thousands I refuse to stand aside. So I've been in France. I gave cheer to over a million men over there. If Socialism or Unionism or any other ism interfered with that service I would throw them aside and do it again! Men who hold down cushy jobs at home may not appreciate that, but the lads who lie in the soil of France and Flanders did, and their appreciation is my reward. I seek no other —'

Here the audience broke into cheers. I raised my voice to proceed and they stood up and cheered. There were yells of approval by men who had heard me in France.

'Let me conclude the challenge and stop,' I said. 'I might have used my brains and ability to make money. I am a poor man. I have no property, no capital, and I am in that position because I have given my life and influence to the oppressed, the poor, and the under dog!'

Only in a small measure can these words convey here what they meant to that audience. The Welsh are a fiery people and are passionately fond of good singing and speech touched with fire. I called for an answer to the challenge and was greeted with cheers. There was no answer, and I went on with what I went there to say. When I sat down the chairman arose and said: —

'The gentleman is no longer a man of mystery. I will entertain a motion

that we call him back to lecture to us on any topic he likes, and we will pay him for coming.'

A full report of the meeting opened up to me the whole Rhondda Valley, where there was much fire underneath the surface of things, ready to burst forth at any minute. Once a Welsh choir of male voices came and sang for me at several big gatherings.

My message to the workers was an appeal to the spirit — a plea for patience. I was one of them, analyzing national and international situations and pointing out the tremendous difficulties involved in building a new structure on the ruins of the old. I contended that we could best serve the world and our own particular movements by playing the national game in a way best suited to national needs. Britain was short of ships, short of goods, and short of raw material. She could only survive by supplying the world with what British hands produced. Any attempt to make a radical change would inevitably turn Britain into a shambles of chaos, disorder, and blood.

III

With the miners in Wales I was successful. It was with the politicians, profiteers, and capitalists that I seemed to fail. At the close of an arduous campaign, two mass meetings were arranged for Sunday in the largest theatre in Cardiff. It was suggested that a Labor leader preside in the afternoon and a capitalist in the evening. That suited me. At both meetings I made a strong plea for a unity of spiritual forces. By the bare hands of British workingmen was British equilibrium to be achieved. Would the workers shelve their propaganda, put aside their class antagonism, and declare an armistice? The workers said, 'Yes.'

The afternoon meeting was presided over by a Labor leader and was all that I could desire. The chairman in the evening was a capitalist who was a parvenu, an ill-bred, uneducated man, who had made an immense fortune out of the war and whose money had carried him into Parliament. My plea for coöperation and the expression of the finer aspects of the spirit in man during the period of reconstruction was received by the vast audience with enthusiasm. To my utter amazement the chairman turned the meeting into a protest against the United States. After my address he told the audience that the United States had demanded 500,000 tons of shipping. That, he said, was unfair. He boasted that he was trying to persuade the House of Commons to refuse the demand. Turning to me, he asked me to carry his protest to the President. Then he introduced two men he had brought from London for the purpose of backing him up. They were both discredited Labor leaders and renegades who had sold out to the highest bidder. For me the situation was difficult. I did n't want to lose the influence I had already gained, nor could I let him get away with an insult.

'I am a stranger in your city,' I began, 'and your guest. It would ill become a guest to argue with his host, but in view of this most extraordinary proceeding I am sure you would not expect me to keep silent. I think this audience understands me. I am sure you know that what I plead for is the only thing that will see Britain through.

'As to my taking the gentleman's protest to President Wilson — don't you think it would be rather stupid in me if I asked the gentleman to take such a message from me to King George? Do you do that sort of thing over here? With us it is not done. As

to the shipping, my country had no understanding, treaty, or bargain for any of the swag. If now we are asking for ships, I am ashamed. I think, however, I can mitigate the severity of the critics on the platform when I tell them that when we entered the war the crews of German ships in our harbors blew the machinery out of them, and it took millions to blow it in again. As Uncle Sam has no more love for taxation than John Bull has, I am inclined to believe that if he is demanding the ships he refitted he wants them as souvenirs!

'The chairman suggests that we came into the war late. That is true, and we shall not be permitted for some time to forget it. But may I ask the gentleman behind me to consider for a moment what would have happened if we had n't come in at all! The Germans know, if he does n't. The British generals also know. Finally, I don't believe this audience will permit political strategy to dull the fine edge of our attempt to-night to appeal to the nobler qualities and values of the spirit.'

Thunderous applause was the answer.

Over large areas in congested industrial centres I went to the workers, and they received me gladly. Then a call came from the Y to render assistance in raising money to provide Y tents for the hundreds of thousands of soldiers who were in the devastated areas in France. Great numbers of very wealthy English people were on the Riviera, and three of us went there, two to arrange the details and I to address parlor meetings in the fashionable hotels around Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, and Mentone.

The Duke of Connaught was staying at Cannes. If he would consent to preside at some meetings the aristocracy would flock around him. We went to Cannes. My two companions saw the Duke's secretary and he turned them down. I waited for them in the lounge. Just as we were leaving I saw a face familiar to me. The man recognized me and we advanced toward each other. He was a captain of the Guards.

'Well, well,' I said. 'What are you doing here?'

'I am the Duke's secretary.'

'Heavens! How fortunate for us! You turned these fellows down, but you must n't turn me down!'

'Still morale raising?' he asked, smiling.

'Yes. I'm here to raise the morale of dukes, lords, and commons, but I can't even raise the wind without the Duke!'

He laughed and told us to wait. Five minutes later he returned and took me upstairs to meet His Royal Highness.

'My secretary has been telling me wonderful things about you,' the Duke said, 'and I thought you would n't mind talking while I dress for dinner.'

'I am delighted, sir. I was shipmates with your brother the Duke of Edinburgh in the Mediterranean when I was a boy.'

We talked, as he dressed, on many topics. He consented at once to preside and help in getting people out.

'I am informed,' he said in introducing me at our first meeting, 'that in the great crisis when we were with our backs to the wall this man's burning words were of more service to our cause than a whole division of soldiers.'

The enterprise, however, was not a financial success. The aristocrats were perfectly willing, now that the war was over, to let the soldiers go without the comfort of a place where they could get a cup of tea and a smoke. Of all the people I met down there, the Duke was

the most human, the most gentlemanly, and the most democratic. To me, personally, he was more than kind. He read some of my books and took the trouble to write me several letters about them afterward.

While on the Riviera I wrote a series of articles on Monte Carlo for a London paper. In order to get color and thrill I went into the Casino. What a strange crowd of devotees at the altars of the god of chance! I played the tables. I wanted the whole gamut of sensations and I got them all but one — I just did n't seem to be able to lose, no matter what colors or combinations I chose. I came out with fifteen hundred francs of their money. Next day I bought three good paintings and brought them away as souvenirs. I had an idea that if I played long enough I might win sufficient to sustain the soldiers' huts myself; but I could n't stay.

In one of my articles I alluded to the army of the Prince of Monaco in the following sentence: 'Yesterday I saw a parade of the Prince's army. They were both in full-dress uniform.' The editor could n't see the joke and deleted it.

IV

When the League of Nations Union was launched in the Royal Albert Hall I was selected to 'put the snapper on the whip.' When an Englishman, chairman of the committee, put it to me in just that way, I warned him against the use of such picturesque phrases, lest he be accused of being an American. To the English people this was a great occasion — an audience of ten thousand and, on the platform, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. John Clifford, Professor Gilbert Murray, Lord Robert Cecil, Sir Edward Grey, and the Right Honorable J. R. Clynes. After these statesmen, orators, and churchmen had spent their force in explaining this spiritual auxiliary of the League of Nations, I was to come on and in a ten- or fifteen-minute speech persuade that audience to join it then and there. The situation looked like that of a marksman with the last bullet in his rifle, when accuracy or inaccuracy of aim meant success or failure. To fail here would be signal, dismal failure. But fortunately I did not fail. After an impassioned appeal, I asked those who would back the movement to stand up, and the audience arose as one man.

When the Irish were copying Cromwell's methods of wholesale murder, when rebellion, arson, terror, and bloodshed were at their worst, I was invited by General Wood — with whom I had served in France — to visit the men under his command, the Auxiliary Force, in Ireland. Wood was second in command to a man who hated the Irish, and the Irish attitude toward the latter may be judged by the fact that he went to the golf links in an armored car! That he did n't join the 'hole-in-one club' was n't the fault of the Irish sharpshooters. Some of them told me, when peace came, that they never thought of him as a soldier — they looked upon him as a rat and would have shot him as one if they had ever had a chance.

What could I do in Ireland? Wood thought he knew. Every member of the Auxiliary had been a British officer. I could give these men some idea of Irish psychology — something the British had been shy of for seven centuries. I could tell them that they were not there to fight the Irish, but to preserve peace. It was a thankless, dangerous job, and every man engaged in it would have thrown it aside instantly if he could have gotten anything else to do.

So I joined General Wood at Beggar's

Bush Barracks in Dublin. When he set out on a tour of inspection I went with him.

I had dedicated *My Lady of the Chimney Corner* to Lady Gregory and the players of the Abbey Theatre, but I was not very sanguine about its reception in Ireland, where many books are written and few bought. I found, however, that it was well known in Dublin. It was a good introduction to the leaders of the rebellion. I wanted to meet them, especially Michael Collins. I was warned not to go on that trip, but I went. I rode always with the general in his car. An armored car in front and one behind gave some sense of security. I refused to carry a revolver. When stopping in a hotel, as we sometimes did, the general had my room guarded throughout the night. I addressed the Auxiliary units throughout the disturbed counties and areas. In Longford I wandered through the homes and haunts of Oliver Goldsmith.

We encountered difficulties. Roads were made impassable, high stone barricades were thrown up, huge trees were felled across our path. I saw the last round-up by the English in Ireland. A regiment of Lancers formed a circle around an area of several square miles. Then they closed in toward a centre, bringing with them all the men and boys within the circle. It was one of the most distressing sights I have ever witnessed. The men were haggard from hunger. They were clad in rags, and there they stood before their armed conquerors, sullen, silent, defiant, ready to suffer death for the things they believed to be right.

At another place I witnessed an incident which was a miniature picture of Irish history. There was a stone barricade across a road. We stopped, of course, and the soldiers spread out over the countryside like a fan. It was a small sort of round-up. The only result was an Irish farmer in shirt and trousers.

'How long has this been here?' asked the general sternly.

'About a month, more or less, yer honor.'

'You lie!' said the general. 'It's only been here a few days.'

'Whut fur do ye be talkin' like that, now? Shure it don't matter to me if it's been up a year or a day. It's th' thruth I'm afther tellin' ye.'

Threats of prison, mere bluff on the general's part, did n't move him. He stood there looking bewildered. Then something happened. A little willy-wagtail fluttered from her nest on the top of the barricade. We looked at each other and then at the farmer. We peeped into the nest and found four eggs.

'Well,' said a Dublin Castle man, 'it must have taken her about a month to lay four eggs, Pat.'

'Gad, I'm thinkin' ye're about right, yer honor,' he said. 'She'd be afther layin' about wan a week.'

It was an acted parable, a bird's-nest view of Ireland, the meaning of which was not lost on those who witnessed it.

Perhaps I helped a little on this journey. I made men laugh. I made them think. I was detached and disinterested. The general said I put hope into the hearts of his men. My own hope was that their work would soon come to an end.

When I returned to London I wrote an article on my observations in Ireland. It was three thousand words long. The *Evening News* rarely prints long articles. I told the editor he might take out of it anything he wanted and throw the rest into the waste-paper basket. I was never more astonished in my life than when my name in huge letters covered the billboards of Lon-

don next day. The article was printed just as I wrote it. It was widely advertised as 'the greatest article ever written on Ireland.' Why? 'Well,' the editor said, 'you tell the truth; you tell it simply and plainly. You see things in their true proportion and your comment at the close that "guns cannot kill the spirit of a people" is so sane and so unanswerable that reactionary men were moved by it.'

All Fleet Street took notice of that article, and several offers of journalistic work of a permanent sort came to me as a result. Perhaps the most important notice of it was taken by churchmen. I was waited upon and asked to elaborate the spiritual implications in it at a mass meeting of churchmen which they would call for that special purpose. At that meeting the present Archbishop of York, Dr. Temple, spoke, and the Bishop of Peterborough took part. My plea was for the recognition of that which is imperishable in the Celtic temperament. It was the single sentence on that point in my article that attracted the attention of spiritually-minded churchmen.

As the guest of Lord and Lady Aberdeen I made a tour of North Britain on behalf of the League of Nations Union. The Aberdeens were of that inner circle of friends I made during those years — friends whose fellowship remains a permanent element in my life. In the city of Aberdeen I made eight addresses in one day. The *Aberdeen Free Press* said that was a record. The addresses were given to high schools, training schools, the University, the Chamber of Commerce, and a mass meeting in the evening. Of course, it is what a man has to say that is important — not the number of times he says it; but the Aberdeen papers bore testimony to the enthusiasm created for the spiritual force behind the League of Nations at Geneva.

A little later I was the guest of Lord and Lady Aberdeen in their Dublin house and became acquainted with Lady Aberdeen's work for the poor — than which I know of no greater work by a single person in any city of the world.

In the early part of Victoria's reign 33 per cent of English men were unable to write their names. The percentage among women was 49. England has traveled a long distance since Gladstone and Disraeli joined hands to defeat Lord John Russell's proposals for popular education.

V

One of my last adventures in England was to do some pioneer work in education for Manchester University. The authorities wanted money for extension. I could go to the working class and interest them in the work of an institution which, if it was not directly benefiting them now, would benefit their children.

University bonds were printed and I sold them at a shilling apiece in the large manufacturing plants. This was the first time in the history of England, or perhaps anywhere else, that a university had made such an appeal. The interest I created, perhaps, faded away; but it was a foundation upon which the University could have built an extension course at small expense. This also was a morale raising. To attract the attention of the rich, however, a dynamic was needed. In the council somebody suggested that a royal visit would serve the purpose. Any member of the royal family would do, but they had tried many times to secure such a visit and had always failed.

I asked if His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught would do! The words had hardly escaped my lips when I felt the air cool. I was an American

— a little painfully conscious of it just at that moment. The question was not put to the council, a body I had never met with, but to a prominent member, by whom the question was sidetracked at once.

I was told by a less august personage that they had tried to get the Duke but had failed; as they had failed to get the Prince and others. Being always possessed of a reckless desire to attempt impossibilities, I made the suggestion where it would receive some serious recognition. When all the dignity of high officials had failed, my suggestion seemed a joke. I went off to London, called up the Duke's secretary, and was invited to take tea with the Duke at St. James's Palace.

I suppose there must be an unwritten law as to what men wear when they take tea with royalty. I did n't know what the correct attire was, and I should have gone as I was anyway, for the simple reason that I had no money to buy clothes for such a purpose. I was royally received, just as I was. After a pleasant half hour I put the request to him. He said he had refused a year ago, but he told me the reason. His mother, Queen Victoria, had a hatred of trains, and all his life he also had dreaded them. Besides, Manchester was a depressing place and he was getting old. I came back with a personal plea. As a stranger I had given England five years of my life. This was the first time I had asked for a boon. Would he, as a personal favor, make the visit?

'Well, after all,' he said, 'it's a small matter and I don't see how I can refuse you.'

'You'll come?'

'Yes. Tell the Vice Chancellor and the Lord Mayor to visit me here for details.'

I took my leave, and as soon as I was out on St. James's Street I wired his acceptance to the University authorities.

Then I rounded a corner in my pilgrimage and turned my face toward home. I had given five years. During that time I had been an alien to the people I served and forgotten by my own. I was not a candidate for medals or honors. The Prime Minister wrote me a letter of thanks on behalf of himself and his government.

It was an interesting adventure. I did it because it was the thing to do. My reward is the memories I have and the consciousness that I did what I could.

SEVEN SONNETS

I

For seven years immersed in fires of sweetness
I lived beside his manhood in its prime,
And saw the immortal life at home in time,
And the bright beauty of our incompleteness.

O bright mortality, O free surrender!
The brave eternal friendly with the flesh;
A little bruised and tangled in the mesh,
But with a bearing toward it gay and tender.

Breath of that time is beauty of this morning,
The sun and color on these hills of home;
As if his thought, of living through the loam,
Had passed the finite, with a tranquil scorning,

And on these hills and mornings it is he,
Present in aspects of eternity.

II

When I am bowed with lifting up my loving,
One and another of the words he said,
Out of their transient sense, as out from shade,
Are drawn, as by a shaft of sunlight moving;

And for my use become a touch, a motion,
That bears upon this brimming life of death.
I hear them with his warm and human breath
Sounding the syllables; and yet that ocean,

The infinite, sends murmurs sounding through them,
Murmurs and meanings of a boundless kind,
That call and answer in the depths of mind,
As if, from the beginning, thus I knew them.

These, with their echoes widening, release
Time's passive pain to infinite live peace.

III

In my first holidays, when I had known him
  Three starry months, one snowy golden day
  The doorbell rang where I had gone to stay,
And in the parlor where my host had shown him,

I, running down the stairs all bathed in gladness,
  Received the package that had made him come,
  And heard him say, 'When are you coming home?'
No sorrow ever known can throw a sadness

On that bright sudden thrilling gush of pleasure;
  His sweet, warm, careless camaraderie,
  The loving-kindness of his courtesy.
I took it with me, as a bliss and treasure,

Up a bright hill, walking I knew not where.
I heard it all day in the golden air.

IV

How words will deepen in a deepening season!
  I am quite well, I always have been strong,
  I shall not die soon, yet I am not young.
I used to think of death as a great treason;

And oh, how quaint that seems, in this strange summer,
  When if I feel all day from death removed,
  I fast turn homesick for the newly loved
Country where I am now a constant comer.

And yet when death begins to fold and cord me
  For portage, I shall wince perhaps and fear?
  Not very long, when from all sides I hear
Infinite tones of his voice sounding toward me,

'When are you coming home?' When shall I come,
I, to whom that place where you are is home?

V

Fleeting mementoes, lost, the larger number,
To waking memory; not to waking life,
Beneath which, far beneath its tremor and strife,
Move the calm powers and swiftnesses of slumber.

Do these sustain, with deep-sea floods of being,
The topmost tossing of the busy mind —
The waves of sense that run before the wind
Till, sinking through themselves, and inward fleeing,

They leave the glittering height, the fluttering motion,
Precarious identity of wave,
And feel their life expanding in the grave
Toward the secure vast magnitudes of ocean?

I only know the intimations throng
Sometimes by day, and sometimes all night long.

VI

Play on my life, now, dearest, with your fingers,
Since now I shoulder these familiar cares,
Enter the house, go up and down the stairs
Where now your step, my darling, no more lingers.

Touch with bright hands our life of crowded striving;
Bright beauty of your liberation, reach
Beyond us in the children whom we teach,
And light in them the loveliness of living.

What Dante knew when Beatrice found him,
When, though his mortal tumult blustered on,
Deep into Paradise they two had gone,
And all his earthly felt the unearthly round him —

Let such sweet wonder, little understood,
Be sweet within our flesh, beyond our blood.

VII

O other love, O fond and yearning kindness,
  My life turns closing toward more and more;
  Sweetness of home, beloved so long before,
But always then with strange and careless blindness,

I know you now by dreams and intimations;
  By wordless insight running past my thought,
  The spirit of your form my own has sought
And found direct by instant penetrations.

In deeps of sleep I know how one, how only,
  The forms of loving form a single bliss.
  One vital breathing of the sense of this,
And life is fixed beyond where death makes lonely.

What sound, what light, is like the engulfing of
Identity and circumstance by love?

E. L.

SHADY COVE

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

Shady Cove! Where the sky bends low, and mountain mists like phantom birds with white ruffled plumage ever wing their way in and out among recurrent rainbows that span the little valley. Where at evening the violet of distant mountains fades into a lilac sky, and the comforting hills suddenly draw near to watch the Cove in its sleep. Where at night the home lights on encircling heights wink out one by one before the steady shine of stars, and the tinkle of bells comes faint on the drugged sweetness of the night breeze.

Our tent is pitched almost in the centre of the great green bowl set so deep in sombre hills that it is like the bottom of a well where one may see the stars by day. And the day moon dreams through the sky as faint as far-off music.

But Shady Cove is no unearthly benediction from the hands of the gods. It is a huge emerald cup, sweetened and drained by a river that rushes from a cave at the north of the valley, plays about under the willows with many a capricious curve and listless pause, until, remembering the message it bears, it hurries through another cavern directly south of the cave where

it enters, quite as if to pretend that it had not loitered a moment in Shady Cove.

Once, they tell us, the outlet cave was choked with débris, and when a waterspout came the valley was flooded and the people went about in boats. But that was long ago. Long ago! Can it be that Time, as elsewhere, is the god here in Shady Cove! Shady Cove, as placid in the summer sun as a lost island in a tideless sea. How far away the foolishness of a League of Nations, Reparations, and Prohibition. And even burning questions of importance, as the new scale in music or Marcel Proust's place in literature!

For the one store asleep under the hackberry trees, the blacksmith shop with the mighty grapevine above the door, — a motor car has never dared the rocky hills to shriek its way through the valley, — the log church that long ago the Virginia creepers claimed, shouting each summer the praises of God and Shady Cove with all their gold-rimmed trumpets swaying in the wind, the churchyard with its flat stones above the unforgotten dead, the crouching gray farmhouses — all rest here as indigenous as the Big Oak which long ago Miss Mattie Porter climbed at sunset to see 'Beyant,' and became a legendary character who had sought death by suicide. For Beyant to the west and Outside to the east are 'furrin' places, certainly not worth the climbing of a tree to glimpse.

Long ago, no doubt, women with calm faces and steady hands tended old-fashioned flowers in their door-yards, and swept with 'bresh' brooms the very road before their picket fences; and swept, too, their wide, long dresses to the meetin'house without so much as a profane shake of the dust from a ruffle. Then, as now, men tilled the soil silently, patiently, but never, I fancy, with the grim earnestness of other mountain men overwhelmed in the struggle with the stubborn earth. Then, as now, perhaps, during the frequent showers from the ever-present diaphanous clouds came the call of voices singing the same unforgotten songs they sing to-day. For in a shower, when work ceases in the fields, the people of Shady Cove seem to float together as on a sudden breeze; and you will listen to know from which cabin comes the sound of music.

In the dogtrot you will find a tall, cross-eyed man with very large ears leading the singing and beating time with the accuracy of a clock, while anyone may be picking a banjo or bowing a fiddle. And what joy to drift in unnoticed, quite as though we belonged, and join in the refrains: —

Sister, look how you step on ther cross.
Sound the jubilee!
'Cause yer foot might slip an' yer soul be lost.
Sound the jubilee!

Or to 'roodle-doodle-doodle' with them in their version of the old hunting songs which perhaps their ancestors brought over from England: —

Give er whoop an' er high-low. On er meny stand!
An' er run, run, run, an' er tippy, tippy tun.
Away ther royal dawgs!
R-r-r-roodle-doodle-doodle an' a bugle, oh!
An' a whack-fal-daddle an' a oh, heigho!
Through ther woods we run, brave boys,
An' through ther woods we run.

Or,

Far' ye well, my Dinah.
Ohoo-oo! Ohoo-oo! Ohoo-oo!
Gwine erway ter leave ye.
Ohoo-oo! Ohoo-oo! Ohoo-oo!

And how Peter, but moderately endowed with the gift of song, would throw back his head and mourn mightily for Dinah, 'Ohoo-oo! Ohoo-oo! Ohoo-oo!' and John, touched by some far-off race memory, would howl in key, to everyone's satisfaction. And how we

shouted, 'She's Comin' Round the Mounting.' And how our voices sank to the sadness of hope deferred on 'when she comes.' And in my ignorance I had thought it a modern radio song. But no radio artist can ever sing it as these people do whose lonely ancestors called it across the sea.

Though there is no blessing of song in the fields as in the Old South, yet Shady Cove sings with becoming nonchalance — like robins after rain. For while it may be fitting that some especially endowed songster should sing at an appointed time, while other less gifted birds perch uncomfortably about in their best preened feathers and strain their critical faculties for a false note, it is scarcely the way to saturate the being with our latest evolved gift — the sense of music.

But heaven forbid that I should sully the still air of Shady Cove with a fanatical idea. Shady Cove, that takes even its religion in such a matter-of-course way that there has never been the need of a '*ree*-vival.' And where every third Sabbath the minister comes from Beyant, and, like Tennyson's Northern Farmer, they 'thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said,' and no questions asked.

II

Shady Cove has its rigid conventions. A woman, for example, must not appear on the road or at the store without a sunbonnet well tied; nor must a man engage in conversation with her except she is safe indoors. It was conceded that the greenwood tree before our tent was our castle, and thus it was understood that I could converse with anyone without a sunbonnet and under the canopy of Heaven.

Our first evening in Shady Cove, as we sat by the dying camp fire in the starlight, there came the slow tread of horses' feet, and in the spectral light two troubadours approached, each playing a banjo and singing softly, but very distinctly: —

> 'I'll pray fur ye at nightfall
> Whin all ther worl' is still.
> Whin dark is on ther mounting,
> An' stairs shines on ther hill.'

When we invited them to light and hitch they sang serenely on — 'Far'well ter Lookout Mounting,' 'Barbara Allen,' 'Ella Ray,' and 'The Basket Maker's Child.' Their young voices were sweet, and it was all very lovely in the starlight. And when we stirred the embers of the fire and toasted our last box of marshmallows, and all drank hot cocoa, they were sufficiently cheered to sing, with a rollicking *martelé* staccato from the banjos: —

> 'Up on ther mounting ter plant my sorghum cane,
> Ter make a barr'l o' 'lasses, ter sweeten Lizy Jane.
> I hain't goin' ter marry a widder. I'll tell ye ther reason why:
> They hes too miny chillern thet makes ther biscuit fly.'

It was late when they mounted their horses and stalked off in the shadows singing softly the old, old lullaby: —

> 'Roland rocked me in his arms.
> So long — so long ago.'

We sat by the camp fire an hour relishing in our simple way the peculiar flavor of Shady Cove. And often, in the week that followed, we tried to understand this valley where the people have known each other so long — through successive generations — that Chesterfield's advice to his son, 'A glance of the eye is sufficient, my boy,' is superfluous for communication with each other. And still, — proud, reserved, English, where each man's cabin is his castle, — never, we thought, could Shady Cove set a common table by the roadside

after Sabbath service, with the burgomaster to preside. This we had found in a foreign village not yet Americanized. And we said to ourselves that perhaps such close bonds of neighborly love could never obtain in an empire, or in so large and so heterogeneous a nation as our own. And I ventured to wonder if the silken banner of national love with its centuries-old devices might wave more loyally, and certainly more beautifully, under our stars and stripes than when it is dyed to a common color in the melting pot of our language and customs.

No, there was no communistic spirit in Shady Cove; and we rejoiced. For we had been permitted to see so many plums of the family tree — specked, as we all are, and, alas, usually ripened but on one side, but good plums as plums go — pressed into a mass that becomes sour and gaseous.

But Shady Cove has its heartaches: the mystery of early death; the sick, who loom important under the direct chastening hand of God; the problem of unrequited love. For nothing has been 'debunked' in Shady Cove — not even love. Then, too, there is the occasional restlessness of youth and its exodus into Beyant or Outside. Old and lonely eyes that watch the road and miss the voice that will never sing again in Shady Cove. And sometimes there is a 'no 'count' man who lazes round and drinks too much liquor from the still on the mountain side.

III

Though Shady Cove does not neighbor with Outside or Beyant, the grapevine telegraph brought the word that Peter 'war a Doc.' Though he persistently disclaimed the honor, the Cove considered it as but becoming modesty.

One day, the friendly storekeeper, after he had distributed the mail — as usual from his hat — and had given us our brown sugar, said, 'Ole man Battenfield's purty puny. He air sick abed.'

We murmured our sympathy.

'I 'low, Doc, ye would n't jist step over 'n' see him?' And before Peter could reply he went on: —

'Ye know, ther ole man ter my shore knowlidge hes ben a prayin' man fur better 'n fifty yars. Now hit's gitten round thet he air cussin' his womern. Some claims they's hyard him. Now I 'lows thet he jist fevers up whin he cusses — effen he do cuss. They talks round lak they means ter church ther ole man; an' a passel o' womern is settin' round thar ter-day ripresintin' ther church an' listenin' ter hyar effen he busts loose 'ith a cuss word. Course I hain't a-sayin' hit hain't right an' proper ter church er man fur cussin' his womern — lessen he air outen his haid. Ole man Battenfield air my womern's step-pappy an' she air pow'ful het up an' grievin'. I reckon, Doc, ye would n't jist step round ter-day 'bout ther time he's looked fur ter cuss, — 'bout four o'clock hit takes him theterway, — an' kinder tell 'em ther ole man is delirium?'

Now the storekeeper had assisted us when John was stolen, and we had ridden into paradise on a board on his wagon; so about 'cussin' time' we set out for 'ole man' Battenfield's.

The 'passel o' womern' constituting the church investigating committee were seated in the dogtrot industriously piecing quilts and murmuring in sepulchral tones tales of the dead and dying, while listening eagerly for any sound that might come through the open door of the room where the sick man lay, waited upon by his wife.

Peter went at once to the patient, who was expecting him. I could

see from my chair opposite the door a fierce, high-nosed old man with long gray hair and burning eyes that seemed to search the dogtrot vengefully. Peter, with a marvelous bedside manner, took the patient's pulse, looked at his tongue, and asked the nurse questions about the bowls of herb tea on the table. Presently he returned to the dogtrot, followed by the meek wife.

Peter walked to the farther end of the open hall and began impressively: 'Of course, as this is not my case, ethically I do not feel at liberty to change the treatment. However, I should advise that you take a basin of water, and melt in it a square of common laundry soap — say two inches square. After it is thoroughly dissolved, bathe the patient for ten minutes — no more; seeing, of course, that he does not catch cold. In exactly half an hour take a basin of water, — warm, but not hot, — and dissolve in it the medicine I shall send. Bathe him thoroughly in this — er — lotion I shall send. And afterward rub well with a wet towel.'

A great physician never prescribed a bath for Queen Caroline with more tact.

'Mary Belle! Mary Belle!' called the patient with surprising strength. 'Why n't ye change these hyar pillars! They air hotter 'n hell!'

Silence in the dogtrot. Every ear strained.

The clock over the mantel in the sick room strikes four. This is 'cussin' time.' Now or never.

Then — horror! Our worst hopes realized. As Mary Belle bent over and changed the pillows the old man cried: —

'Blank ye, Mary Belle! Ye air pullin' iver' blankety ha'r outen my blanked haid!'

Awful silence in the dogtrot. Why did not Peter speak! I glanced at him significantly. His face was very red and he seemed to be seized with a fit of coughing. But he conquered it, and rising to his full height began slowly: —

'In certain fevers like this there occurs a phenomenon that is — er — peculiar. The phenomenon is this. The patient is obsessed by a fear that when delirious — that is, "outen his haid" — he may — er — cuss. He fears the fever — say at about four o'clock — and he fears profanity. It comes right along with the fear of the fever. I hope I make myself clear. As the fever rises the fear is augmented and the patient — er — cusses. This is a very rare though not fatal disease, and is always accompanied by this phenomenon. This good old man knows that he is using profane language, but in the nature of the disease he is unable to keep from it. Such is the phenomenon. I should advise a very sympathetic attitude on the part of his nurse and of his friends. I shall send some medicine with written directions at once.'

The patient glared triumphantly through the door; and the church committee sat meekly with open mouths. But Mrs. Battenfield's gaunt figure seemed to grow taller, and she returned to her husband with a high head. Her man was not only cleared of guilt before God and the neighbors, but he had the Phenotomy — the only case that had ever been known in Shady Cove. Indeed I afterward heard the storekeeper asked 'how ole man Battenfield's Phenotomy was gitten on,' and the storekeeper replied, rather regretfully I thought, 'He air 'bout well of it, an' not a soul ketched hit!'

Outside, I said: 'Doc, I really must congratulate you on the new method of mixing psychology with medicine. It was weird, but convincing. But the

diagnosis? Is the poor old man very sick? And what on earth is that medicine you prescribed?'

'I believe the old man is too irritable to be very sick. My opinion is that he is taking a fall from grace. And I guess he has earned it. He is taking a needed rest from piety. By George, it is a strong brand of religion in Shady Cove that can inhibit a man for over fifty years! I hope the old eagle will come through it purged and refreshed.'

'I don't know about being refreshed; but Mary Belle gave him dandelion tea — a quart. But your medicine?'

'Well, I saw a lot of Epsom salts at the store. We can mix it with some of our cocoa and sweeten it with your saccharine. They 'll never discover what it is.'

So we went to the store and assured the storekeeper that his 'womern's step-pappy' was still in the fold — and accepted a fee of two glasses of muscadine wine cool from the well. We bought the Epsom salts, which really looked quite professional when doctored and wrapped carefully into powders for Peter to take to the patient. And when he returned he reported with pride that the patient — and especially Mary Belle — was wonderfully improved.

IV

But now we must say good-bye to Shady Cove. We broke the news to Sisyphus in the usual manner by tinkering with his wheel, while John watched in gleeful expectancy. We must climb the mountain to Beyant — where we had learned that coal mines disfigure the earth. From the first pale windflower, through all the violets, and the foxgloves, and the wild petunias, and the galax leaves, down to the fire pinks that flame by the river, we had watched the pageant of the mountain summer. Since the redbud blushed in the valley and the fringe tree waved its silver hair on the hill, we had rejoiced with it all. Now, too soon, the sourwood would die in red splendor, the hickories stand in transparent gold, the sweet gum glow with a suffused rosy light, each separate star etched against the autumn sky; its kinsman, the black gum, wrapped in deep maroon, looking warm enough for winter days when only waxen mistletoe and scarlet holly hold carnival among the proud pines.

On the morning of our last day we climbed to the rim of the southmost hills and, leaning against an oak, took our last long look into the green chalice of the valley we had learned to love. We were silent and listened idly to the tinkle of the cowbells on the hills. Presently Peter became aware that a bell near us sounded insistent, erratic. Fearing some bovine trouble, he went over the brow of the hill to investigate, and in a moment called to me.

In a little clearing before a one-roomed cabin a child of four, perhaps, played about with a cowbell tied by a string to her shoulders. Near her was a boy of eleven, his thin little arms industriously wielding a hoe in a bean patch. We walked down and said, 'Howdy.' 'Howdy,' answered the boy in a shy, almost a sullen way, and kept on with the hoe. But the little girl, an elf with black tangled lashes shading eyes of Irish blue, waved her flaxen curls and jangled her bell in delight.

'May we get a drink of water?' I asked the boy.

'Yes'm,' he answered, with what I could see was perfunctory civility. 'You-all enter an' take cheers. I jist brung fraish water frum ther spring.'

We followed him into the cabin, and he stopped to remove the bell from the little girl.

'Are you playing you are a moo cow?' I asked, inanely, for I know that

a mountain child does not play an imaginative game — in fact, seldom plays at all.

'Violy May,' said the boy, 'runs round an' gits lost, an' I hain't time ter hunt her. I hangs ther bell on her so's I'll know whar she air.'

'Are you all alone?' asked Peter. 'Where are your father and mother?'

'Mammy air daid. Pappy works in ther coal mines Beyant. He kims back nights.'

'Lookit!' cried Violy May, running to the window. 'My Pappy rides down thar — plumb down ther mounting on ther mule! But my Pappy don't kim home no more.' And she began to cry.

'Course he kims home!' cried the boy, frowning. 'Hit er gwine ter rain. Ye kim out 'ith me an' holp bring in ther firewood.' Violy May hung her head and followed him where we could see him chopping wood with an axe almost as heavy as he, and quite as high. Peter went out and took the axe. And presently I saw them in earnest conversation as man to man.

I looked about the clean-swept room. A bed, a table, a few pots and pans by the fireplace, clothes hanging on the wall, and, on a shelf in a row, six bottles of what I knew to be moonshine. The boy came in with an armful of wood, followed by Violy May with a single stick which she was compelled to drop as she panted over the doorsill. But she lifted it bravely again and said with a smile that would have melted a heart of stone: 'Hain't ye glad ye got so good un? *I* don't talk too much!' The boy gave her an adorable grin and carefully brushed the front of her clean, faded apron.

'Ye stay in now, Violy May. Hit'll rain, an' come on cold. Don't ye play 'ith ther matches. Ther womern'll light ther fire.' And he hurried out to hoe the beans before the shower. After a while Peter came in and paced the floor angrily. But the little figure worked on in the rain. Presently Peter burst out: '*Now* what shall we do! That boy — his name is Emmet O'Day, Jeremiah Emmet — is eleven years old next week; and his father has not come home from the mines for three weeks. See those bottles of moonshine?' he cried fiercely. I meekly replied that I had counted them.

'Well, Emmet goes down to the still twice a week and gets them — he always has — so they will not guess that his father does not come home. And he showed me a big watermelon that he is saving "'cause Pappy sho' likes my watermilons." And he's afraid, I can see, that if his father does not come home someone will take him down to the Cove away from that bean patch!'

'But does n't he like Shady Cove?' I asked stupidly.

'You don't understand!' cried Peter, stopping in his walk. 'It's the place here! He'll not leave it! It is the Shady Cove blood in the boy. Why, he's got half a tree cut down for winter wood. And he has a cabbage patch; and he's going to chop kraut! Kraut!' and Peter roared the word as if all tragic fate lay hidden therein. Then, with an apologetic smile, 'I suppose you'll have to tell him he must go down to Shady Cove.'

'Why me?' I asked. 'It is enough that I'll have to leave Shady Cove with a lump in my throat about these waifs. Why me?'

Peter laughed. 'Of course you've found the rub! You see, I promised, man to man, that I would n't tell,' he said weakly. 'But I said afterward that I could n't promise for you.'

'Well, then, the boy knows I'll tell. So why speak to him?'

'On the contrary. He said, "Thet

air all right. A womern jist follers her man."'

'Indeed! Anyway, I'll interview Shady Cove first. Someone may know about the father.'

As we left, Emmet said shyly: 'Would you-all lak a peach frum the tree by ther spring? I air aimin' ter can some. But I got ter git some sugar. I 'low Pappy'll bring hit.'

'We are coming back to-morrow, Emmet,' I said, 'and I will bring some sugar.'

Peter gave me a look of grateful surprise.

'Why, of course,' I cried, 'we cannot go to Beyant and leave things in this state.'

'Certainly not,' sighed Peter.

When we had told the story to the storekeeper, Peter asked: 'Do you suppose the father is killed in the coal mines? Or has he just deserted these children?'

'Wal, I 'low Denis O'Day air too onnery ter git kilt. Lak 'nuff he air gone off on a spree an' fergot he air got iny chillern. He air er furriner thet kim frum Outside. But his womern war a Witherspoon, born an' raised in ther Cove. She air daid; an' her sister married a Outside man an' moved away.'

'What shall we do now?' snapped Peter.

'Why, I'll jist lock up an' go up thar an' git 'em. All the folks 'ithout chillern hyar'll want 'em. They air Witherspoons.' And he went to lock the door of the little cage that is the post office. 'Hold on!' he cried. 'Thar air er letter thet's ben hyar better'n two weeks. Hit air backed ter Jeremiah Emmet O'Day.'

'Oh, let me have it!' I said. 'I'll read it. The child probably cannot read.'

'All right,' grinned the postmaster of Shady Cove, and I read aloud: —

'DEAR JEREMIAH,

'Yore Pappy hes married a widder womern at er coal mine thet keeps a boardin house. He hes giv in thet ye an Violy kin live ith me now. Ther widder hes a passel o childern an don want ye. As soon as iver yer uncle kin git started we air comin fur ye in ther car. We haint got no childern but ye an Violy'll be compny fur us.

'YORE AUNT SARAH BATEMAN'

'Hurrah!' cried Peter. 'Lawsy!' cried the storekeeper. 'Thet's Sarey Witherspoon. An' a pow'ful good womern. They ort ter be hyar by now.' And he pushed back his hat and slumped contentedly on a nail keg. 'Wal, thet air settled.'

'Settled for everyone but me,' said Peter gloomily. 'I'll have to break the news to that boy; and it will kill him.'

'Whut fur kill him? Hit air his own aunt, hain't it?'

'Yes, but the boy is a Witherspoon. Why, he loves that bean patch like a mother. And he's cutting winter wood; and he's going to can peaches for his father; and he's going to chop kraut. Kraut!'

'Uh-huh. Wal, mebby we best keep him hyar in ther Cove.'

'No, we'll have to face it.'

V

But I do not like to recall the boy's still white face when I read a translation — a very free translation — of the letter to him. He did not cry. But presently he went outside and I saw his thin little arms about the tree he had been chopping and his face against the bark. After a while he came back and in a voice of strained cheerfulness said, 'I 'low I hed er purty good chancet o' beans — an' I war goin' ter chop kraut.'

'But, Emmet,' I choked out, 'your uncle and aunt will be so proud

that you know so well how to help them!'

The boy made no answer; and Peter laid a hand on the little thin shoulder: 'Buck up, old man! Tough luck. But it comes to every man. You'll be coming back here grown-up soon.' And the boy's eyes lightened for an instant.

We left them at the cabin. The boy's last night was his own. And next morning a comfortable-looking woman and a man — God be praised! — with a humorous twinkle in his eye came in on the stage, having left the car Outside. We showed them at once to the cabin, the pitifully few clothes were collected, and we started down the mountain, Peter leading the old white cow, which the storekeeper was to buy. Violy rode happily on her uncle's shoulder, but the boy walked with his eyes on the ground. Suddenly he ran back and returned with a gray cat. 'He'd starve up thar,' he said.

'Want ter take him erlong in ther car?' asked his aunt, kindly.

'No'm; I 'low he's used ter hyar.'

At the store where the stage waited on its way Outside, the storekeeper came with a knife for Emmet and a box of peppermint sticks for Violy May. And all Shady Cove gathered about with so many gifts of pies and cookies and fried chicken that there seemed scarcely room for the driver and the four Witherspoons.

As the horses started with a mighty pull up the road to Outside, Peter sighed, 'Well, *that's* over!'

'Yes, over for us,' I answered. For I had watched a little twitching face turn south toward the mountain where a hoe lay idle in the bean patch, and the biggest watermelon saved so long would waste its sweetness in the summer sun.

'He's only eleven,' said Peter comfortingly. 'Children forget.'

But do they? I know a woman who to this day dares not recall the mystery of a darkened room and a child's aching, inarticulate resentment at the kindly intrusion of friends.

The last sing with Shady Cove under the rainbows. The last camp fire under the stars. And at sunrise we are climbing the rocky road to Beyant — Sisyphus wheeling at every opportunity to run back to Shady Cove of indolent, happy memory; John pulling cheerfully; and we pushing in double harness, stopping often for one more glance at the green valley we shall never see again.

THE REVOLUTION IN BANKING THEORY

BY BERNHARD OSTROLENK

I

THREE trends that have been developing in the banking field are now arresting public attention.

1. The failure during the past eight years of 4925 banks out of a total of 30,812 in operation on June 30, 1921, has called into question the soundness of the system. From the public standpoint the essential feature of a banking system is that the bank acts as a safe repository of the funds entrusted to it; that within limits these funds may be used by the bank for investments; but that eventually the funds must be returned to the depositors. This fundamental of a sound banking system is being called into question by the appalling fact that within eight years almost one sixth of the United States banks have been suspended with losses to the depositors.

2. In spite of the prohibition of branch banking by national statute and by laws in most states, over six thousand banks in the United States are in no sense independent unit banks, but are grouped in chains by holding companies, corporations, partnerships, or individuals. In other words, the theory of the independent local unit bank has broken down in 25 per cent of the banks in the United States. The restriction of branch banking is bringing into existence chains of banks, some of them threatening to become systems, controlled outside of either the state or the federal system, and varying in financial resources from powerful, well-managed groups of influential city and central banks under publicly incorporated and capitalized holding companies to groups of banks precariously owned by individuals and susceptible of questionable management.

3. Finally, there is the movement toward bank mergers, presaging a new financial era. In the last eight years, the number of banks has been reduced by almost five thousand. In part this reduction is due to bank failures, and in part to the absorption of banks by mergers. Though the number declined, the total resources of all banks, and of the average bank, increased, indicating the trend to larger banking units. A recent series of mergers brought the resources of a new New York bank to two and a half billion dollars, a veritable financial empire and symptomatic of the merging movement.

Summarizing the three movements: we are faced with a banking weakness, as shown by the large number of failures; there is a tendency toward unification of the banking system by chain and group banking, thus circumventing the restrictions on branch banking; and the same tendency is working by means of mergers. These movements are related, and primarily have their inception in the integration that is taking place in business and industry and is creating a new economic era.

II

The theory of the national government, and of most states, on which

the United States banking system is established is that each bank should be a local institution, locally financed and managed, drawing funds from local depositors and using its financial resources for the development of local business enterprises. Such lapses as have occurred in the history of the national banking development and those that have taken place in some states only serve to emphasize the tenacious adherence, in both legislative and banking circles, to the theory of the unit bank. Efforts to establish a national banking system have in the past been hampered by the fear that such banks will become dominant factors and will centralize the banking field.

The First Bank of the United States was chartered by Congress in 1791 as an outgrowth of the woeful failure of the Continental Congress to finance the War of the Revolution, but after establishing branches in some of the then larger towns Congress refused to renew the charter. In a sense, the War of 1812 repeated the banking history of the previous war; the government had no banking system through which to finance the war, and as a result of bitter experience during this period the Second Bank of the United States was chartered in 1816, the recharter being vetoed by President Jackson fifteen years later. The years of the Civil War, and the reconstruction afterward, again emphasized the need of a national fiscal agency, and at that time a national banking system was established; but, in conformity with the principle of the unit bank, no banking head was given the system until 1913, when, after a long period of acrimonious debate, in which the sacredness of the local bank was the dominant issue, the Federal Reserve System was established. The new system, through its centralized agency, permitted certain coöperation, notably for reserves and discounts, with its member banks, but forbade branch banking, — that is, ownership of one bank by another, — thus maintaining the integrity of the unit-bank system.

A majority of the states have followed the lead of the Federal Government and have prohibited branch banking to the state-chartered banks, though in several instances this statement needs qualifications. Some states, like New York, permit branch banking within city limits, on the theory that branches established for the convenience of scattered customers within the city do not impeach the principle of the unit bank. Practice in other states varies. California, for example, permits branch banking to its state-chartered banks, limited only by state boundaries.

This liberality on the part of some states toward branch banking began to affect the Reserve System. It became increasingly onerous in New York City for national banks to compete with state banks for deposits when the state banks had branches scattered in convenient neighborhoods, whereas the business of the national banks was confined to one headquarters, usually in the financial district. In other large cities, members of the Federal Reserve System were similarly placed under disadvantages. In consequence bank after bank changed from national to state charter, and members of the Reserve System dropped out in increasing numbers in order to take advantage of the more liberal provisions of the state charters.

In 1919, the state banks' resources comprised 55.41 per cent of the total, and in March 1929 they were 60.15 per cent. The resources of the national banks had declined from 44.59 per cent in 1919 to 39.85 per cent in 1929. In order to enable the national banks to compete with the state banks, Congress passed the McFadden Act,

permitting the establishment of branch banks to members of the Federal Reserve System in states where branch banks are permitted by state law, but in any event limiting such branch banks strictly to city limits.

The situation, then, that the banking community is facing to-day is that historically, legally, and in theory the unit bank is still entrenched in the national banking system and in that of most of the states. Branch banking is permitted under national charters only within city limits, and under most state laws there is the same restricted limit. Because of the legal adherence to this theory, there are now in the United States 25,961 supposedly local self-contained banks, which represent a decline from the peak of 30,812 banks in 1921.

It should be noted here, in passing, that neither in Canada nor in Europe has banking developed along any such theory. Thus, Canada has eleven banks with 4040 branches; the United Kingdom has seventeen banks operating through thousands of branches in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, some of them being represented in the West Indies, Palestine, Egypt, India, and practically every part of Africa under the British flag, and even in parts of foreign Africa; banking in France, Germany, Denmark, Holland, and other commercial European countries is similarly centralized.

III

During the past ten years a business revolution has taken place. Whereas formerly each town had independent grocery, clothing, drug, and other retail stores, an ice plant, a local trolley system, an electric-light plant, a power house, coal yards, and thriving local industries, to-day the whole aspect of the town has changed. The independent retail stores have given way to chain stores; electricity, gas, water, and transportation are now supplied by public-utility corporations that are state-wide or regional in character. Local industries have been merged with larger corporations. The financing of these enterprises, once a profitable outlet for investment of the funds of the local banks, is now being done by central banking institutions, equipped to render adequate service to the larger business units.

The banks of the country have lagged behind industry in aligning themselves with the new order. The local store is only a distributing office of a vast national system of chain stores. It is in charge of a manager who receives the produce and sees that it is sold, but one who does not buy or secure credit, and who is not in any way active in the financing of the company. To be sure, he deposits his daily receipts in the local bank, but the transfer from the local bank to the central institution is of such short duration that this checking account, in common with a large number of other small checking accounts, is a loss to the bank rather than an asset. Certainly the bank has lost the opportunity it had with the independent merchant to deal with his substantial checking account, to take care of a part of his money in a savings account, and to finance him with loans. Instead of dealing with a local, independent business man, the bank is now dealing with a transient, promotion-seeking manager. The same holds true of the local gas office, now a branch of a regional utility corporation; or the local electric-light office, or scores of other local business institutions. Tires, drugs, automobiles, groceries, clothing, hardware, dry goods, shoes, candy, tobacco, household furniture, kitchen equipment, electrical equipment, radios,

refrigerators, heaters, and scores of other commodities are to-day sold through chain stores, and distribution is directed from offices in central cities outside of the town.

This change in merchandising has had its effect on banks in the metropolitan cities, which have been forced to expand their capitalization in order to supply credit to these new clients whose annual business runs into the hundreds of millions of dollars. The legal loaning capacity to any one client is 10 per cent of the bank's capital and surplus. When there were developed such businesses as Woolworth's with $287,000,000 sales annually, or Sears, Roebuck, with $347,000,000 sales, or the Goodyear Tire Company with $233,000,000 sales, or hundreds of other organizations with annual sales running well into nine figures, even the largest bank in America, with its capital and surplus of $75,000,000 in 1927, was able to lend only $7,500,000 to any one of these clients. This seems like a good-sized loan, but it is wholly inadequate when we deal with an expanding industry running its sales up to three and four hundred million dollars annually. In consequence there was the need for expansion of the loaning capacity of banks by increased capitalization and by mergers. During the past five years, in the ten largest cities in the United States fifty-two mergers have taken place, creating three banks with over one billion dollars deposits; twelve with over five hundred million; and one hundred and eight with over fifty million. The extent to which industry has driven banks toward concentration of their resources is shown by the fact that seven banks, comprising 0.1 per cent of the total number in these ten cities, have 18.7 per cent of the total invested capital and 20.3 per cent of the total banking resources.

Mr. Paul Warburg, chairman of the board of directors of the International Acceptance Bank of New York, described this new force when his bank announced the merger with the Bank of Manhattan: —

> I believe it is safe to say that the evolution in the industrial field, to a certain degree at least, is responsible for a similar development in the field of banking, because the gigantic form assumed by industrial corporations on both sides of the Atlantic renders their banking requirements so large and so all-encompassing that only banks with gigantic resources of their own are able to offer them commensurate facilities.

IV

But while this evolution toward industrial concentration has opened new avenues for banking business in the large cities, which increasingly form the centres from which industrial enterprises of the country emanate, the banks in the smaller towns have not prospered. The failure of about 5000 banks in the last eight years has already been noted, but the significance to the whole banking system emerges sharply when it is noted that 88.6 per cent of these banks were the smaller banks, with a capitalization of $100,000 or less, and that 87.7 per cent of the failures occurred in communities of 5000 population or less. These figures clearly centralize bank suspensions to the small bank and in the small town, the town from which individual enterprise has departed.

It seems idle to labor the point, confirmed by a wealth of evidence, that the smaller banks in the smaller towns do not pay; that the large number of failures among them, and the precarious return on capital invested in them, are making for a lack of depositor and investment confidence; that, in fact, it is the small bank in the small town that is to-day the most for-

midable threat to the banking system. An increase of 7000 per cent in Postal Savings deposits in one Northwestern state gives an isolated idea of the extent to which depositors are losing confidence in the small banks.

The situation has developed within it the seeds for its own remedy. As already pointed out, the centralizing tendency of industry has been proscribed for banks. The bank may not become the local office of a stronger central banking institution, by the prohibition of branch banking. However, facing the facts of an increasingly centripetal tendency in industry, a vanishing town banking business, and a transfer of the banking from small local banks to well-capitalized, growing, central institutions, the banking system has been forced, law or no law, to adjust its business to these changing economic conditions. In theory, the creation of a locally managed and financed banking unit may be ideal; in practice it has become out of step with the march of progress.

As a substitution for branch banking, there has developed the chain bank or group bank: that is, a group of banks owned by a holding company, a group of individuals, or by one person — not by a bank, as in branch banking. Bank stock is property and can be conveyed legally; hence, when a bank stockholder is approached by a holding company to sell or exchange his stock, there is no legal way of checking such transactions as may result in the concentration of several banks under the ownership of individuals, groups, or corporations. Such chain banking differs from branch banking in that the local board of directors is retained; that the bank is nominally run independently; but that savings in overhead, possible in branch banking, may be more difficult, or out of the question. In law and in theory these banks are independent. In practice, of course, the board of directors becomes virtually the creature, if not the employee, of the holding company, and the bank is controlled as thoroughly as a branch bank, though somewhat more cumbersomely.

Moreover, there are some dangers in the situation. The chain of banks may include, and in fact frequently does include, state banks distributed over several states and national banks. The holding company itself is not subject to examination by either federal or state banking commissioners. The banks themselves come under varying examination systems — some by one state, some by another, and a third group by the federal bank examiner. It becomes relatively easy to shift doubtful paper from one bank to another, until it will finally secure lodgment in the bank with the most lenient supervision. It is made increasingly easy, moreover, to shift the bank's assets, to use the funds for non-banking purposes, or to centralize them for the development of some business of major interest to the holding company. Growth of chain banking is so rapid that figures given at any time soon become out of date. At this writing, some 240 groups, owning about 1800 banks, are known, and if to these are added the city branch banks and branch banks existing under some state laws, there are to-day some 6000 banks that are not independent units in accordance with the theory of the law.

In practice, then, about one fourth of the banks in the United States have drifted away from the theory of the unit bank. It must be recognized that the chain bank has sprung up in accordance with an economic need, that in an age of centralizing industry it is an essential substitution for branch banking. Many chain banks, under corporate control, have all the virtues

inherent in sound banking business; they supplement and welcome thorough examination; they are desirous to promote and develop sound local banking practices; they supply the local management with excellent economic services, and they are able to supplement the local management by skillful shifting of deposits and credits, and by opening avenues for investments. Along these lines, many holding companies are developing sound and profitable banking business, yet there is also the opportunity for the individual, holding controlling stock in several banks, to take advantage of the weakness of the system outlined above.

V

A change in the United States banking system seems imminent. It is not improbable that, if the prejudices against branch banking continue to dominate legislation, a system of banking under a few large holding companies will develop, which will be to all intents and purposes outside either the state or the federal banking system, which will supply the economic need of branch banking, and which will have none of its public safeguards. In spite of the liberalizing McFadden Act, permitting restricted branch banking, there have been continued defections in the Reserve System since the passage of that act. Since February 1927, over three hundred national banks, scattered among forty-one states, with assets of nearly three billion dollars, have been superseded by state banks. The McFadden Act, therefore, has not checked the withdrawals from the Reserve System. To be sure, it would be unwise to advocate any catchpenny legislation merely to strengthen the national banking system. But when that system is out of step with the economic trend of the country; when it imposes a banking scheme inadequate to handle modern business; when it compels by legal evasions reorganization of the banking scheme into groups that threaten to create a bootleg banking system — then the theory needs revision in the light of modern needs. Opposition comes from the local bankers, many of them successful even under present progressively disadvantageous conditions, bankers who refuse to immolate themselves on the altars of progress. It is significant, however, that at the American Bankers' Association meeting at San Francisco last October the Comptroller of the Currency, Mr. J. W. Pole, courageously disregarded the position taken by some of his predecessors, and, with some rather sound reservations, advocated a change in the federal law in regard to branch banking. The account from the convention indicates that Mr. Pole's views coincide with those of the Treasury Department, and possibly of the Administration. It is, therefore, to be presumed that proposed legislation along this line will find its way into Congress during the present session. If so, it will be a most significant step to change the financial and banking aspect of America. It will undoubtedly result eventually in the passing of the unique and distinctly American institution, the unit bank, and in the substituting for it of branches of powerful central institutions. Sentimentally one must regret the passing of the unit bank, entwined as it is with the history and development of a once-virgin continent and conceived by a people loving individuality and financial independence in community affairs. The course, however, seems inevitable, and delay will retard and distort normal banking development, but cannot check the substitution of regionally widespread banking systems for the unit bank.

CLOSED

The History of a Country Bank

BY C. B. PIKE

I

A BANK in a small Southern city was experiencing a heavy run. Toward the middle of the day, just as an old Negro in the long line of depositors reached the paying teller's window, word came from the cashier to suspend payments — the cash was all gone and the bank must close. The teller slammed his wicket shut. The long line, grumbling, gradually broke up and passed out of the building. All but the old Negro, who apparently did n't intend to give up without a struggle.

Summoning all his courage, he rapped gently on the glass of the cage. No response. He rapped again. Still no answer. Once more he tapped. The teller flung open his wicket. His nerves were ragged with the strain of the past few days.

'What's the matter with you?' he shouted. 'This bank is closed — busted. Did n't you ever hear of that before?'

'Yas, suh, boss, ah done heahd 'bout sech things, but dis am de fust time ah evah had one bust in mah face.'

When I first heard that story I thought it was funny. I believe I have even been guilty of telling it at bankers' dinners when called upon for a speech. Perhaps some bankers can still get a laugh out of it. I can't. Not any more. I have had a bank 'bust in mah face' — and I was n't on the side of the counter that the old Negro was on, either. More than that, I waited eighteen months for it to 'bust,' never knowing when it was going to happen. Whether the strain of waiting for the explosion was greater than the actual 'busting' I have never been able to determine. Nor have I seriously tried. One just does n't try to remember such things.

I am not going to say the bank should not have been closed. That is probably what every ex-banker who has had his bank closed says — or thinks. Instead, I am going to offer two facts. You may draw your own conclusions.

First: The bank paid an initial depositors' dividend of 50 per cent. Shortly after the first, it paid a second dividend of 25 per cent. Total to date: 75 per cent. And the end is not yet. At least one more dividend will be paid. Possibly more.

Second: Let me quote from the *American Bankers' Association Journal* of June 1929 (page 1269), from an article by Gilbert Thorndyke based on an intensive survey conducted by William McKinley Edens under the fellowship created at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration by the American Bankers' Association: —

> Naturally, if these [219] failed banks had rather consistently paid out as much as 80 per cent to their depositors the wisdom

of their closing might now be seriously open to question. Such successful liquidation would have indicated a quality of assets rendering them practically solvent, and closure could be presumed to have occurred primarily because of the external factors beyond the bank's control.

Cold comfort at best.

Let it be understood at the outset that I am not criticizing state supervision of banks as an institution. Some method of regulation is absolutely necessary. The old theory of government that 'the king can do no wrong,' however, went out of style about the time of the French Revolution, and there can be no present-day heresy in calling the attention of the bureaucracy to the fact that Fascist methods are no longer in order.

A little power, improperly applied, is dangerous. In the hands of ignorant or arbitrary officials it may be fatal to the institutions under their control. The fact that a politician is close to the Administration does not mean that he is capable of directing the Department of Public Lands, and the fact that a lawyer, a farmer, or a clerk controlled a lot of votes at a gubernatorial election does not necessarily imply that he will be a great success in directing the destinies of banks. It is not necessary to seek far for recent instances of bureaucratic authority misdirected. These instances are most apparent in cases where the governing board or commission seeks to go farther than the lawmakers themselves intended and injects its own ideas into legislative enforcement. In attempting to put into operation the par collection of checks in the Atlanta district, the Federal Reserve officials resorted to all manner of devices to whip into line the non-member banks. In small towns, where there was no national bank, checks were sent through the post office and through the express agencies for collection. Instances are on record that checks were held for days and then presented in imposing totals for the sole purpose of embarrassing banks carrying small cash reserves which refused to remit at par.

A more recent case involves the persecutions and conspiracies of various federal officials against the joint stock land banks, which culminated in the attempt to send two bank officers to prison on charges of using the mails to defraud. Convicted by a trial court two years ago, these officers have just been vindicated by the decision of the United States circuit court of appeals at St. Louis.

A number of years ago, the banking commissioner of one of the states decided that group and chain banking was unsafe. There were no statutes on the books against such systems and the commissioner was not successful in lobbying such a measure through the legislature. But, being a forceful man, he took matters into his own hands and as a result, in one way or another, he closed or banished from the state all interlocking banks. To-day that state has one of the largest group banking systems in the country. But the bankers who had the temerity to disagree with that commissioner in the matter of banking trends were dealt with in no gentle manner.

In my own state, the department, for reasons sufficient to itself, opposed so-called 'family banks.' There was no law against such an institution and no reason why there should have been. Family banks have their roots in the very soil of our independence. They were the pioneer banking institutions which followed the frontier westward. The wealthiest or most prominent man in a new settlement lent money, from force of necessity, to his neighbors. Later, when they had accumulated some money of their own, they left it

with him for safe-keeping. Almost before he knew it, and frequently without any desire on his part, he found himself in the banking business. He did not go out into the byways seeking capital; he used his own. He prospered with the community. When he died the business was continued by his sons and grandsons. In good years they made money. In lean years they risked everything to help the community through. Theirs was not a mere job, to be lightly taken or left with the turn of fortune. They were not hired men. The bank was their life, their pride, their whole being. Such was the family bank. And since there was no law against the existence of such an institution, and since there was in existence a board which honestly believed that there should be such a law on the books and had the power to enforce it if there had been one, what more natural than for the department to take matters into its own hands?

II

As I look back on it now I can see the inevitableness of the whole thing so plainly! It was n't so much the closing itself that hurt — that left only a feeling of numbness, a sense of relief after a racking pain. What hurt was the standing helplessly aside and watching the blundering and incompetency with which the whole operation was conducted — the false starts, the backing and filling, the terrible uncertainty and insecurity. The watching of one's child slowly hacked to pieces on the operating table by a group of quack doctors, when a quick and clean incision, no matter how painful, would have saved its life.

Just before Thanksgiving Day, the banking department made its regular examination of the bank. It was customary for two examiners to do the work, coming in at about three in the afternoon, checking the cash and current transactions, sealing up the notes and securities, leaving the checking of the assets and depositors' ledgers until the following day. It was just a country bank, one of three, in an agricultural community of about twenty-five hundred people. Examinations were a comparatively simple matter.

We prided ourselves on keeping excellent records. All coin was kept wrapped and sacked except the small amount needed for counter use. Currency was kept sorted and strapped according to denominations, and gold certificates were separated from other currency. Note registers, collateral registers, bond records, were of the most approved type and were balanced regularly against the assets themselves and the general ledger controls. Subsidiary ledgers were run for everything for which they could possibly be used. Any assets which were pledged for rediscount purposes were represented in the files by actual receipts signed by the reserve city bank holding them. Customers' securities held for safe-keeping were evidenced by duplicate receipts and were kept in a separate compartment in the vault. Yes, we were rather proud of our records — in our small-country-bank way. The examiners spoke highly of our condition and usually made short work of their examinations. They 'breezed' in at three o'clock in the afternoon and 'breezed' out on the six-fifteen local the next day.

After this particular Thanksgiving examination things went on as usual — for about three weeks. We cashed the creamery and live-stock checks, made some loans, collected a few, extended a lot more. We prevailed upon old Mr. Wallace to leave his $5000 in a certificate of deposit at 3 per cent instead of buying Great Jumbo mining stock

which promised 10 per cent a month. We told old Mrs. Hill that if she was dissatisfied with the 3 per cent her savings account was earning she could get more income by buying American Telephone and Telegraph common — and her money would be just as safe. We subscribed for an advertising service that was warranted to bring us all the savings deposits for miles around. We wrote a few advertisements ourselves for the local paper, telling how old and strong we were. We put in the winter's coal and bought a new snow shovel. We opened the bank every morning at seven o'clock and closed it at six — except Saturdays, when we kept open until ten at night. We were terribly afraid a dollar savings account would get away from us and go to our competitors.

Then, on a gray day in December, back came the examiners, reënforced by a couple of young chaps just out of business college, whose function seemed to be to carry brief cases and say 'Yes, sir' to the examiners. They ordered me to telephone to the president, who was at home, and when he came they herded the three of us into the back room — the president, the cashier, and me. We were also the board of directors and the entire body of stockholders. This made it all quite simple. We had nothing to do but listen.

Well, it seems we had violated every known rule of banking since books of law had first been written, besides a few rules that the banking department had made up as it went along and had forgotten to tell us about. Then we got down to cases. The examiners brought out their records. We brought out our notes, collateral, and bonds. They had made several lists, carefully classifying the loans into 'probably good,' 'doubtful,' and 'worthless.' Just what method they used I could not understand at the time, since the borrowers were entirely unknown to them. But it all looked very neat on paper. I remember that in a dazed sort of way I was quite impressed. I also recall vividly that the total at the bottom of the column marked 'worthless' was $55,000, and that the 'doubtful' column, added to it, totaled $177,000. These figures are burned into my mind forever. For months I saw them in the dark as I lay in bed unable to sleep. They came between my eyes and the books I tried to read. Whenever I encounter the combination now it brings the whole thing back.

So we start at the top of the list with Al Adams's unsecured note for $500 which has been renewed from time to time for years. Al probably expects to pay it, sometime. But he'd be awfully hurt if we asked him. He never heard of 'liquid position,' 'frozen assets,' or 'call money,' and he thinks the stock exchange is down by the railroad where he ships his hogs. But he owns eighty acres of the best bottom land you ever saw and has two fine boys who help him farm. — Why, yes; he'll give us a chattel mortgage if it's necessary. — All right; get it.

And so on, down the list, through the whole alphabet. Wrangle, wrangle, wrangle. We know our paper is n't all 100 per cent. Neither is that of any bank, country or city. But the position is far from dangerous. We have a high cash reserve. We have a strong secondary reserve of good listed bonds. We have the confidence of the community. The desperate paper, such as it is, is largely the wreckage from the greatest agricultural slump in history. But we'll work it out — we've done it before, after the crop-failure years, the hoof-and-mouth-disease years, the hog-cholera years, when things looked pretty desperate.

Now we'll find out what else is wrong with us. We are carrying our

bank building at a greater ratio to our capital than is allowed by law. We point out that the bank had been in operation for years before that particular law was passed and that the law specifically exempted from its provisions institutions established prior to its passage. In other words, that the law was not retroactive. That makes no difference — the chief's orders are to write it down or take the consequences. That will wipe out our undivided profit account. There'll be nothing there to charge bad loans to. (In heaven's name, is this the United States or is it Russia?)

As for the loans themselves, the examiners propose to stay in town and check over every last note in our files till they have determined just how good each one is. They have already taken rooms at the hotel and are prepared to dig in for an all-winter siege. And this in a town where one can't buy a Ford without every mother's son knowing all about it in an hour — and just how much he got in trade for his old car. Mentally, I throw up the sponge right there, and everything inside me goes dead. I decide that it is just a question of time, and a mighty short time at that.

When they have completed their check they will let us know how much bad paper we have and we shall then be compelled to take up every dollar of it in cash or secure it to their satisfaction. Fair enough, certainly — if they are at all reasonable as to what is 'bad' paper. But I can't see how any bank in a small town like ours can last until they get their checking done when the news gets about that a flock of examiners, about as numerous relatively as the proverbial seven-year locusts, has descended upon it.

The inquisition could n't last forever, and finally the examiners departed, leaving the impression, I recall, that we were fortunate not to have been lined up against the wall and shot. But from our standpoint not so fortunate, at that. There was not one of us, I believe, who would not as soon have been shot as face what we were sure would follow the next morning.

III

After they had gone not a word was said. We were stunned. Our faculties refused to function. We could have been no more surprised or dismayed if the building had suddenly collapsed on us. Years of effort — and to what purpose? Slowly we gathered up our things and went out, one by one. I was the last to leave. I slipped the old-fashioned bank pistol into my pocket. I went up a back street, toward home. I went slowly. I must think things out.

It was very late when I reached home. The children were in bed. My wife had a lunch ready for me, but I could n't eat. The very thought of food was revolting. Did n't I feel well? Oh, yes. Feel all right. Just tired, I guess. (No use to tell her to-night. Spare her as long as I can. Perhaps in the morning . . .) Guess I'll go to bed. Hard day.

Hours of sleeplessness. Staring up into the dark. Pretending to be asleep. Finally dropping off — to be wide awake again in another moment. Busted! Busted!! Busted!!!

But with morning came new hope. Perhaps things would n't be so bad —! Perhaps a miracle —! But did miracles really happen?

We opened at seven. The examiners would be at the bank at nine. No country-bank hours for them. All the better. The run would probably start the next day — possibly to-day, as soon as the news got about. We wired our correspondent for a liberal supply

of currency. We'd hold out as long as we could. We'd go down fighting.

The usual early-morning customers came in to transact their business. Nothing unusual. Same conversations about the crops and the weather. At nine the examiners came trooping in, all set for a Roman holiday. They fell upon the notes and securities and began their everlasting checking. They stood behind the cashier as he paid checks. They dug into drawers and corners. They watched every transaction — for all the world like a bunch of correspondence-school detectives.

To my surprise, the customers paid very little attention to them. They had seen examiners at work there before and nothing serious had ever come of it. Six o'clock came at last, and there had not been even a semblance of a run. Surely it would start to-morrow. But the extra currency would be here in the morning and we should be prepared.

The second day was much the same as the first — and the third and the fourth. There seemed to be even fewer withdrawals than usual. No suggestion of a run. People did n't even seem to be worried. I don't know which were the more surprised, the examiners or ourselves. I am convinced that the banking department expected that a run would develop which would put us out of business within forty-eight hours.

After four days, during which they had rechecked everything on the premises, — even the postage stamps and the supply of stationery on hand, — the examiners left town, instructing us carefully to telephone the banking department immediately when a run started. I can't get the idea out of my head that they were actually disappointed that their presence had n't already caused one. They had n't counted on the confidence which the bank enjoyed in this small community.

But apparently the department had set out to 'clean up' some of the banks, and they did n't propose to be deterred. As soon as the examiners had returned to headquarters letters were sent out to our borrowers and depositors, to the people to whom we had sold securities, to the people who had left securities with us for safe-keeping. They did not try to conceal the fact that the banking department thought there was a nigger in the woodpile. Questions were asked in the letters to determine whether the recipient had ever been defrauded by the bank or had any reason to suspect the actions or the motives of those who ran it. It was a perfect system for destroying bank credit. How any bank could have stood out against such a barrage of insidious propaganda is more than I can comprehend. But stand out we did — for months and months, which seemed years and years. Probably the general public had become so used to state and federal interference during and after the war that they thought here was just another new wrinkle, and sighed and answered the letters, or tore them up unanswered.

Immediately after the first of January, two of the examiners returned. It seemed they had completed their check and the original figures would stand. The $55,000 in bad paper must be taken out at once and the balance of doubtful paper must be secured and then collected within a short time or our doors would be closed. We had been warned what to expect and the president was prepared. He turned everything he had into the bank, took up the bad paper and gave security for the doubtful loans. It left him without a dollar, but he did it cheerfully and without complaint, to save (as he thought) the bank which he had built up.

Then began the greatest clean-up

movement which that section will ever see. I took the $177,000 of loans and started out in earnest to try to collect them. Only those bankers who piloted their institutions through the great agricultural slump at the beginning of this decade and the years that followed — or those who failed and went down with their banks — will know what a heartbreaking job that was. All through that winter, through the spring, the summer, and the winter that followed, I drove the countryside, getting a few dollars here and there, but mostly hard-luck stories — which I knew too well were genuine. There simply was n't any money, there was n't any credit, there was n't any value to anything. Farm lands were n't worth the amount of the mortgages against them. Many farm owners, who had considered themselves well-to-do a few years before, were actually insolvent. Tenant farmers were in a pitiable condition. Their few belongings, when we sold them out, were not enough, in many instances, to pay their store bills. When we threatened to collect their notes they promptly went into bankruptcy.

The banking department was continually demanding that we collect more and more paper and do it faster. As often as twice a month the examiners would drop in unannounced and hold an inquisition. We never knew when they would make good their continual threats to close our doors. Our nerves were so ragged we would jump whenever a customer entered the door. They would have us believe that never before was a bank in such terrible condition; that we were the only bank in the country that had any bad loans; that only by the grace of God and the commissioner were we not out on the street. Naturally, these statements were not very convincing. We knew our fellow bankers well enough to know that ours was not the only bank which stood behind its customers through the big depression, and that they all had their share of poor loans.

We had practically ceased making any new loans, merely renewing those we had to carry. The proceeds of those notes which we did collect were put into underlying railroad bonds, all listed, which even the banking department could n't object to. These securities strengthened our liquid position, we felt, against the day when a run must be met.

During all this time, we were carrying on an economy campaign within the bank which would have made the closest Scotchman look like a spendthrift. We virtually discontinued our advertising, except the usual card in the local weekly paper. We discharged our janitor and for a year and a half the cashier and I did all the cleaning, — getting down on our hands and knees once a week to scrub the tile floor, — tended the fires, and shoveled the walks. We spent just as little as possible for stationery; we even hated to buy postage stamps. At night when I swept out I would carefully pick up all the rubber bands, paper clips, and pins from the floor so we could use them again. We voluntarily reduced our salaries at the start — though heaven knows the usual country-bank salary is small enough — and of course did not even consider paying any dividends.

And yet the examiners, at every visit, would complain because we were not earning enough to justify our existence as a bank. They were right about that, but they forgot to point out that not one country bank in ten earns enough on its invested capital to justify the risks of commercial banking. And they had us so cowed by this time that we did n't dare argue the point.

IV

At last the banking department had an idea that was a masterpiece: we should double our capital and distribute the shares widely among local people. Now there would have been considerable sense to this plan if it had been conceived at the very start. But to attempt to sell stock with the bank in the position in which it had been placed by the department seemed just about hopeless. Nevertheless, the ultimatum was issued and we went at it almost cheerfully. Surely the department would not authorize the sale of stock if it contemplated closing the bank. This was the only good news we had had since the first visit of the examiners.

So we went to work. One by one the men whom we wanted as stockholders were called in and told that we planned to increase the capital and to place the additional stock among a group of men such as themselves, and that the banking department had authorized the additional issue. Of course this order of the department specified that control of the bank must pass entirely out of our hands and into those of the new stockholders. We did not demur for an instant; the only thing we cared about was saving the bank.

Within a few weeks the stock was sold and paid for, the proceeds placed in a separate account on the order of the banking department, and permission was asked to issue the shares. Instead of granting this request at once, however, the department countered with another ultimatum. They had decided they ought to have one of their men in the bank permanently, and told us the cashier must resign and they would select one of their own staff to take his place. Whether they thought that the hoped-for run was about to develop, or that we expected to decamp for South America with the bank's funds, or that we were wasting too many rubber bands, I never learned. They did n't take the trouble to give us reasons.

The cashier was n't particularly cut up about this last order. His was no bed of roses, and so far as his income was concerned he could have done better at any time if he had given up his job, bought an old horse and wagon, and begun hauling trunks to the depot. As to the rookie from the banking department, he did n't trouble us much. He showed up at nine in the morning, left early in the afternoon, and spent most of his time while he was at the bank looking out of the window. Oh, yes, he was on our pay roll and drew his salary regularly every month. But he did n't offer to help scrub out, so from then on I did that alone.

As the weeks wore on and the department was deaf to our pleas to issue the additional stock, the subscribers began to drop in and ask, in a perfectly nice way, when we expected to issue the shares, and to suggest that if we had changed our minds about it they could find other uses for the money they had paid in. Finally we grew desperate and I made a trip to the capital to demand that they allow us either to issue the stock or to return the money to the subscribers. The only relief that I got was that they would write us about it in a few days. In this instance they kept their word and several days later we received a letter — telling us to return the funds to the subscribers. We sent out checks immediately with a letter stating that the banking department had withdrawn its authorization for the additional stock.

I cannot describe the feeling of absolute hopelessness that took possession of us after that. It did n't take a soothsayer to predict that our months of agony were about over. After going through such mental torture as I never

expect to have to endure again we knew that at last the end was very near. So I was n't surprised when, one afternoon, the chief examiner and two assistants walked in. I was sitting at my desk looking out of the window into the quiet July street. I continued to look. They did n't need to tell me why they were there. I don't remember that they did tell me. I knew. And they knew that I knew. I just sat there, slumped down in my chair. No feeling of relief. No feeling of anger. No feeling of discouragement. No feeling whatever. Just nothingness. Nothingness in a complete vacuum. A body without a spirit. A lump.

I heard the rookie put the cash into the vault, lock it, and depart with the examiners. I saw them cross the street and enter the hotel. I sat there a long time. It began to grow dark. With an effort I roused myself. I reached into my pocket. A key and some bills. I counted the bills. Fifteen dollars. I laid the key on the desk. Mine no longer. I took my hat and crossed the lobby. On the floor lay a large rubber band. I picked it up and, returning, laid it on the desk. I went out and closed the door. A neatly typed sign was pasted on the glass panel: 'This Bank is in the hands of the State Banking Department.'

HORACE GREELEY KNOWS HIS BUSINESS

BY WILLIAM A. CROFFUT

I

It was in April 1862 that I climbed up the back stairs to the *Tribune* office, seeking its editor. The principal room was crowded with editors and reporters, and was very dirty and noisy, recalling the soldiers' barracks I had recently occupied at Bristow Station. Charles A. Dana was still at the post of managing editor, and he gave me the address of his chief. Up to the indicated residence I went — on Nineteenth Street, I believe. There I rang long and repeatedly, and knocked ditto, ditto, and at last a lady came to the door with sleeves tucked briskly up her arm and hair twisted to a knot on top of her head. The following conversation took place: —

'Is Mr. Greeley in?'

'He is not.'

'Can you kindly direct me to him?'

'I can not.'

'You do not know where he is?'

'I do not. He is not living here now.'

'Can I see Mrs. Greeley, then?'

'You do. I am Mrs. Greeley.'

'Do — was — does Mr. Greeley come here sometimes?'

'Occasionally. He has not been here this week.'

'May I inquire — do you know where he is stopping?'

'I do not. He stopped at the Everett House last week.'

I walked down to that hotel and inquired. No, they said, but they thought he was at the New York Hotel. I shortly found him there, on the third floor, raging up and down the room like a wild man and storming over

a pile of dispatches on the table. I seemed very much *de trop*, and in some alarm inquired what was the matter.

'Matter?' he repeated in his high falsetto voice. 'Enough matter, I should think! Quite enough, I should think! In the battle yesterday at Pittsburg Landing the rebels whipped us, of course. Licked us like hell, apparently. And our soldiers are being driven into the Tennessee to-day — right now, perhaps! Not their fault, either. Fault of our damned incompetent generals! Both generals drunk! Oh dear!' he said, over and over, as he walked up and down the room. 'Such a sacrifice! Buell ought to be shot and Grant ought to be hung!'

At the beginning of the Rebellion the chief administration organ of the country was the New York *Tribune*. Its editorials were read with avidity by the supporters of Mr. Lincoln, and its advice was often taken. As the summer approached, however, a clamor arose for a more energetic prosecution of the war, and the *Tribune* gave vent to this feeling in the editorial exclamation, 'On to Richmond!' This was repeated and reiterated till it seemed like a battle cry. The more conservative of the Republicans deprecated this exhibition of impatience and it was no secret that it seriously embarrassed Mr. Lincoln in his purposes.

One day he said to Mr. Byington, then in charge of the *Tribune* correspondence bureau at Washington, 'What in the world is the matter with Uncle Horace? Why can't he restrain himself and wait a little?' The correspondent reminded the President that one man did not write everything that went into the paper, although he was responsible for it. 'Well,' continued Mr. Lincoln, 'I don't suppose I have any right to complain; Uncle Horace agrees with me pretty often after all. I reckon he is with us at least four days out of seven.'

The real author of the slogan that so much troubled the administration was Charles A. Dana, the scholarly managing editor who knew Mr. Greeley better than any other living man and who possessed the rare gift of being able to put the English language into its most concise and attractive form. His echo in the West in this matter was Joseph Medill of the Chicago *Tribune*, a man whom Mr. Lincoln esteemed and confided in second only to Mr. Greeley himself.

In 1863 a quarrel broke out in the *Tribune* office, resulting in Mr. Dana's resignation after fifteen years of service. He was immediately appointed Assistant Secretary of War, and held the office until after the surrender of Lee. He proved to be an excellent judge of men in this service, and he and General Hitchcock succeeded in defeating the conspiracy against General Grant.

II

Can a page or two of this chronicle be spared for a brief record of one of my gallops in Virginia for the *Tribune*? My first impression of Manassas as I saw it: a junction of railroad tracks in a five-hundred-acre swamp; three very shabby buildings, and the ruins of twenty more; barracks innumerable and mud unfathomable, with strips of board laid end to end from hut to hut, to keep the unhappy inhabitants from premature burial; an acre or two of broken-down and deserted wagons — mere ancient scows with wheels put to them; twenty acres sown with wrecks of every imaginable article — broken bottles, books, provisions, shattered demijohns, rags, furniture, knives, tents, harness, arms and equipments half burnt, tracts, Bibles, musty tobacco, and more bottles; Negroes of

every size groping among the rubbish.

From this point I accompanied General Stoneman's raid toward Richmond. The country was thoroughly desolated. Farms had been plundered of their stock; bridges, depots, and settlements had been burned; the carcasses of thousands of horses tainted the poisoned air, while feebly enriching the exhausted fields. Deserted dogs and hungry cats whined after and followed us from barns that had escaped the torch, as if seeking their faithless masters, and here and there rose, like a grim witness, the blackened shaft that two days before had been the centre of a homestead.

It was April of 1863. We struck south of west to Catlett's Station, and during the three days we rode it rained incessantly. As we advanced we found the bridges destroyed and had to swim our horses across Broad and Kettle runs. I remember the most vividly the experiences of our first night out. We camped in the field under a drenching rain which poured steadily from night till morning. We — at least, the officers' squad of Colonel Zook's 57th New York, which kindly extended to me all the hospitality it had — lay or crouched under a scrub oak. We brought rails from an adjoining fence and stuck one end of them up over the lower branches, while the other end rested on the water-soaked ground. On the outside of these we laid our blankets, which carried off a little of the rain, while we huddled on rails beneath. It was cold, I remember, and after a few minutes of experimentation we hustled out and got more rails and split them up and made a faint fire at the base of the tree. That fitful flame was an immense attraction for visitors, but our rude wigwam would not hold all of Stoneman's army.

How we entertained ourselves in the hours of sleeplessness is what I most distinctly remember. I had found an old paper-covered copy of Byron in one of the rebel shanties at Manassas that morning, and I sat on a rail during the night and by the wavering light of the bonfire read from 'Childe Harold' and 'Don Juan.' I smile now as I recall the crowding of squad after squad around the trunk of that tree, each wet squad bringing its quota of rails as a fire offering, and I remember what lively attention was given by the bedraggled audience, with mingled laughter and applause, and how they insisted that the reading should go on till long after midnight. Indeed, it was only from time to time interrupted, not ended, till daylight superseded the light of the embers. It certainly rendered the rain less wet, the darkness less dark, and threw a glamour of mitigation over the dreariness of the night. At daylight we started again. The details of that cavalry ride are shadowy, although it was punctuated by a skirmish and impressed upon the memory by the loss of several men.

III

During the first three years of the Civil War, Homer Byington was chief correspondent of the New York *Tribune* in Washington. When he was absent in the field I often left the Quartermaster's accounts to look out for themselves and ran out and lent him a hand. He beat all the other newspapers in bringing to Mr. Lincoln and the *Tribune* the report of the victory of Gettysburg. More than once I heard him tell the interesting story: —

'It was the latter half of June, 1863, that I got a dispatch from Culpeper Courthouse to hurry out there, for our army was on the move. I went at once; but the army had already started north at a rapid pace, keeping between the rebel army and Washington. Hooker was in command. I went to the head-

quarters of Meade, at Goose Creek. He told me there was going to be a battle, but my best way was to go back to Washington and hurry up to Harper's Ferry, where I could head off our army and find the 17th Connecticut, whose quartermaster had one of my horses. I followed his directions and he gave me a special pass, taking me anywhere. When I reached Harper's Ferry I found Hooker in a fume. I soon learned that he had demanded to have the ten thousand inactive men on Bolivar Heights attached to his own army for the battle with Lee, and that Halleck had refused. Hooker resigned that afternoon, and Lincoln commissioned Meade to command the Army of the Potomac. General Bob Tyler, of the Connecticut Brigade, was there; and he took my map and marked a red ring on it across the Pennsylvania line and said: "In a few days there will be within that circle one of the biggest fights the world ever saw. Go round to Baltimore and head Lee off at York."

'Again I followed directions. I tried Baltimore, but news came that the rebels had burnt the bridges and torn up the tracks. I hurried to Philadelphia and got to York by way of Lancaster, determined to be the first reporter on the ground. The track was torn up, but I hired a minister to carry me twelve miles in his wagon. Stuart's rebel cavalry had visited York, raided the provision stores, and taken fifty thousand dollars from the bank.

'Now and then I heard a gun go off in the southwest. I ransacked the town, but Stuart had got all the horses. Finally I found one solitary horse and buggy, and gave the owner an order on the *Tribune* for the rig. I drove in the direction of the cannonading ten or twelve miles, evaded some rebel cavalry on the way, and got to Hanover. There had been a severe cavalry fight there. The town had a disorderly appearance; people stayed close in their homes, and the débris of arms and accoutrements lay along the road. The wounded were gathered in a church. Telegraph wires were broken and strewn around. I stopped at the hotel and asked the landlord if there was no telegraph operator there. "Yes; there he is, over yonder," said he, pointing out a little hunchback named Tone, asleep on a bench. I shook him and asked him where his battery was. "Home under the bed," he said. "Wires all cut everywhere; no use trying to telegraph." I persisted, and went over to his house with him and pulled out the battery. After a good deal of parleying I hired some men to go out on a hand car five miles and fix the wires, I paying the men well and making myself responsible for the value of the car. The battery was brought out, the wires hitched together, and the operator swung his hat and shouted that we had got Baltimore. It was arranged that I should have an absolute monopoly of the wire for two days.

'Then I rushed off to the battlefield some six miles south. Before reaching there I met General Howard, and he told me about the first day's fight, of Reynolds's death, and the present position of the armies. Sypher, one of the *Tribune* men, had followed me from Lancaster, and we sent off by our private wire an account of the fight of the first two days. It was a magnificent beat. No other account got through that night, and between nine o'clock and midnight the *Tribune* sold 65,000 copies on the streets of New York.

'Tone kept getting the strange signal "KI," "KI."

'"What the dickens does KI mean?" he asked. "I'm afraid the rebs have tapped our wire."

'Finally we found out that we were communicating with General Eckert in the War Department at Washington.

I had signed my dispatches "Byington." "Who's Byington?" asked Mr. Lincoln, for he and Secretary Stanton supposed I was still in Washington. "Ask Uncle Gideon," I replied, referring thus familiarly to the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Gideon Welles of our state. There was great rejoicing at Washington. "We've got Byington's first dispatch," said Stanton, "and it is our first news. Send along more. We are listening."

'For two days I sent exclusive dispatches over my wire, giving all the particulars attainable of the great battle, while the *Herald*, much handicapped, was running ten-mile relays of horses. I telegraphed to Secretary Stanton that the railroad was whole from York to Baltimore, and the government at once sent out trains for our wounded. The surgeon told me that our railroad saved General Sickles's life.

'After the battle I got a horse and hurried on after the rebels, wondering why Meade did not pursue. They were all broken up and demoralized, the roadside strewn with sick and wounded men, with dead horses and abandoned muskets and spiked cannon. Next day I came up with Lee's main army. It was huddled together in a horse-shaped bend of the Potomac at Williamsport — in a valley surrounded by hills on one side and the swollen and rushing river on the other. It would have been easy to bag them all. Their flight was fatally interrupted. The pontoons they had crossed on were swept away and they had no immediate means of recrossing. By a friend who accompanied me I sent back to President Lincoln and the *Tribune* the somewhat premature dispatch, "We've got Lee's army tight. It cannot escape."

'After waiting there awhile I turned back to meet Meade's army, which I supposed must be rapidly approaching down the road. In vain I looked and waited. It did not heave in sight. Finally an old man came up out of the valley where the rebels were encamped, driving a sorry Virginia outfit — a ramshackle of a wagon, a dying horse tied to it by tow strings, and in it, besides the native driver, a woman and children, each wearing apparently a single garment and all sitting in the straw. He said Lee had encamped right around his house, down in the swale, and he had had to quit it. He said he supposed the whole of Lee's army would be gobbled right where it lay. I asked him what he would charge to go and tell General Meade all about the situation. He said he would do it for three dollars. I gave him the three dollars, and he moved on toward Gettysburg.

'Well, you know the rest. Lee's army stayed right there three days and then captured a lumberyard and made rafts and floated across the river at their leisure.

'I was in Washington when Meade came to report after the battle of Gettysburg. I asked Secretary Welles about the interview.

'"'I was there when he came in," he said. "'Do you know, General,' Mr. Lincoln suddenly broke out with a laugh, 'what your attitude toward Lee after the battle of Gettysburg reminded me of?' 'No, Mr. President — what is it?' asked Meade. 'I'll be hanged,' said Lincoln, 'if I could think of anything but an old woman trying to shoo her geese across the creek!'"

'After that day Meade never quite recovered his own confidence or that of the army.'

IV

In the autumn of 1863, discontented with the dull and monotonous routine of office work, I resigned my position in the Treasury Department and returned to the North to resume my favorite

occupation, and during the next fifteen years I had a varied experience in journalism.

The preparation of the introduction to my book, *A Helping Hand for American Homes*, involved considerable correspondence with Mr. Greeley, and when the volume appeared I obtained the position of reporter on the New York *Tribune*. We were in the old building, fit only for kindling wood, on the site of which Mr. Whitelaw Reid erected the handsome tower of to-day, and the spacious editorial room on the second floor was reached by climbing dark flights of stairs in the rear.

This room was occupied — I might almost say inhabited, for they were present almost all hours of day and night — by a singularly interesting group of writers. In the front corner was an alcove occupied by Mr. Greeley himself. Near by was Mr. John Russell Young, who had earned an enviable reputation as a war correspondent. Next to him was the seat of William Winter, for nearly fifty years the *Tribune's* dramatic editor and critic. Touching his desk under the window was that of Clarence Cook, for a quarter of a century its art editor and editorial writer. Next to him sat George Ripley, even then getting venerable, and one of the most versatile and able writers of his time. At the end of the room was the desk of Bayard Taylor, who was seldom present, but whose name and fame were among the *Tribune's* most valuable properties. Taylor was a large man, with a frank and manly countenance, and so Oriental in appearance that he seemed like an enlightened and scholarly pasha. At a farewell banquet which was given to him on the eve of his departure for Europe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, in proposing the principal toast, exclaimed, 'Reporter, correspondent, editor, traveler, translator, lecturer, poet, novelist, diplomat — it takes nine men to make a Taylor.'

On the remaining side of the room above mentioned were the desks of Amos Cummings and Homer Byington, two of the most active members, presiding over the city staff. It was under their supervision that I had two most interesting experiences. When I had been in the *Tribune* office three or four months, doing my best to merit promotion, I became conscious that my industry had attracted the eye of managing editor Young; and I felt a pardonable pride when, one afternoon, I saw him talking with Mr. Greeley and looking over at my desk. As I was leaving he called to me and said, 'I have watched you work; you are not afraid of it; do you think you could run the telegraph desk?' Joyfully I told him that I could and that I had had experience with telegraphic copy; whereupon he invited me to dine with him the next day, when we would 'arrange it.' I dined with him as appointed, and we arranged it, greatly to my satisfaction. I was to report next day for service, at an increased salary. At the appointed hour I appeared, and was surprised to see a stranger at the coveted desk, vigorously sharpening a pencil.

'Oh, yes!' said Young nervously, as I asked an explanation. 'Yes; it's all up, but don't blame me for it. I could n't help it. Ben Butler came in last night dragging that fellow with him, and he went for Greeley, and Greeley, for some unaccountable reason, gave him the place. He's a relative of the General, I believe. Very sorry indeed.'

I was disgusted, and I drew my balance of pay, shook the dust of the antique rookery from my feet, and departed with bitterness in my heart.

I lived to see the intruder at the very bottom of the hill. Within a week about half of the Associated Press news

dispatches were missing from the *Tribune* one morning, and investigation revealed them in the wastebasket weighed down with an empty bottle which exhaled the secret of the failure. He never came back to the office, either to apologize or to inquire. He spent every cent he had, and borrowed from everybody who would trust him. He strayed into John Chamberlin's place at Saratoga one morning, looking very tired indeed, and asked to borrow twenty dollars. Being refused, he made it one dollar, then fifty cents, then a quarter.

'No; I won't give you any more,' said the proprietor. 'Every cent I give you hurts you. Not another cent!'

'Well, never mind the cent,' pleaded the visitor; 'make it a dime.'

'No! Not another dime, you fool! Get out!' was the inexorable answer.

The doomed man groaned and shaded his eyes with his hand as he turned to quit the gorgeous den, and it was thought he even shed tears; but as he reached the door he suddenly grabbed the clock of ormolu that stood ticking away the wicked hours on a convenient mantel, and ran, shouting back as he went out the door with it, 'Well, ta-ta! Time is money, John!'

Chamberlin and his guests were paralyzed with astonishment and laughter, and the fugitive got away and pawned the sumptuous horologe for four dollars on the next corner.

V

Horace Greeley was a queer compound of bone, brain, and self-will. The current impression that he lacked pluck and pertinacity is entirely without foundation. He had indomitable self-assertion, and was game to the last. He cared not a cent about fashion in speech, manners, or dress. While I worked under him, although I saw him every day and heard his voice through the open doors, I never once heard him say 'Good morning' or 'Good evening,' 'How d' ye do' or 'Good-bye,' or inquire about anybody's health. But he scrupulously answered every letter that came to him, and generally tilted his chair forward on its legs and answered it on the spot, so that the writer could get a reply in the next mail. His conscience was abnormally developed on that one subject, and he probably wrote many thousand letters which did not need writing, and thus shortened his life.

On the street he seldom spoke to his nearest friends unless he had business with them. He would enter a street car down town, sit by the side of a friend, and ride a mile without speaking, then suddenly nudge him and say, 'Let me take your paper.' He would read the paper for another mile, watch for the friend's house, hand the paper to him just before reaching it, and part company without speaking to him or looking at him. He did not believe in that expenditure of force which conventional civilities require.

In manners he seemed uncouth and uncivilized. In money matters he was a child. Commodore Vanderbilt had a wayward, half-imbecile son, named Cornelius Jeremiah, an epileptic, indolent, ignorant, and fond of the gaming table. His father kept him on a small allowance, hoping to compel him to work. This ne'er-do-well applied to Mr. Greeley for money when his father would not let him have it, and Greeley gave it to him and continued the reckless habit until the loan was some forty thousand dollars. Vanderbilt wrote protesting letters to the editor, but they did no good. One evening he climbed the stairway to the sanctum. 'Greeley, see here! I now tell you for the last time that I never will pay back a single cent of the money you keep lending to Corneel.' Greeley swung

round in his chair and cried, 'Who the devil asked you to pay it back, you damned old skinflint?' After the Commodore was dead, the friendly services of Whitelaw Reid induced William H. Vanderbilt to pay to Horace Greeley's two daughters the $75,000 which Corneel had borrowed.

Among Greeley's characteristics were an extreme irritability and a keen sense of justice. He was a careful political statistician, and nothing disgusted and enraged him more than an error in election returns. One morning, on looking over the *Tribune*, he saw that an important error had escaped correction. In great rage he climbed to the composing room and wanted to know who had set up that table. Tom Rooker examined the proofs and found that James Bayard had set the matter. The editor charged on Bayard's tripod.

'Jim, you're a damned fool. Will you never learn anything? Look at that!'

'What's the matter with it?'

'Matter? Why, Great Scott! It's all wrong!' (Only Greeley was never known to apostrophize as humble an individual as Scott.)

'Mr. Greeley, I did n't do that.'

'You lie, Jim! Who did?' was the absurdly impatient response of Greeley. 'Here you've made a damned fool of yourself and me!'

Bayard examined the paper and said he was sure he had followed copy.

'Followed copy! Followed copy! That's your get-out! That's what you always say when you make a blunder! Come into the proof room, Jim. There's a blankety-blank jackass lying round this office somewhere that ought to be kicked from here to Sing Sing. I'll see whether it's you or Clark!'

Clark, the proofreader, brought out the copy, and the moment Mr. Greeley's eye fell on the reprint he recollected that he himself had cribbed the table from the *Express* and sent it to the composing room. He collapsed, called Bayard into the group, turned round facing the window, and exclaimed, 'Here! Kick me, all of you! Kick me! Kick me!'

Clarence Cook, one of the most conscientious and intelligent art critics in the world, quit the *Tribune* on account of some difference of opinion with Mr. Reid. I recall a funny incident about Cook and Greeley. When I went to work in the *Tribune* office in 1868, I was considerably awed by the line of distinguished desks along the side of the big room, where sat the members of Mr. Greeley's staff. Especially was I awed by the little room in the corner through whose half-open door I could see Mr. Greeley at work.

One day John Russell Young, then managing editor, said: 'Mr. Cook, I should think you'd go in and see Mr. Greeley. He speaks of liking your work, and you've been here now four or five years and have never spoken to him, I believe.'

Cook laughed and said: 'I'll go in if you really want me to. You've asked me to do so two or three times before, but it did n't seem worth while and I have waited till I had business with him. If he sent for me, that would be another thing. However, as you urge me, I'll go. Here, Jake!'

He called to him the office boy and sent in his card, following it presently. Cook told me about the interview afterward.

'Greeley was scratching away for dear life, his back to the door. My card was on his desk. He had apparently not seen it. I sat down on a haircloth sofa. He kept scratching away. At last I said, "Mr. Greeley." He answered in that high, squeaky voice of his, "What is it?" but kept hard at work. "I am Mr. Cook," I said. "Mr. Clarence Cook of the *Tribune*." "Busy

now!" he exclaimed, without looking around, and I retreated.

'I did not try again for years. But when I returned from Europe in 1871 I wanted to get a letter of introduction to A. T. Stewart, in an attempt to interest him in that great picture, Raphael's "Apollo and Marsyas," then for sale, but since bought for the Louvre gallery in Paris, instead of being captured for this country as I wished.

'I went in to the sanctum to see Mr. Greeley. He was scratching away as before, his nose almost touching the paper. I said, "Mr. Greeley!" He looked up at me, but evidently did not know me. "I am Mr. Clarence Cook," I said. He scratched away again. He did not say "Good morning" or "How do you do?" but only, in that strange high-pitched voice, "What do you want?" I told him. He reached out and grabbed a piece of paper and wrote; reached for an envelope and scratched. He handed it to me and resumed his writing without a word. He had written: "Mr. Stewart: The bearer of this, Mr. Clarence Cook, is well known to me as a journalist and a gentleman, and as one who never wastes anybody's time."

'I found a porcupine in Mr. Stewart's marble mansion — a porcupine no doubt developed by the constant attacks of beggars and swindlers. I sent up my letter. When he appeared in the reception room, where I awaited him, he made no sign of politeness. He did not ask me to sit down, but he put his hands rigidly behind him and said, "What is your business?"

'As briefly as I could I told him that I had seen a very remarkable picture in Europe and wanted to tell him about it.

'"You have not been asked to buy it," I added. "I am not authorized to negotiate."

'"I don't buy any pictures," said he.

'"Nobody asked you to buy any!"

'"What's your motive in coming here?" he asked suspiciously.

'"My motive, as far as I have one, is patriotic," I said, "but I see that I have no business with you," and I turned to go.

'Surprised at my abruptness into a conciliatory mood, he said, "Hold on; wait a minute. Just glance at some of my statuary here."

'"Now's my time," I thought, and followed him back.

'"This," he said, rather grandly, waving his hand toward a well-known and very commonplace example of the stonecutter's art, "this is Powers's 'Greek Slave'!"

'"Yes," I said, "I have seen that once before; and nobody who has seen it once will ever want to see it again."

'"This," he said, after some hesitation, turning to another example, "is the 'Fisher Boy.'"

'"Oh yes," I said, "I've seen that before, too," and came away without another word.'

VI

Mr. Greeley tried in vain to keep his sanctum to himself. There was no intermission in his attempt to keep the door of his little quadrilateral locked, or at least shut. But he was always in a state of siege. Charles Congdon, the *Tribune's* greatest satirical writer for many years, puts it cleverly as follows: —

'Almost always overworked, he was naturally irritated by intrusions upon his privacy. For a long time, his efforts to cloister himself up were humiliating failures. All sorts of people, with the greatest possible variety of bees in their bonnets, managed to evade the slight barriers, get into his presence, and interrupt his industry — people with machines of perpetual motion, with theories about spiritualism, with notions about the next election, with

business plans requiring only a small loan to launch them upon the full tide of dividend-paying experiment.

'There were others with a passionate desire to borrow small or large sums of money; with anxiety to become writers upon his newspaper; with manuscripts which they wished to have him recommend to some book publisher; with new religions; with schemes for the abolition of every religion whatever; with mining stocks sure to pay 1000 per cent; with stories of personal destitution harrowing to listen to, and yet requiring only the loan of a few shillings to enable the petitioner to go to his friends; widows whose sole claim on him or on anybody was that they were widows; orphans, sometimes suspiciously well grown, who had nothing to plead but their orphanage; Irishmen who had lost everything in a desperate attempt to give the Green Island a better government; Negroes who perhaps were born free, and were merely fugitives from Maine or Massachusetts — all these and many others besieged the sanctum and devised tricks for swindling its occupant. If Mr. Greeley could have locked his door and kept it locked, he would have died a much richer man. He would try sometimes to be extremely stern and repellent, but it was always a lamentable failure.'

He could generally protect himself pretty well from full-grown masculine mendicants, but women applicants for money were the pest of his life, for he could not order the janitor to throw them downstairs. A woman in black called one afternoon and by a circuitous passage got into his room. 'No, no! Nothing! Go way!' and he kept on writing while she kept on begging. 'Go way. I'm busy. Let me alone! Go way!' And he did his best to keep on writing. She gave him no peace till finally he jumped up, went to the speaking tube which connected with the countingroom, and shouted, 'Sinclair! For God's sake send me five dollars this minute!' This response quieted the applicant, and he had bought rather dearly the right to use his own time. When she occupied some more minutes in prolonged thanks, his stern voice relaxed and a smile illuminated his benevolent face.

Mr. Greeley has been so misrepresented by malignant or ignorant writers that there seems to be a prevalent impression that he was a weak and foolish man. On the contrary, he was perhaps the most powerful and practical editor and controversialist that this country has seen. He was certainly awkward, and his manners never improved. His clothes did not resemble the fashion plates. They were not generally well brushed, or his shoes well blacked. But Thackeray would not have said of him, as he said of George IV, that 'he had on his person an overcoat, a dress coat, a waistcoat, and a flannel coat, and that was all there was of him.' Mr. Greeley seemed to have no idea whatever of the value of money, but he was undoubtedly the chief sufferer from that defect. No other editor this country has ever seen has put his personality so vigorously into his newspaper. The *Tribune* was always Greeley — echoing not only his principles, but even his personal habits and literary methods. He was fond of beginning a paragraph with a dash and a noun with a capital letter.

If he had been elected President in 1872, as he expected he would certainly be, he could have done the country no harm, and would probably have taught it some useful lessons. He would have reconstructed Reconstruction and he would have introduced a kindlier feeling between victors and vanquished, while surrounding himself with a Cabinet of statesmen at least as wise

as those whom General Grant summoned to his side.

An acquaintance of mine told me this story: 'Packard and I were invited to breakfast with Greeley one morning at nine o'clock. We reached the dining room of the hotel first, inquired for his table, and sat down. Pretty soon he came in, handed his hat and overcoat to a waiter, and, without looking toward us, went over into a corner, sat down, and ordered a breakfast for one — a poached egg, some milk toast, and a cup of tea. I went over and spoke to him. He looked surprised and asked us if we had eaten breakfast. We told him we had not, and we ordered the same that he had done and sat down with him.

'"What paper you got?" he inquired. "Anything in it?"

'"Not much except an article attacking you," said Packard.

'It was a column long, but Greeley read it through. "Absurd!" he said, "to take so much space for that. It is n't good journalism. It all ought to have been said in a quarter of a column. That article ought never to have been permitted to go below there," he said, indicating a place with his finger. He did not allude to the substance of the attack at all, but bitterly denounced the slovenliness of using so much space. We hurried through our breakfasts and departed.'

VII

I knew a lady who was intimately acquainted with the Greeley household for twenty years.

'Mrs. Greeley,' she said, 'never had the knack of making a home. She was always clean, but never neat, — never neat in appearance, I mean, — because she was always washing something and was always disheveled. I have seen her take her children without a garment on out into the street and pump water on them to wash them. When I was there one day the servant washed an apron of her own and hung it out to dry. Mrs. Greeley jumped up, seized the carving knife, rushed out and cut out of the line the piece containing the apron, and flung it to the girl with, "How dare you hang your apron on the same line with my baby's clothes?" There was neatness for you! Yet when they lived on Nineteenth Street she kept three goats in the house for the children to play with, and when I let one of my servants go there to live she came running back to me, saying, "I won't live there, Missis, never!" I asked what was the matter. "Sure, I have no bed at all, but must just bunk down on the pile of hay they got for the goats!"

'Mr. Greeley asked me one Sunday to come round in the morning and go to Chapin's with him. I went, and when I got to the house there was a fracas in the vestibule — he and his wife and the children and the goats all mixed up together.

'"The question is," said Mr. Greeley, "whether the goats shall go up Broadway with us. Mother insists that I shan't go to church unless at the head of a procession of children and goats. It seems like a secular following."

'I believe we got off at last without them, though Mrs. Greeley said, "It's only your miserable pride."

'Mrs. Greeley had an antipathy to kid gloves. She would never put them on. I remember a bout she had with Margaret Fuller on this subject. We all met on the avenue, and instead of saying good-morning, or some such human salutation, Mrs. Greeley touched Margaret's hand with a little shudder and exclaimed, "Skin of a beast! Skin of a beast!"

'"Why, what do you wear?" inquired the astonished maiden from Massachusetts.

'"Silk," said Mrs. Greeley, reaching out her hand.

'"Silk!" Margaret just touched it and shuddered, crying, "Entrails of a worm! Entrails of a worm!"

'I was once in a stage with Mrs. Greeley going up Madison Avenue, when she suddenly pulled the strap, whisked a tin pail out from under her shawl, and, reaching it to the Reverend Dr. Brett at the other end of the bus, to whom we had just bowed, said, "You get out, please, and run to that bakery on the corner and get me two cents' worth of yeast!" Mr. Brett laughed aloud, but he good-naturedly got out, hurried to the shop, and brought back the coveted bread exhilarator, the driver waiting meantime, his serenity broken only by a smile. When the messenger returned, he handed the little pail to Mrs. Greeley with the remark that bread was evidently "kneaded," to which she replied, "H'm! Old joke!"

'She was very eccentric — Mrs. Greeley was. Greeley once told me that the day before, while going down to Staten Island on the ferryboat, she walked calmly up to a passenger who was smoking, snatched the cigar out of his mouth, and flung it overboard. "I expected to be knocked down on the spot that minute," said Greeley.

'Before the birth of Raphael, their oldest boy, she told me that she lived on raw rice altogether. She would take it by the handful and chew it up soft. "I can grind it just like a mill," she said. When Raphael was taken with his last illness, a severe form of croup, the physician fought it for days, and finally made it yield. "Now he will probably live," he said to Mrs. Greeley, "if you keep him from taking cold. If he catches cold, he dies. Keep him warm. Keep the air from him. Try no experiments. Any little exposure might be fatal."

'In two days the mother sent for him again, and on arriving he found the child all choked up with a cold. "What's the matter with him?" he asked. "What? My God, what have you done? Taken off a warm woolen shirt and substituted a thin cotton one! The child will die. What did you send for me for? Why did n't you send for an undertaker?"

'Raphael died that night. She lamented him deeply. She did n't mean to hurt him, of course, but the clean devil had got hold of her and her frenzy for cleanliness was stronger than almost any other feeling.

'She once gave me some advice as to how to bring up my children. "Let's see," said I. "How many children have you?"

'"I have two," she replied.

'"And how many have you had?"

'"Nine," she answered.

'"Then thank you," I said, "but if it is all the same to you I think I'll bring up my children my own way."

'"Oh, very well," she exclaimed. "I did n't raise children for this world, but for the next!"

'She always called her husband "Greeley," whether speaking to him or of him. He was rather afraid of her, but once in a while would say his say. I remember once we were assembled at Greeley's on Saturday evening — Dr. Ripley, Margaret Fuller, George William Curtis, Dana, and half a dozen others, discussing the practicability of associated homes. We talked of turning the Gramercy Park Hotel into a nest of them. "It won't do," said Mrs. Greeley. "Everybody will be falling in love with Mrs. ——," naming me. "Well, Ma," said Mr. Greeley, "you'll offset that!"'

ECHT TIROLER

BY CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

My first day settled the problem. I must, obviously, dress as did the inhabitants of the country. For years my insistently persuasive family had been informing me that one of the delights of the Austrian Alps lay in the opportunity they afforded for curtailed clothing, and I had consequently arrived with the staid expectation of seeing an abundance of bare knees and open throats. But my first day assured me that fashions had changed; only the most venerable appeared in garb so modest. When I caught my first glimpse of a Tyrolese climber, I thought him on the point of bathing in the stream that tumbled down out of the rocks, and I wondered that even a hardy mountaineer should choose such frigid water for purposes of cleanliness.

I came nearer and looked at him — a magnificent type, tall, sturdy, with bronzed legs, bronzed chest, bronzed back, and a halo of bright hair. '*Grüss Gott*,' said he, while I, not to be outdone in civility, gave the proper echo. We conversed as amicably as my lack of German would permit, and I gathered that he also intended to go over the Arzler Scharte to the Pfeiss Hütte. We could go in company. I waited for him to don the remainder of his clothes, but he slipped on only a battered rucksack which had been sharing his rest. Aha! I thought, I have heard of this! There are Germans who have made a fetish of the nude, who attribute all manner of cures and preventions to the sun.

Off we went, toilsomely and slowly up the creaking, sliding shale, and I began to grow very hot. My companion appeared to find the sun exhilarating; the sweat played on that Grecian torso, the beads glistened like diamonds, but he was unconscious of the heat. We greeted other climbers; they were all of a sartorial persuasion like my friend's; I admired the brown skin and wondered whether I myself had a capacity for producing anything so picturesque. But the heat was the true cause. That night, tired but eager, I purchased in Innsbruck a pair of the altogether proper *Hosen* and fittingly decorated suspenders to support them.

The next day was Sunday, and such a morning as might have moved even Dr. Johnson to an admiration of the country. The sky was Italian, and north from the Brenner came the softest of breezes. It was manifestly the day for the beginning of my exposure. Extremes are bad, I had learned from Aristotle; I would carry along a shirt to shield my pallid back, should I find that expedient. And so, very early on this most perfect of mornings, feeling as if I were entering some eccentric bagnio, I emerged into the village.

Did Tyrolese maidens eye me from sheltered balconies? I know not, but I felt as if all the lady retainers of the late Kaiser were finding in me a thrilling exhibit. I am confident that a blush traversed me from top to toe, and most of it must have been visible. The duty of the adventurous, however, is to be unashamed; and, even though I had not the figure of an Homeric hero, I could at least walk proudly.

And proudly I walked, gathering speed as I went, up a steep serpentining path, through the most entrancing of spruce woods, but I was too conscious of other things to notice, at that time, how infinitely graceful was the drooping of the streaming boughs. A few heavily robed priests who were descending from the Hungerburg seemed to compare their garb with mine, but our passing was too hasty to admit of conversation. And then suddenly I found myself — only the most complete self-absorption could have prevented my seeing them before — in the midst of a procession. Full twenty novices they were, out from the convent to enjoy this blessed morning. They walked two by two, chanting softly as they moved, and in their van plodded two stolid, dignified nuns. My speed had been terrific, and I had passed the first three or four pairs before I realized that here was an entire brigade; the path was narrow, and I was caught, a miserable satyr locked between Christian barriers.

My flesh, which was all too obvious, positively crept. The virgins behind chanted no longer; instead, there came from them a note of unmistakable merriment. Had they been other than religious, I should have thought it a tittering. The virgins in front began sedately to turn their heads, and soon the chant entirely ceased. So complete an interruption of that solemn measure disturbed the dragons of the vanguard, and my presence was discovered. Two withering glances fell upon me, each enough to have blasted Pan himself. Three months of sun could not have given me the color those glances produced. They were quick and peremptory, and they included the whole body of tittering novices, who formed swiftly into a single line, leaving me with barrier neither fore nor aft. I hastened, but the line was interminable, and I fear that when finally I passed the two Amazons I was indulging in what must have been considered a sprint.

After so fell a calamity, meditation was sweet, and I pondered, as I hurried on toward the Hungerburg, the advantages and the so signal disadvantages of the semi-nude state. Physically, there was no denying that it was delightful; mentally, it could lead to discomfort. However, man can inure himself to custom, and my experience with this mode was young. Others had paved the way; I had only to follow. I thought, and the thought soothed my fears, of my companion on the Arzler Scharte and of his complete ignorance of modesty.

Now I had reached the Hungerburg, but its delights, even the most *bürgerlich* of beer gardens, should not attract me on this morning. The more serene pleasure of a distant Alm should be my goal. I smiled affably at a youth who might have been mistaken for a Malay and who seemed to be pitying my bodily pallor; and I reflected that soon there would be no reason for such natural sympathy. His one garment excited my envy; it exposed full two more inches of thigh than did mine.

After climbing a matter of several hundred feet I found myself at a charming spring in a clearing that lay entirely surrounded by gently whispering spruces. The grass, from which the dew was not as yet entirely gone, was so fresh and crisp that I accepted its invitation and lay down for the comfort of a cigarette. The solitude was delicious — there was no sound save the cool bubbling of the water and the breathing of the trees. Here I could just be; here I could give myself up to the simple enjoyment of feeling the sun enter into my flesh, of feeling it burn slowly and warmly along the whole expanse of calf and thigh and chest. I

need not even think; I could just be, and in such being lay the remote and untouched highest sense of the exquisite.

But alas! such pleasures are not for the deserving. I had hardly begun to light my cigarette when the stillness was pierced by a strident female voice, the intonation of which was unmistakable. I was suddenly and sharply reminded of many another voice that I had heard on the western side of the Atlantic; here in this Alpine fastness was one certainly from the Middle West, probably from Kansas City. Propping myself on one elbow, I watched her appear out of the path that led up the mountain. She was large and matronly, her features blunt and heavy, her clothes too tight and of too many colors, and she was not alone. In her wake followed a diminutive man in spectacles and a Palm Beach suit. She headed straight for the spring with an abandon that would have been more graceful in a gazelle, hurled herself on the ground, arched her stubby neck, and drank. The man waited patiently until her gurglings had ceased and her handkerchief had appeared to wipe away the water that had cooled her chin, then he with more decorum took from his pocket a folding aluminum cup and proceeded to satisfy his own desires.

At this moment her glance, sweeping the clearing, found me, propped on my elbow. Her stare was long and unfaltering, and the appearance it had was of Mrs. Grundy herself. I felt, before I heard, what was coming. 'Harry, look here! Here's another. Seven we've seen since breakfast. It ought to be stopped. Are there no ladies in this country? I knew Europe was wicked, but this is worse than Paris.' The man acquiesced meekly and murmured something the purport of which I could not hear. She began again. 'Something ought to be done about it. It's shocking,' and the hard stare went on uninterrupted.

My mind misgave me; she might guess my nationality, and how could I escape? The best plan was certainly to lie quiet, but I squirmed within. Drawing herself up, a look of noble determination in her eyes, she started for me. 'I shall speak to him,' she announced. I closed my eyes and fearfully waited. The strain, however, was too great. Up went my eyelids, and there she was, towering above me.

'Young man, this is an outrage. It's indecent, and you ought to know better.'

I did my best to look Teutonic, smiled as genially as I could under the circumstances, gave a hearty '*Grüss Gott*,' and faltered out the necessary '*Ich verstehe nicht*.'

'Harry,' she shouted, 'he does n't understand me! You talk to him.'

There was some relief in this; he looked full as terrified as I. But she continued towering above me; obviously something must be done. I stood up, and of course one strap of the suspenders slipped over my shoulder, endangering the safety of its dependency, but that peril was quickly averted.

Harry came up slowly, discomfort marked in his every movement. 'What shall I say?'

'Tell him he ought to wear some clothes.'

Harry tried to look at me, but his courage failed, and his remarks were addressed solely to the grass on which I had been lying. What those remarks were I was not to learn; it was enough to know that they were in a German such as matched not my understanding. I simulated, however, a reverent attention, and, when the sermon was ended, bowed with as much ease as I could summon both to the fastidious lady and to her amiable consort, and then, with a

grateful '*Danke schön*' and another '*Grüss Gott*,' hastily departed from the neighborhood of the Tischbrunnen. The defender of the proprieties watched my withdrawal with unwavering eyes; she had lost, and was going to lose, no part of this exhibition.

After this harrowing episode it behooved me, I decided, to find some less-frequented paths, at least until my sensibilities were hardened to the strain to which they were so often to be exposed. But would they ever be able to cope with the difficulties? Were centuries of a too self-conscious ancestry going to keep me from the enjoyment of this innocent pastime? A thousand doubts assailed me, and my steady resolution of the morning grew more and more feeble. I had visions of future embarrassments, each more distressing than the last, with my insuperable modesty never relenting. Yes, it would be best never again to brave the stares of the curious; even those of the incurious were too disconcerting. Better the heat and the discomfort; to-morrow I would be myself, and for the moment I could put on my shirt, brought to shield me from the sun, but useful as protection from what was more disturbing.

During these reflections I had been following a thoroughly idyllic path, one that wound with sudden curves and unending declivities through the dense cool trees. The air was redolent with the smell of evergreens and sharp with that indefinable tang that one gets only in the Alps. Now the path burst out of the woods, and there, far below, was the whole valley of the Inn, spread out from Zirl to Hall, and the Italian peaks purple in the distance. The air was different. Here was still the tang of the mountains, but the breeze was warm, and the sun came into one through every pore. My resolution was weakening; such luxury — it was hardly luxury through the armor of a complete costume — could not be surrendered. No, I would consider again. Off came my shirt, and I sat down, intent on convincing myself that nakedness was worth its price. I think I should have succeeded anyway, — my mind was clearly set toward such a conviction, — but, be that as it may, a kindly providence sent me the example that put all my doubts to flight.

Voices approached, jovial voices that certainly augured no stern reforming spirit, and there came along the path two young men (I hope they had met my friends from Kansas City) who were completely innocent, except so far as they carried them in their hands, of every garment. I gasped, and felt slightly perhaps as my advisers of the Tischbrunnen had felt on seeing me, but I schooled myself to this new phenomenon. They strode along to where I was sitting, greeted me with perfect politeness, and sat down to ask me the usual questions. I gave them cigarettes, talked to them, and when they had been informed concerning the relative prices of things in America and Austria they withdrew, each shaking me by the hand and calling down upon me the blessings of the Divinity. There was no apology for their appearance, no hint that they had even so much as thought of the absence of those necessities so vital in Kansas City.

Here, assuredly, was the *echt Tiroler*, and a good sort he was. Should I, too, force those convictions of mine to their logical end? Should I, too, be an *echt Tiroler?* No; that, even in those parts inhabited only by goats, would require an abandon and a simplicity that my ancestors had certainly not bequeathed to me. But of this I was convinced: that, henceforth in Tirol, I could and would be a *halb Tiroler*.

BEAUTY IN WAR

BY HARRIET KEEN ROBERTS

Some little time ago Mr. Ernest Raymond, the author of a popular war book, *Tell England*, wrote an article in which he said that the greatest obstacle which faced the peacemakers was that, though 'war has no validity in reason, in selfishness, or in religion, it has a strange and awful validity of beauty. . . . As men of reason we scoff at it; as men of business we fear it; as men of religion and good will we loathe it; and as artists we love it. . . . Our response to the sudden fact of war is a response of thrilled emotion, an æsthetic delight, a self-yielding to some dark allurement more powerful than all reason and contemptuous of all expediency. . . . At last, at last we are living *deep*. . . . It is not the ape and tiger in us that leap to the call of war, but the poet.' This same note was sounded very early in the war in Rupert Brooke's sonnets, though in them there was as much joy at escape from the old life of peace as of joy in the new life of war.

Mr. Galsworthy replied to this article with some indignation, insisting that Mr. Raymond was describing not a love of beauty but a love of thrill, that the average man was not thus 'sensation-craving,' had not this temperament of the gambler and the hero. 'As truly might a man write that the Black Death had "the awful validity of beauty" as write it of the Great War.'

During a long period of trying to secure new members, in a country district, for the League of Nations Union, I hear, again and again, both in the 'big houses' and in the cottages, variations, often very differently expressed, of these two points of view. I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Raymond is nearer to the truth of men's hearts, in this case, than Mr. Galsworthy, and that the lovers of peace will make the serious mistake of underestimating the forces of the enemy if they do not try to meet, counter, and satisfy the emotion of which Mr. Raymond was so deeply conscious. To deny that thousands and thousands of ordinary men who enlisted, at any rate in the early days of the war, 'to save Belgium,' to 'make the world safe for democracy,' felt what Mr. Raymond describes is to miss the true inner meaning, the sudden and bright significance of that great act of heroism. Mr. Raymond has missed it. And Mr. Galsworthy has missed it even more completely. It seems to me of immense importance that we should realize what are the strongest weapons of the forces that fight against peace, and that they are forged by man's higher, not by his lower, nature.

When Mr. Raymond attributes a terrible beauty to war he does so from a deep, dangerous, and very prevalent confusion of ideas — he gives to war the beauty which attends on self-sacrifice. But Mr. Galsworthy is wrong in denying that beauty of self-sacrifice to war: it *does* belong to it — but only incidentally, not of necessity.

Man is in himself a contradiction, a balance of opposites. He is an animal with the self-preserving, self-seeking

instincts of an animal who is fitted to live on this earth and in time; but he has also a soul, — which we may call his higher nature, if we choose, — which has other needs than those that can be gratified by self-seeking, which compels him to desire to live by other standards than those of the natural man, and which is always, unless suppressed by custom, fear, or selfishness, aspiring toward the life outside time, the life of eternity.

When a man cares so much for something outside himself and his own interests, something which he believes to be good and true, that he is willing to give up everything that the natural man longs for and knows to be necessary, even the life of the body itself, he finds suddenly that he knows what was meant by the mysterious dominical saying, 'He that loseth his life . . . shall find it.' When he has, by his own will, chosen, if need be, to sacrifice his natural life, he realizes that he has found his supernatural life; and, perhaps again, perhaps for the first time, he knows that this is his *real* life, that only now is he truly and absolutely happy, only now, as Mr. Raymond says, is he 'living *deep*.'

The soldier, as Ruskin insisted, is not a man who goes out to war to kill, but a man who goes out to war prepared to die, and it is this truth that gives to war its most lasting authority. I do not think that Mr. Galsworthy is right even about the Black Death. To those who feared it and fled from it, it was indeed pure horror and ugliness, but to those who joined the Brothers of the Misericordia, who were prepared to lose their lives in order to tend the sick and bury the dead, I am sure there was a terrible, a supernatural beauty even in the plague.

We can never successfully fight war if we deny this truth. To lay stress on war's horrors, its dangers, its beastliness, its uselessness, its terrible sufferings, is good and necessary, but it is not enough, particularly with young people, who will be the soldiers of the future. It is very difficult to make young people realize horrors that they have not experienced, but those of them who are sensitive enough to appreciate the horrors may also be brave enough to be inspired by them. The courage of youth is partly ignorance, but also partly that magnificent quality in human nature, or at least in that part of humanity whose hearts are brave, which grows stronger as the odds grow heavier. Readers of Mr. Chesterton's noble *Ballad of the White Horse* do not doubt the psychological truth of the incident in which Alfred the Saxon, Mark the Roman, and Colin the Gael are inspired to make their last desperate stand against the Danish invaders by the message, 'That the sky grows darker yet, And the sea rises higher.'

We can but acknowledge that this strange losing of the natural life and finding of the supernatural *can* be found in war, but we can also point out that it is found far better in peace, that it is found less frequently in war, for there men are constantly being pulled back to their lowest natures by the terrible need of killing, or the horror and ugliness, the monotony, suffering, and exhaustion of war. It is an achievement that artists, scientists, mystics, missionaries of all kinds, all who give up their lives to the service of God, of truth, or of their fellow men, may find in their daily work. Yet for the great majority of men, who must spend their lives working for their livelihood and that of their families, who have not a great or trained religious sense, it is not easy to take that perilous passage from the natural life to the life above nature. Nothing forces them to see its truth and its validity so effectively as the sudden terrible necessity of war. Then

they *must* choose, and they find that they care for justice, for mercy, for their country, their fellow men, their homes, enough to be willing to die for them.

Still, as Mr. Galsworthy pointed out, 'men do not go to war to gratify or fulfil themselves'; they are not usually so egotistic as that. But we cannot blame them if, when their governments declare war, they grasp the chance to express their higher nature, their longing to devote self to something greater than self, with a terrible joy. I do not think, however, that the majority of men will ever try to make war, to urge their governments toward anything so conclusively proved to be disastrous to conqueror and conquered, any more than I believe they will retrogress toward the blood feuds that continued, until very recent days, in the Appalachian Mountains, where the power of the courts did not run. If we can perfect and put into action the machinery for keeping the peace and avoiding war between nations, if the governments will but in time learn, or be forced, to turn, as private individuals do, to legal means of settling a quarrel instead of organized murder, I do not think we need fear that the ordinary man will insist on war for the development of his higher nature, any more than he now insists on the blood feud or even the duel. But we who long for peace and work for peace must not forget that if we deny that man's higher nature can be expressed in war we may make the ordinary man feel that pacificists are an ignoble and blinded lot.

How then can we fight this power of war, this 'awful validity of beauty' which it has? Only, I fear, slowly and by degrees, and, as in every other reform, by increasing men's knowledge, by impressing on men's minds, till it becomes a part of their instinctive mental processes, that war is too wicked, too cruel, too wasteful to be made the vehicle of that validity and that beauty. War is too poor a cause to be *worth* dying in — one must make this ultimate sacrifice for and find that terrible beauty in peace and not in war. We must desire peace as a positive thing, not as a mere negative absence of war, but rather as a glorious war, the only war possible for civilized people, a war against slums, poverty, ignorance, cruelty, and injustice, a war in which man may, without any shame or hesitation, sacrifice his natural, selfish, greedy, ease-loving life and find the beauty, the power, and the truth of that supernatural life of love.

SELLING SHORT

The Morals and Economics of Margins

BY THOMAS NIXON CARVER

I

Of all the transactions which take place on the great stock and produce exchanges, that which is known as 'short selling' seems most mysterious. Perhaps that is why it is popularly regarded with so much suspicion. Certainly more hostile legislation is aimed at short selling than at anything else which takes place on the exchanges.

In the widest possible sense you sell short when you sell something of which you are 'short.' You are short of what you sell if you do not own it, or if you do not own as much of it as you sell. There is, however, a narrower and more specialized meaning of short selling. You are short in this special sense if you sell something which you cannot possibly deliver, or more of it than you can possibly deliver. It is this specialized form of short selling which does whatever mischief is done, and against which popular criticism, if it is discriminating, is aimed. It is useless, not to say disingenuous, to confuse the issue by trying to divert attention from this form of short selling to the other forms.

Ordinarily it would be regarded, both by popular and by expert judgment, as fraudulent to sell or contract to sell something which you cannot possibly deliver. The sharper who sells or pretends to sell the State House to a greenhorn is a short seller in this sense. It is fraudulent because, of course, he does not intend to deliver what he has sold. If haled into court he could not successfully plead that he fully intended to fulfill his contract, because everybody would know that he could not do so even if he wanted to.

There is really no comparison between this sharper and the wheat grower who sells or contracts to sell his crop before it is harvested, the tailor who contracts to sell a suit of clothes before it is made, or a factory which sells its product before it is manufactured. On the stock exchanges, however, it is possible not only to buy more than you can possibly pay for, but also to sell for immediate delivery not only what you do not own but more than you can possibly deliver. Both these feats are made possible by the highly developed system of buying and selling on margins.

II

There are two legally recognized forms of short selling on the exchanges — first, selling for future delivery, and second, selling for immediate delivery. Selling for future delivery is the prevailing form on the produce exchanges. It is called 'trading in futures.' Selling for immediate delivery is the prevailing form on the stock exchanges. Immediate delivery is commonly defined as

delivery before 2.15 P.M. on the day following the sale.

Selling for future delivery presents no real difficulty to the understanding. It will be noticed that all cases of short selling of their own products by producers are sales, or contracts to sell, for future and not for immediate delivery. One may contract to deliver at some future time a thing which he does not now possess, provided he knows that he can either produce it or buy it in time to make the delivery. Such a transaction is easily understood and excites no suspicion. Such is the case of the dairyman who sells his milk, or contracts to deliver it, at a stipulated price, long before it is produced.

The speculator on the produce exchange who contracts to sell at some future time wheat which he does not own and does not intend to grow is also a short seller. He is not quite like either the sharper or the wheat grower who sells his own crop short, though he resembles the grower more closely than the sharper. While he does not have and does not intend to grow the wheat which he has contracted to deliver, he may have reason to believe that he can fulfill his contract if the buyer wants him to. He may, when the time comes, buy wheat on the market and deliver it to the buyer and thus defraud nobody. If, however, he has contracted to deliver more wheat than he has money enough or credit enough to buy, he may find himself in a tight place. If someone should corner the market by getting control of all the wheat, and through this control should be able to dictate prices, the short seller might find it very expensive to fulfill his contract. He is in a position to be 'squeezed.' 'Squeezing the shorts' is a pleasant pastime for those who are so situated that they can thus amuse or enrich themselves. It is fair to say, however, that it is seldom successfully done.

Why is short selling almost wholly confined to the exchanges? All legally recognized forms of short selling on a large scale are limited to special classes of commodities. Such commodities are sometimes called 'fungible goods' by lawyers and other learned persons. Fungible goods are goods which are so thoroughly graded and classified as to make the units interchangeable. One unit is exactly as desirable to the buyer as any other. The buyer of such goods does not care to pick and choose, but is willing to take the specified quantity of the specified grade without inspection or choice. The buyer of wheat, for example, on the produce exchange merely specifies the number of bushels and the grade and does not care to examine the wheat in the elevator where it is stored. If he does not specify the grade, a certain grade is assumed under the rules of the board of trade. This method of trading is possible also with cotton, corn, and everything else which is traded in on the produce exchanges. It is equally possible on the stock exchange. One share of a given issue of a given corporation is exactly as good as any other share of the same issue. The seller's contract can be fulfilled by the delivery of the specified number of shares without regard to the individual shares that are delivered.

This method of trading is not possible with other classes of commodities. The buyer of a house, for example, wants a particular house. The seller cannot fulfill his contract by delivering a house of the same grade and general description. The owner of such a house may, of course, sell it for future delivery. When he does so, he is not selling short — that is, he is not selling something which he does not own. No other person would dare sell that house short, either for present or for future delivery, without first having a binding

contract from the owner. If anyone proceeded, without such a contract, to sell short a house which he did not own, the owner could squeeze that short seller to his heart's content. He could merely refuse to sell except at his own price. The short seller would have to pay that price or break his contract. The owner would, in that case, have a more effective corner on what the short seller had sold than any operator ever succeeded in getting on the produce or stock exchange. The same rule will apply to all commodities which are not sold on grade. On the great exchanges, the short seller is not limited to specific units when he delivers what he has sold. He is permitted to deliver a specific quantity made up of any units which he can get. This fact is what makes speculative short selling possible. The short seller knows that, unless someone should get a corner by acquiring the entire available supply, he can fulfill his contract. He can fulfill it by going on the market, buying the quantity which he formerly sold, and delivering it to the buyer.

A transaction in futures proceeds somewhat as follows: Two men, to whom we will attach the surnames of Buyer and Seller, strike a bargain on some day in the autumn or early winter. Seller contracts with Buyer to sell ten thousand bushels of wheat for $1.20 a bushel, agreeing to deliver the wheat in the following May. Buyer agrees to pay for the wheat when it is delivered. Seller does not have any wheat, but he has every reason to believe that he can get it in time to deliver it in May. Buyer does not want the wheat either now or in May, but he agrees to take it and to pay for it anyway. That is the form of the agreement. In form, at least, it is a valid contract. Either party can hold the other to a literal fulfillment of the agreement.

If, in May, the price of wheat should have fallen to $1.15 a bushel, Seller could then buy it at that price and deliver it to Buyer, according to the terms of the contract, receiving $1.20 a bushel, thus making a profit of five cents a bushel. If, on the other hand, the price should have risen to $1.25 in May, Seller would still be bound by his contract. He would have to buy it at $1.25 and deliver it at $1.20 a bushel, thus losing five cents a bushel or $500 on the whole deal.

Why do they do that? For the same reason that men bet on a horse race — that is, because of a difference of opinion. Each expects to make money by backing his opinion as to the course of wheat prices. Seller expects to make money because he thinks that wheat in May will sell for less than $1.20. Buyer expects to make money because he thinks that wheat in May will sell for more than $1.20. When the last of May arrives, it is easy for them to calculate which has won, and how much. Seller does not need to go to the trouble of actually buying wheat on the market and delivering it to Buyer. The loser merely hands the winner a check for the amount lost by the one and won by the other.

III

There can be no real difference of opinion as to the essential nature of a transaction of this kind. It is as definitely a gambling contract as a bet on the outcome of a horse race or a throw of dice. It must be approved or disapproved on precisely the same grounds as other forms of gambling. While it goes through the form of a purchase and sale, the participants know, and everyone else knows, that there is no more merchandising about it than there is in a crap game. The difficulty is that there are also many real sales of real grain on the exchange

which perform a real merchandising function. The form of the contract is precisely the same in the case of a gambling as in that of a merchandising contract. Only the omniscient searcher of hearts can tell, in any individual case, whether the seller really intends to deliver and the buyer to receive the grain or not. If haled into court, both buyer and seller can protest that it is a real purchase and sale, the one that he intends to receive and the other that he intends to deliver the grain. In this respect, they have a great advantage over the participants in a game of craps who are similarly haled into court. The real nature of the transaction is not determined by legal forms, but by the motives which are behind it.

This is the kind of transaction against which much proposed and some actual legislation has been aimed. The Cotton and Grain Futures Act, which was before Congress in 1926, attempted to stop it. This act would have forbidden the transmission of any message through any government or interstate agency offering to sell cotton or grain unless the sender of such message could establish his intention to make delivery. He would have been compelled to furnish an affidavit that he was either the owner or the grower of the grain or cotton offered, and that he intended to deliver it if sold.

They who have a moral aversion to betting in all its forms will naturally try to justify the purpose of such legislation even though they regard it as futile. With the moral aspects of the question we are not here concerned. It has its economic aspects, however, and they are important. Above all, it will not help the cause of reform to accuse those who participate in this form of gambling of crimes which they have not committed. It is argued, for example, by the friends of the farmer that short selling must necessarily depress the price of farm products. They point out, correctly, that every day more wheat is sold than there is in sight, and every month several times as much is sold as there is in existence. They argue that this selling of more wheat than there is in existence must necessarily depress the price of wheat.

This argument, however, is canceled by the fact that there is just as much buying as selling. Every time a bushel is sold, that same bushel is bought. If several times as much is sold as there is in existence, it is also true that several times as much is bought as there is in existence. There is exactly as much overbuying as overselling. If overselling depresses the price, overbuying should raise the price. The argument is as broad as it is long, at least in normal times. The general level of prices, over long periods of time, is not affected. The most that can possibly be said is that fluctuations are made more violent.

In fact, the argument is used in both ways. When prices are depressed, the blame is laid on the short sellers. When they are too high to suit buyers and consumers, the blame is laid on the long buyers — that is, the buyers who buy more than they can pay for or more than they expect to have delivered. When, in the early years of this century, we began to be agitated by the rising cost of living, we were frequently reminded that every day more grain and other produce were bought on the produce exchanges than there were in sight. This, rather than the increasing supply of gold, was given as the cause of high prices. Again, during the World War, inflated prices were sometimes blamed on long buying by speculators, rather than on the inflation of the currency. A more reasonable explanation in either case was that these changes in gold and the currency caused the rise in prices and

that the long buyers were merely trying to make money by betting on the rise.

Another fact to be remembered is that the short seller of to-day becomes a buyer, potentially at least, at some later date. If he intends to deliver what he has sold, he must become a real buyer when the time comes to deliver. If it is a 'wash sale,' — that is, if there is no intention to deliver, — he is at least as much of a buyer at the end of the transaction as he was a seller at the beginning. Over long periods of time, therefore, the short seller cancels himself. If he had any influence on the market when he sold, he must have a counteracting influence when he buys. In normal times, at least, these wash sales have no more influence on the market than straight and uncamouflaged betting would have. The results are just the same as though farmer Jones said to farmer Brown, 'I'll bet a dollar that wheat will sell for a dollar twenty or better in May,' and farmer Brown should reply, 'I'll bet a dollar that it will not.'

But how about abnormal situations such as a speculative boom or a panic? May not long buying accentuate the boom and short selling the panic? A boom is a time when there are few sellers at existing prices, most owners holding their stuff for a higher price; and when there are many buyers at existing prices, each non-owner being anxious to become an owner in order to sell again at a higher price. Under such conditions prices must rise enough to induce owners to sell as much as buyers will buy. A panic is just the opposite. It is a time when there are few buyers at existing prices, most potential buyers waiting for a fall of prices, and many sellers, each owner anxious to sell before the fall. Under such conditions prices must fall enough to induce buyers to buy as much as owners will sell. Even if we were to assume that which is probably not true, — namely, that long buying and short selling accentuate the ups and downs of prices, — it would seem that the long buyers were fully as much to blame as the short sellers.

It is true that at the height of a boom, when dealers are becoming a little nervous as to the stability of the price level, a sudden wave of short selling may seem to break the market. It always accompanies a sudden wave of real selling by real owners, and this is what does the mischief. Granting, however, for the sake of argument, that a combination of real selling by owners who have something to sell and of short selling by gamblers who have nothing to sell is worse than a wave of selling by owners alone, it is still possible to show that short sellers do no more harm than long buyers. Long buyers, especially those who have nominally bought more than they can pay for, — that is, have bought heavily on margins, — are a factor of instability. When prices start sharply downward, they, the long buyers, are the ones who become panicky. They must sell quickly or lose their margins — which means bankruptcy. If they had paid for what they bought, they would not be in so dangerous a position, nor would they need to be in such haste to sell. They would still own what they had bought and, whatever its value, it would be theirs. While short sellers may have something to do with starting a slump in prices, it is the long buyers on margins who make it a panic. With them it is *sauve qui peut*.

To repeat, therefore, long buyers are quite as much to blame as short sellers for anything which occurs on the exchanges.

Popular approval and disapproval, however, are not thus evenly distributed. The long buyer is more popular than the short seller, the bull than the

bear, the booster than the knocker. The reasons are psychological rather than economic. The statement attributed to George Peabody, that the man who was persistently a bear on America was headed for inevitable bankruptcy, was only an expression of confidence in America. It was not intended as a condemnation, either on economic or on moral grounds, of bearishness, nor as an approval of bullishness. The advice, attributed to the elder Morgan, 'Don't sell America short,' was a similar expression of confidence and in no sense a condemnation of short selling in general.

The short seller is, of course, a bear from the time he sells until he has bought again to deliver what he sold. He hopes that prices will go down instead of up, and he will do all he can to make them go down. He has already sold and now wants to buy at a lower price. From now on he is a potential buyer and not a seller, and therefore a bear. They who have something to sell naturally want prices to go up. They therefore hate all bears and love all bulls. But they who want to invest their money — that is, to buy things — have an equally good reason for desiring that prices should be low. They therefore have as much reason for hating bulls and loving bears as the sellers have for the opposite feeling. For some reason, however, they who have something to sell have always been the loud hawkers. Those who are looking for something to buy never make quite so much noise. Sellers manage to maintain the superiority of ballyhoo. Wherever noise counts, it is on the side of the bulls and against the bears.

Again, producers want high prices and consumers low prices. Producers therefore love the bulls and hate the bears. Consumers might be expected equally to hate the bulls and love the bears. For some strange reason, consumers are not so vocal in their likes and dislikes as are the producers. This difference shows itself in tariff controversies as well as in the relative popularity of bulls and bears. The producers who want high prices manage to make more noise than the consumers who want low prices.

The heavier barrage is maintained by those who tell people that the way to prosper is to buy and consume more than their incomes will pay for, using the installment plan, rather than by those who tell people that the way to prosper is to live within their incomes and invest the surplus wisely. Lavish buying and overconsumption tend to bull the market for the moment, though they always produce a bearish reaction later. Prudent buying and rational consumption tend to prevent a boom and are disliked by the hawkers of toy balloons, automobiles, stocks, and real estate. Of course, prudent buying means more money to spend later on, but that does not interest the present boomers. This same psychology leads to an approval of the long buyer, and a disapproval of the short seller. The man who buys more than he can possibly pay for is mistakenly supposed to be helping business.

If the short seller becomes, psychologically at least, a bear as soon as he sells short, it is equally true that a little later, in the very act of buying in order to fulfill his contract, his actions tend to bull the market. No one ever sells short unless he thinks the price is too high to last. He inevitably buys again when he thinks that the price is as low as it is likely to get. If, therefore, the short seller has any influence whatever on prices, it is to steady them — that is, to depress them when they are high, and to lift them when low.

If the long buyer has any influence

whatever on prices, it is to unsteady the market. He keeps on buying even when prices are high, and is forced to sell when they begin to fall. He is forced to sell because he buys more than he can possibly pay for. That is, he spends all his money on margins, buying more than he could buy if he paid the full price. As soon as a fall in prices starts, he is forced to sell. However, there is no clear and adequate reason for believing that either speculative short selling or speculative long buying has any influence on prices. The real sellers and buyers, who bring real wheat into the market and take it off the market, are the ones who determine prices. The others merely bet on the outcome. They may make the buying and selling a little more fast and furious, and the fluctuations of price may show themselves more promptly. Quotations may change from minute to minute, instead of from day to day, as the result of this fast and furious bidding. Aside from this, their activities have about as much effect on the course of the market as Chanticleer's crowing had on the rising of the sun.

Short selling for future delivery by real producers is sometimes a means of reducing risk. The dairyman who contracts for his milk in advance at least knows what he is going to get. One risk is eliminated. So with manufacturers and other producers who can manage to sell in advance. These, of course, all expect to deliver what they have sold. Manufacturers and shippers sometimes manage to insure themselves by selling short what they never intend to deliver. This is called 'hedging.' A miller or a cotton manufacturer who buys wheat or cotton to supply his mill runs the risk of a fall in the prices of his finished product before it is manufactured. He can insure against that by the simple device of selling short as much raw material as he has bought. No matter how the market goes, he can neither win nor lose by a change in the price of his raw material. That risk is eliminated, and he can give his mind to other things. The manufacturer can therefore insure himself by selling short in either of two ways. First, he can sell his product before it is produced; second, he can hedge — that is, sell short as much raw material as he buys. Both these forms of short selling, however, came under the general head of selling for future delivery. It is difficult to see how one can insure one's self by selling for immediate delivery.

IV

Let us now turn to the other method of short selling — namely, selling for immediate delivery as it is practised on the stock exchange. Anyone can see how it is possible to sell short for future delivery so long as one can buy the commodity in time to make the delivery. The lay mind has a little difficulty in seeing how one can sell short for immediate delivery. How can one sell and deliver at once that which he does not own? Of course he can't, but he can pretend to. We may as well admit at once that there is a good deal of subterfuge and pretense about the whole business. The rules of the stock exchange require that the seller of shares shall actually deliver them. The short seller seems to accomplish this feat through the connivance and coöperation of his broker. The broker simply borrows the stock and delivers it to the buyer. So far as the buyer is concerned, delivery has been made. He or his broker has the stock, and if he is a real buyer 'subsequent proceedings' need interest him no more. The seller, his broker, and the lender of the stock can attend to the rest of the transaction.

The process of short selling for immediate delivery proceeds somewhat as follows. Seller decides that Python Steel is selling too high. It is quoted at 98, whereas current earnings would not justify a price of more than 85. On the basis of anticipated earnings the bulls have pushed the price up. Seller decides that these anticipated earnings are only imaginary and that the market is likely soon to find it out. He therefore orders Broker to sell a hundred shares at the market price.

Since Seller has n't any Python Steel stock to deliver to Buyer, Broker must, before 2.15 the next day, borrow a hundred shares from someone and deliver them. It is Broker's business to know, among other things, where stock of all kinds can be borrowed. He succeeds in borrowing the hundred shares from Lender and delivers them to Buyer or his agent. In order to borrow them, Broker has to deposit their full price, $9800, with Lender.

This may look as though Broker had bought the hundred shares from Lender, but he has not. He has only borrowed the shares and lent Lender the money. In the first place, Broker will receive interest on the $9800 which he has deposited with Lender. In the second place, Lender can call for a return of the stock at any time by returning the $9800, and Broker can demand his $9800 at any time by returning the borrowed stock — that is, an equal number of shares of the same issue. In the third place, if the market price of the stock goes up, Broker must deposit more money with Lender, enough to cover the added value. If the market price of the stock goes down, Broker can demand a part of his money back. He only needs to keep the actual price of the stock on deposit with Lender.

In order to compensate Broker for his time and trouble, Seller must pay Broker a commission. In order to eliminate as far as possible all risk to Broker, Seller must put up a margin — say $25 a share, or $2500 altogether. This is necessary to protect Broker, because the stock may go up instead of down as Seller had expected. If the price goes up, Seller is certain to lose unless he defaults. Broker takes no chances on Seller's defaulting. That is why he requires Seller to put up a margin before taking a single step. If the price of Python Steel rises less than $25 a share, Broker is still protected by the $25 margin. If it shows signs of rising more than $25 a share, Broker demands more margin from Seller. If Seller is too slow in responding, Broker, on his own initiative, buys a hundred shares of Python Steel, hands them to Lender, and gets his $9800 back. That closes the transaction between Broker and Lender.

Broker now has to settle with Seller. If he had to pay $123 a share for Python Steel, the stock cost him $12,300. This would lose him $2500 if he were not protected by Seller's $2500 margin, which he keeps. As it is, he may lose his commission, but to guard against that he probably bought, unless he was pretty slow, before Python Steel quite reached $123.

Whenever Seller decides, on his own initiative, that it is time for him to close the deal, he merely informs Broker of his decision — that is, he orders Broker to buy 100 shares of Python Steel. Broker buys them, hands them to Lender in return for those formerly borrowed, gets back his $9800, or whatever he has deposited with Lender, and then proceeds to settle with Seller. If the price has fallen, as Seller hoped, Broker paid less than $9800, say $9000, for the shares which he bought. This leaves $800 profit on the transaction. Broker deducts his commission from this $800 and hands the balance, along

with the $2500 margin, back to Seller. If, on the other hand, the price has gone up, Broker will deduct the loss and his commission from Seller's $2500 margin, and hand the balance back to Seller. That closes the whole deal.

The whole organization of the stock exchange is so designed as to make it as easy as possible for men to gamble. The once famous Louisiana lottery was not better designed for the stupendous and lucrative business of separating fools from their money. Yet it would be absurd to say that the stock exchange is a den of thieves or a gambling hell. Much legitimate business, without which the country could not prosper, is done there. The commissions of brokers, however, are greatly swollen by the gambling which is done, and a broker would as soon have a gambler's money as any other person's. So long as it is profitable to cater to the gambling spirit, brokers may be expected not only to make it easy for men to gamble, but to lure them on. Any reform must come, if it comes at all, from the outside; but the evil is so well hidden by the good as to make reform from the outside exceedingly difficult.

The apologists for this kind of gambling sometimes try to confuse the issue by using as a blind the owner of stocks who lives a long way from New York. If he wants to sell on the New York Stock Exchange he must, of course, deliver his stock there. If he sells by wire and cannot get his stock to New York by 2.15 of the day following the sale, he is declared to be a short seller. As a matter of fact, he is nothing of the kind. No dictum of the stock exchange can make a thing true if it is not true — powerful as that organization may be. He is not selling or trying to sell something which he does not own.

The rules of the exchange require his broker, to whom he has wired his order to sell, to treat his order precisely as he would treat the order of one who was selling something which he did not own. That is, the broker must borrow enough stock in either case to make delivery by 2.15 the next day. That, however, is merely a matter of arbitrary stock-exchange rules. It does not affect the real nature of the sale in either case. The short seller who goes through the form of selling for immediate delivery what he does not own is a gambler. The owner who sells his own property which, because of distance, he cannot deliver until after 2.15 the next day is not even a short seller, much less a gambler.

It would not be impossible to plan a zoning system and permit delivery at later hours by real owners who live at a distance from New York. It would be still easier to call the seller who lives a long way off a seller for future delivery. What motive has the New York Stock Exchange, or the brokers, for doing this? None whatever. Why should they distinguish between gamblers on the one hand and real buyers and sellers on the other? A gambler's money is as good as an investor's. Why should the Wall Street crowd try to stop gambling? They have the same reason that the owners of a lottery or a gambling den have — namely, none at all. If brokers, either individually or as a whole, were to limit themselves to legitimate business with real buyers and sellers, their commissions would be much smaller than now. Unless they have moral scruples against gambling, they have no reason for thus reducing their own incomes.

The short seller on the stock exchange is in no sense a producer trying to insure himself by selling his product before it is produced or by hedging to cover a possible fall in the price of his raw material. On the other hand, he is

not to be blamed for what he does not do. His effect on market prices is negligible. He is to be judged precisely as other gamblers are to be judged, for he is nothing else. The same may be said of the long buyer who merely puts up a margin for the purpose of betting on the market and not for the purpose of buying and paying for what he buys. However, it is one thing to show that the hypothetical short seller and long buyer are gamblers. It is a different thing to say who among the multitude of buyers and sellers are real buyers and sellers and who are gamblers. The sheep and the goats all look alike.

There is a strictly economic aspect of gambling. A certain amount of human energy and intelligence is expended in gambling which might otherwise be expended in productive work. That is a distinct loss to the nation and to the world. Again, while professional gamblers, as a class, may not gain any money from one another in the long run, the losses balancing the gains, they do gain something from the inexpert — the lambs. Even if the lambs were on the average as rich as the professionals, it could be demonstrated that their losses as measured in real utility are greater than the gains to the professionals. If two men, A and B, hazard their fortunes, which we will assume to be equal, on a game of chance or a turn of the market, one will double his fortune while the other will lose his. The one who loses his fortune deprives himself and his family of the necessaries of life. The one who doubles his fortune only provides himself and his family with an equal amount of luxuries and superfluities. The loss in utility to the loser's family is really greater than the gain to the winner's family even though in dollars the gain equals the loss. The difference is accentuated if we assume, which is probably true, that the inexperienced losers — the lambs — are, on the average, less rich than the experienced or professional winners.

It is not improbable that many people are now, since the Wall Street debacle, convinced of the evils of gambling. If, perchance, it should lead many to return to the paths of economic righteousness, the panic will not be an unmitigated loss. 'The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be.'

The issue is sometimes confused by insisting that every producer is a gambler and that the farmer takes long chances whenever he plants a crop. But the chances which he takes are unavoidable incidents to the essential work of production. If nobody took such chances we should all starve. No such dire calamity would follow if no one took such chances on cards, craps, or roulette. The chances taken by those who bet on such things are not the unavoidable risks of any kind of productive enterprise. The world would be vastly worse off if no farmer were willing to take the unavoidable chances on bad weather and other disasters which he must take if he plants a crop. The world would be better off if they who gamble on nonproductive hazards would devote their time and energy to productive work and assume the unavoidable hazards of such work.

The hazards assumed by the farmer are, in this respect, like those assumed by the merchant, the manufacturer, and every other useful person. They are all unavoidable incidents to productive work. Real producers try to avoid them as much as they can by extreme care and watchfulness, and also by various forms of insurance. The insurance company avoids risk by applying the law of large numbers. It really runs no risk, or at least very little. If its calculations are accurate, it can predict with a high approximation to certainty what its income and expenditures will

be. At the same time, it relieves the individual of a great deal of risk and uncertainty. The net result of sound insurance is that the unavoidable risks of production are considerably reduced but not eliminated.

V

As suggested earlier in this article, it is the practice of buying and selling on margins, rather than that of buying long or selling short, which does whatever harm is done. One might spend his whole fortune in buying something for the sole purpose of selling it again and not bankrupt himself, if he would only buy as much as he could pay for. Even though the price should fall to half what he paid, he would still have half his fortune left. On the other hand, if he spends all his money on margins, a relatively slight fall in the price of what he bought might leave him without a cent. This is not offset by the fact that if the price goes up he gains more if he has spent all his money on margins than if he has spent it on a complete purchase. One does not gain as much in utility if he doubles his fortune as he loses if he loses his fortune. If he gains, he only gains the ability to buy luxuries and superfluities; whereas if he loses, he loses the ability to buy necessaries. He hazards necessaries on even terms against superfluities, and that is never a good bet. In terms of utility, the odds are always against the gambler, and the more he bets the more the odds are against him.

Similarly, one might sell short without endangering his solvency if he only sold as much as he could produce in time for settlement, or buy if he could not produce it. This is what is done by the producer who sells his crop short, and by the manufacturer or shipper who hedges. The short seller who puts all his money on margins is in a dangerous position. True, if he gains, he gains more in dollars — and if he loses, he loses more in dollars — by this process than by the other. But, as shown above, his losses exceed his gains if measured in utility instead of in dollars.

Buying and selling on margins is what causes so many bankruptcies in times when markets are unstable. Losses and gains there would be if men could not deal in margins, but not so many stupendous fortunes and complete bankruptcies. So long as brokers will finance buyers and sellers who want to plunge by buying or selling more than they can pay for or deliver, and so long as banks and other agencies will finance the brokers through brokers' loans, we shall probably have plungers. So long as we have plungers we shall have large winners and heavy losers. Then we shall have the mathematical certainty that the losers will lose more in utility than the winners gain, which means a net social loss.

So far as the theoretical aspects of the problem are concerned, the case is clear. The producer who sells his own product before it is produced, though technically a short seller, is not a gambler. He is trying to eliminate one hazard and to avoid gambling on one of the chances which he must take. The producer or the shipper who hedges by selling short is likewise no gambler. He is trying to eliminate another hazard and to avoid gambling on one of the chances which he must take. The owner of stock who lives at a distance from New York is neither a short seller nor a gambler when he sells his own property on the New York Exchange, even though he cannot conform to the arbitrary ruling of that exchange as to the exact time of delivery. The investor who buys stock, paying in cash only a part of the price of what he buys, intending to complete the purchase and

receive and hold the stock, is a real buyer. Though he may technically be called a long buyer, and though he runs considerable risk of a fall in the price of what he buys, still he is not a gambler in the same sense in which the ordinary long buyer is. He is a real buyer who is using his credit. All those who go through the form of buying and selling but never receive or deliver, or even intend to receive or deliver, are gamblers as clearly and definitely as though they did not even go through the form of buying and selling, but merely bet on the market, the weather, the election, or any other contingency.

The practical question, however, is quite different from the theoretical question. The practical question is what to do about it. Shall we attempt to prohibit such transactions, knowing how difficult it is to prohibit anything, or shall we let the fool killer do his perfect work? When we find, as in the case of the long buyer, that it is impossible to tell whether he is a real buyer who is paying a part of the price in cash or a gambler who is merely hazarding his margin on a change in the market with no intention of buying, we may decide that it is better not to try to prohibit long buying. The same rule may well apply to short selling for future delivery. It may not be easy to distinguish between the producer who wants to insure himself either by hedging or by selling his product before it is finished and the one who is merely hazarding his margin on the opinion that the price will fall. In all these cases the tares and the wheat look so much alike to the physical eye as to be indistinguishable. We may decide that it is best to let the tares alone, lest we uproot the wheat at the same time.

There is something to be said, on the other hand, for a repressive law merely as an expression of public disapproval, even though it is powerless to repress. That is the chief reason for laws against prostitution and some of the more furtive forms of gambling. No one pretends that these laws are well enforced, or that it would be possible to enforce them. On the other hand, it is not seriously proposed that such laws should be repealed, much less that the government should in any way reverse its attitude of disapproval.

Short selling for immediate delivery presents a somewhat clearer case, but it is not free from difficulty. The short seller could at least say, and truthfully, that he is no worse than the long buyer. He could also say, and probably he would say, falsely, that he was no worse than the producer who sells his own product for future delivery, the hedger who insures himself, or the seller of stock who lives west of Chicago. He could say a great many things which would be confusing to non-analytical minds and to minds which were not familiar with the casuistry of nullification and evasion. The issue would become as perplexing and confusing as other prohibitory laws. That being the case, perhaps the best rule to follow is *Caveat venditor.*

PENSIONS, CHARITY, AND OLD AGE

BY WALTER S. GIFFORD

I

WHEN the Governor of New York appointed a commission to study the advisability of an old-age pension paid by the state, he stimulated the general discussion of this problem. He did more. He questioned the present system of American social work.

There has grown up in the United States a science of caring for those who for any reason cannot care for themselves. The essence of this science is that each case shall have personal and individual treatment by people trained to discriminate. Individual and discriminating attention must be supported by private funds, for the state cannot discriminate. State aid for those who cannot care for themselves must be dispensed under general rules. This is the more common method abroad, where governmental action penetrates into and regulates the activities of the people far more than here.

It is worth while, therefore, when confronted with an agitation for state old-age pensions, to inquire first just what is the condition of the aged in this prosperous country and what is now done for those who cannot care for themselves; and secondly whether, if more should be done, it could not be done by the American system of discriminating attention. If it is proved that our own system will not meet this problem, then perhaps we must accept the solution of the old-age problem that has been largely accepted abroad, where not only the economic condition but the whole conception of life is different.

The American system of social work has developed to a very high degree without being generally very well understood. It is not usually realized how much it differs from the governmental pensions, charities, and doles in many parts of Europe, nor how much it differs from the common practice in the United States fifty years ago. Even a considerable number of the people who actually support it do not thoroughly understand the philosophy on which it is based.

'What per cent of the money that is given to charity actually reaches the poor?'

This is a rather common question even among people who support charities fairly generously. Yet it indicates a lack of understanding of the revolution which has occurred in charitable work in the last fifty years, for the ambition of American charity, which is obviously still far from realized, is so to arrange matters that relief doled out in the form of money will seldom be needed.

The object of the anti-tuberculosis campaigns is to prevent the spread of the disease and, where that fails, to catch the cases early and arrest them so that the patient can go on with more or less normal activities. When all else fails it may become necessary to give money to patients in whom the disease has gone so far that they cannot work. But the amount of money given patients would be rather the measure of

the failure of the main part of the campaign than a test of the effectiveness of anti-tuberculosis work.

I have also heard people ask the question in another form: 'What is the percentage of overhead in the expenses of societies engaged in caring for the poor?'

The answer is to the same effect. The more overhead the better, if the job is successful. That is, of course, if in overhead are classed all expenditures except the money that reaches the poor in cash.

'Do you mean to say,' the skeptical ask, 'that it is a good job when it costs $75,000 in welfare workers' salaries and in rent to give away $25,000?' Of course not, and the $75,000 would not be spent in giving away the $25,000. The $75,000 would be spent in showing poor families how to get on a self-supporting basis and helping them to get there, which is the aim of modern charity. And, again, the $25,000, as necessary as it might be, would be an indication more of the failure of the society's main object than of its success.

II

There are in modern society, as there have always been, misfits and incompetents, who, even in a country as prosperous in general as the United States is, cannot make a living. For them to live, someone has to supplement their efforts with money. There are a great many others, however, who are misfits where they are or incompetent in what they are trying to do, but who nevertheless can fit in somewhere and take care of themselves to their own benefit and society's if they find the right opportunity.

Even among the aged who for one reason or another come to the charitable societies a surprising number can be aided so that their own efforts alone or supplemented by help from their relatives will put them on their feet.

Generally speaking, up to fifty years ago the *laissez faire* doctrine was held concerning poverty as well as business. Each family was supposed to look out for itself and, if it failed, to take the consequences, mitigated by what its members could expect as alms. And that philosophy still gives the greatest incentive and self-respect to those who succeed. But the penalty paid by those who fail is very terrible. The main object of modern social work is to prevent as many failures as possible.

Modern social work owes this conception largely to Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell. As a member of a committee of the State Board of Charities, Mrs. Lowell presented a report in 1881 for the New York City members of the Board. The report was based on a careful study of charitable work in the city. This review of the situation 'led to the irresistible conclusion' that there was at that time 'inevitably great waste of energy, effort, and money owing to the want of coöperation among the societies which administer the charities of New York City,' while the same cause operated 'to encourage among the poor pauperism and degradation.' The State Board of Charities authorized the New York City commissioners 'to take such steps as they may deem wise to inaugurate a system of mutual help and coöperation among the societies engaged in teaching and relieving the poor of the city in their own homes.'

At this time the organizing of charity was in the minds of many. Societies, more or less like the London society, had been formed, — the first in Buffalo, — and by the end of 1881 there were twenty. The committee of the State Board appointed a committee on the organization of charities in the

City of New York, of which Mrs. Lowell was a member. This committee prepared the constitution of the Charity Organization Society and established it in February 1882.

The first object of the Society was 'to form a centre of intercommunication between the various churches and charitable agencies in the city, to foster harmonious coöperation between them, and to check the evils of the overlapping of relief.' Another object was 'to promote the general welfare of the poor by social and sanitary reforms and the inculcation of habits of providence and self-dependence.' From the beginning the emphasis was put upon the careful, sympathetic study of the character and conditions affecting each person referred to the Society for help, to the end that such persons should become independent, self-supporting, and useful citizens. One of the first efforts was to register all applicants for relief, in order that they might not be subjected to the interference of numerous agencies and might not be exposed to the danger of becoming habitual beggars. This was a new emphasis, as was that of the necessity of recognizing that each human being had his own character, his own trials, temptations, and aptitudes, and that it was only by careful study of each person in the light of all his past and of his friends and relations that a wise plan could be made for his betterment.

Among the earliest members of the committees of the Society were Mr. Robert W. De Forest and the late Mr. Otto T. Bannard, who, as young men, thus became intimate friends and associates of Mrs. Lowell and with her developed the philosophy and practice of the Society, Mr. De Forest becoming president a few years later and Mr. Bannard vice president.

Since that time there have been established family-welfare agencies in practically every large city in the United States. The same general philosophy permeates them all. They are, moreover, loosely allied in a national organization which has annual conventions at which common problems and experiences are discussed. Moreover, there is in general a working agreement covering most of the United States, so that if a family that has been under the care of the Family Welfare Society in Boston moves to St. Louis and asks for aid there, the St. Louis Provident Association can get from the Family Welfare Society in Boston the facts in the case. This accomplishes two ends. It helps prevent families who make a profession of trying to impose on charitable agencies from succeeding, and, more important, it aids in helping families that can be helped.

One hundred and ninety-six of these family-case-work societies which reported their income and expenditures to the American Association spent about $13,300,000 in 1927. These societies form the backbone, in a sense, of modern American social effort. However, in number they are but a small percentage of the charitable organizations in the country. The Directory of Social Work for Baltimore and Maryland lists about 1200 agencies, but it includes county and state agencies and, so far as practicable, all agencies in the state. In the Directory of Social Agencies of Boston there are about 1200 agencies, but they include some of the City of New York because these are helpful to Boston people, just as the Baltimore Directory includes New York agencies because they are helpful to Maryland people. In New York the Directory of Social Agencies contains about 1800 agencies.

This represents an amazing and, I believe, unequaled outpouring of voluntary good will. It is a phenomenon

unknown to most ancient civilizations and not altogether common in the world at present. The voluntary organizations devoted to the maintenance and improvement of our civilization are necessary just as business and government are necessary; they constitute an essential element in the warp and woof of the fabric of our particular kind of civilization. They are for the benefit of all classes of society, and include organizations for beautifying towns, often chiefly for the benefit of the well-to-do, museums for the rich as well as the poor, and welfare societies that help the poor to adjust themselves to their environment, as well as endeavor to improve that environment.

III

Our kind of government, universal education, great natural resources, and our enterprising people have made us politically stable and economically prosperous. How much have these voluntary efforts had to do with making the United States a better place to live in and its inhabitants contented and able to function more nearly to the limit of their capacities? And, in particular, how much has the increasingly scientific and effective care of the poor reduced the percentage of human discards from our complicated civilization and reduced the social infection that spreads from large masses of human failures in whom dissatisfaction with society, government, and the world in general is inherent?

A mathematical answer to this question I believe is impossible, as it is with most human problems, but I believe that anyone who looks a little under the surface into modern social work will agree that it is one of the essential elements of American life.

If our social-welfare activities were suddenly abolished, the immediate and serious discontent that would arise would convince those who now give little money, and less time and thought, to this part of our life that it is a part that has to be attended to.

To this some answer: 'All right, I'll give my part, but I don't want my mail cluttered up with constant appeals for this, that, and the other charity. As a business man, I know that this is wasteful. Why don't all these charities get together and save overhead?'

When the different vacuum-cleaner people, automobile sales agents, magazine publishers, hotels, hairdressers, and others stop cluttering up the mail of the busy man or woman, the charity societies will probably quit also, and for the same reason — that it does not pay. Until that time, if the charities stop, the hairdressers and grape-juice venders will get the money and the charities will not.

There is no painless way to give money for one who does not want to give it. The truth is, the really 'hard-boiled' folk do not mind the appeals. It is those people who instinctively recognize that they owe something to these voluntary activities of society who mind them. They are confused by the number and uncertain as to which is the most deserving of their support. But it is a part of our life to have to find out how to decide this question, just as it is part of our life to have to decide which kind of ice machine or radio we are going to buy.

In collectivist, socialist, communist countries all these decisions of life are made for the individual. This is 'the culture of making all things easy,' to which Keyserling devotes an interesting chapter in *Creative Understanding*. As he points out, it is not a creative but a 'liquidating' culture. Nor is it a culture for an individualistic society. In a growing, individualistic country the

individual makes these decisions for himself.

Nor would the simple formula of merger be certain to save overhead or improve the services of the welfare societies. These societies are working with individual human elements each one of which has to be handled differently. There is no standardized method of quantity production possible. Each group of social workers will need the same amount of supervision whatever the scope of the organization they are in, and the bulk of the work is done in units of reasonably efficient size. Of course there are small societies, some perhaps too small to be economically run, just as there are small businesses of that kind. In both fields many of the small enterprises die, and in both fields the small enterprises provide men, women, and ideas essential to their respective fields. There are, of course, combinations and mergers going on among the welfare organizations as there are in business, but the wisdom of such unions depends upon the particular circumstances covering each case. There is no general rule that consolidation is necessarily good in the social field unless one is a believer in the unification of all social work, which would almost inevitably put it in the hands of the state and necessitate its being supported by taxation. The results of this are almost certain to be a reduction of its flexibility and an increase in the number of paid workers.

During the war, the financial necessities of welfare work were greatly increased, and as an emergency measure the community-chest idea — that is, the collection of all the money for all the charities in a given city in one grand drive — spread rapidly over the country. After the money had been collected the directors of the community chest divided it among the different charities. Everything during war time gets to be more or less autocratic, and the method of collection for the community chests was no exception — people were given quotas and pretty nearly forced by public pressure to pay their assignments. When the war and its emotional state were over, the community chests naturally mitigated the pressure they had exercised on individual givers, and there has followed an interesting experiment to see whether one central body can raise the money for all the charities of a city in sufficient quantities, and, having raised it, distribute it satisfactorily to the different agencies. The welfare chests have a national organization which endeavors to find the solution of the problems that arise out of this form of financing.

The community chest, being confined primarily to the raising of money, saves the time and effort of the lay or non-paid and non-technical part of the welfare agencies, for it is the lay members of these organizations rather than the professional members who raise money. The fact that the lay members have raised the money has given them the control of the policies of the societies and has also led them to scrutinize with considerable care the actual spending of the money they raised. In doing this they have learned much of actual conditions from the paid staffs. The close coöperation of these two groups has been of great benefit to both. The professional workers, accustomed to seeing mainly the unsuccessful in life, and the lay members, accustomed generally to seeing the successful side of life, form exceedingly good correctives to each other. Whether the same amount of interest can be maintained permanently among the lay members of a society whose budget — and, therefore, whose policy — is circumscribed by the decisions of a community chest is one of the problems

that this form of financing has raised.

It is, of course, most desirable that the maximum lay interest be maintained in all these societies, for without that — although motivated by high ideals of service and guided by technical experience — they would tend to become out of touch with the time and tide of the public mood.

IV

There are fundamentally only two methods of attending to those who in our society cannot and do not attend to themselves successfully without help. One is by government action supported by taxation. The other is by the voluntary action of people interested enough to devote time and money to this part of American life. The Federal Government, the states, counties, and cities, already do part of this work, just as Government conducts such business as road building, handling the mails, and so on. However, I believe it is as sound a principle in welfare work as it is in other activities that in America governmental agencies should do nothing that other agencies can and will do. And I believe that we have to find out where that line is to be drawn in America from American experience. That the state performs certain welfare functions in the Scandinavian countries and Germany is not a valid argument that the state should perform those functions here, for neither the people nor the conditions are the same. We have an American method of voluntary action for meeting the welfare needs of our people that is in keeping with our social and political philosophy and in many respects has been so successful that students from our schools of social work are drafted to all parts of the world. While we should learn all we can from the experience of other countries, the problem before us is not one of changing to some other system based on European experience, but of continuing to develop our own method.

The test of the voluntary method, of course, is the volunteers. The business man is becoming more and more the dominant element in American economic life. The question, then, is how much will business men give of their time, thought, influence, and money to the support of welfare work. I mean business men in their personal capacities, not acting for business corporations. The corporations have the obligation to their employees to fix their wages, conditions of work, and the like, so as to create as few human failures as possible, but the best that these activities can accomplish is to lessen the problem. How far the business man participates as an individual is the real test of the matter.

If business men generally should adopt the view that welfare work was no concern of theirs, the organizations which have done so much to keep American society healthy at the bottom would fail. But there is no likelihood of such a catastrophe. These societies are gaining each year. They will go on; but do they get the participation by business men generally to make them as effective as they should be? At present I am rather inclined to doubt it, but I am quite certain that there will be a growing participation in the future. I base this upon the maturing philosophy of American business.

American business does not accord the largest respect to those who confine themselves entirely to material success. Business success accompanied by voluntary public services — either for the government or in education, charity, or any one of a number of other activities for the public benefit — is accorded more distinction than business success alone. Mr. Alexander

Legge, who gave up the presidency of the International Harvester Company to serve as Chairman of the Federal Farm Board, is a fine example. Mr. Rosenwald, a wise philanthropist and successful merchant, is a more successful American than if he had been a merchant only, even if in that activity he had been still more successful than he has been.

John S. Kennedy perpetuated his memory by the gift and the endowment of the United Charities Building in New York far more than by his success as a banker. Frederick H. Goff of Cleveland developed a Community Foundation, a method of amassing gifts for charity and using them for the best purpose, which has been followed by other cities. He will be known as the founder of the Community Trust when his work as lawyer and banker is forgotten. Adolph Lewisohn is known for his life work for prison reform and other charities by many who will never know of his contribution to the material development of this country.

In boom times and in new businesses many men amass large wealth without a large philosophy to accompany it. They set out with a fortune as a goal and, having achieved it, are somewhat at a loss to know how to make life worth while. Beyond a certain amount, the material things which the money will buy are subject to the law of rapidly diminishing returns in human satisfaction. To gain more than the community's respect for business ability, a man must give something more than that to the community. The philosophy of the business world now asks for more than financial success before it will accord high honor in respect and esteem. This fact means that a growing number of the leading men in the business world have a maturer personal philosophy than the naïve belief that through the accumulation of wealth alone a satisfactory life can be achieved. It even goes further than this. The belief that a man can devote to business all his energies from the time he begins to work until he is fifty or sixty and then devote himself to the working out of his dreams of what he will do after he quits business — this, too, is losing ground. It becomes more and more apparent that unless a man starts these activities while he is still in business and fairly young, he rarely has the ability to achieve much of value to the community or to himself in their pursuit.

The growing conception of a more mature philosophy of life among business men is the chief reason for assurance of their increasing activity in the voluntary welfare and charitable work of the country, and one of the main reasons for believing in the continued growth and improvement of that distinctively American method of meeting the needs of the country.

The agitation for state old-age pensions brings in concrete form the question whether the people of the United States wish to solve the old-age problem along the lines of their own development or to abandon this field to governmental action which must of necessity confine itself practically to the dispensing of funds on a non-discriminating basis.

SANDS OF THE SAHARA

BY OWEN TWEEDY

I

THE man with the Wanderlust upon him is forever turning up in unexpected and out-of-the-way places throughout the length and breadth of the world. Rarely he knows, seldom he cares, how or why he got there; but, nine times out of ten, it has been a map which has put him on the trail. He spots a place; it rouses his imagination; he starts building castles in the air. A whim becomes an idea; an idea a possibility; a possibility a plan; and three months later the harassed relations of this will-o'-the-wisp are glued to a map. 'Where on earth is the place where Owen wrote his last letter from?'

I had a partner as much a will-o'-the-wisp as myself. Captain Richard Crofton and I met in London last October. Both of us had plans for a winter in Africa, he to shoot big game in Southern Sudan, I to follow the Nile from Egypt to its source in Victoria Nyanza and thence to make a circular trip — Kenya, Zanzibar, Mozambique, Rhodesia, Belgian Congo, and Angola — to the Atlantic at Lobito Bay. I showed him my route on a large-scale map of Africa. He listened politely; and I then asked him, as politely, how he proposed to get home from the Sudan. My inquiry provoked a flash of real inspiration. 'I've got a car for my shooting trip; I'll be finished in March, and then I thought of driving across to the Niger, and then' — a slight shrug of the shoulders — 'I was thinking of the Sahara.' A pause. 'I wish you could come too; it will be terrible fun.'

I picked up the pencil which five minutes before had been piloting me through Mozambique, Rhodesia, and Portuguese Angola. It moved slowly from Rejaf across the Nile Congo Divide into Belgian Congo and then northwest, across rivers which the pencil positively leapt, into French Equatoria and up to Lake Chad. 'That is a place I have always wanted to see.' The pencil proceeded inexorably across Northern Nigeria, to the Niger and toward Timbuctoo. 'Is n't there some motor-bus service which goes across the Sahara?' Captain Crofton had details at his finger tips. 'Well,' I said, 'if they do cross the Sahara, there must be some sort of track.' The pencil by this time was nearly at Algiers. Captain Crofton, who is an Irishman, knew that he was dealing with another Irishman as impulsive as himself. 'I do wish you would come too; it will be terrible fun.'

And that is really all the plans we made. Five months later we met at Rejaf, the southernmost Nile station in the Sudan; and I found our traveling team completed by the addition of one Mohamed Boon, a fifty-year-old Swahili cook from Zanzibar, who had learned the ways of the wilds in the bad old days when elephant could be poached with impunity in the forests of Northern Kenya. The car turned out to be a ten-hundredweight, twenty-horsepower commercial lorry, small, unadapted for tropical travel — in

fact, the sort of grocer's van which brings tea and sugar, bacon and bread, to respectable householders in any country town. We proposed to live on the country for food and petrol; but, as the first garage on our route was 700 and the second 2500 miles on, we took a good supply of spare parts. In a word, we set out to travel as travelers and not as an expedition.

On March 13 — an ill-omened date which made us, as Irishmen, touch wood all day until the dawn of the fourteenth broke — we left the Nile behind us and set our faces west. On April 13 we rolled into Gao on the Niger, wiser, thinner, and keener than ever. And behind us lay the 3500-mile route which my pencil had marked six months earlier. We had seen the jungle and the Negroid paganism of the Northern Congo. We had crossed northwest into French Equatoria, and, as we dropped into the great basin of the Shari which flows into Lake Chad, Islam had met us from the north and we were once again able to use Arabic as a buying medium for eggs at twenty for two cents, and chickens at a dime apiece. In Northern Nigeria and French Sudan we had fringed the southern desolation of the Sahara. And ahead of us lay the 850 waterless miles of desert which we must cross before civilization would be refound at Reggan, the southernmost oasis of Algiers.

Mohamed had long ceased to know or to care where he was; and he could not understand our trip. We had had adventures by field and river, mountain and vale; we had suffered discomforts of heat, of vermin, and of bad water. 'Are you not rich? Why, if you have money, do you travel thus, like sons of poverty, when you could as easily reach your homes by the steamers of the sea and the railways of comfort?'

Mohamed is an Arab. He spoke the common-sense language of the Arab. But he was not grumbling. With the passivity of his race, he was now one of an efficient team. We and he had learned to stand long days on the road, fourteen hours on a stretch, over surfaces like bits of crocodile leather, doing, if we were lucky, ten miles an hour. We could pitch camp in a quarter of an hour and change a tire in ten minutes. And we were as hard as leather. We needed to be. For the only easement on the driving seat was a very thinly padded straw cushion covered with American cloth as hard and slippery as a skating rink.

Into the bargain, both Captain Crofton and I had, each of us in our own way, accomplished something. Captain Crofton had seen and explored a game country which few have ever penetrated. I had learned that there is a Trans-African Highway from Nile to Niger, and had had the interest and romance of studying Negroes and Arabs, paganism and Islam, in kaleidoscope.

II

Once at Gao, however, we were finished with thinking about other things and other people. With the Sahara ahead of us, our job was to think for ourselves. Like the chicken which crosses the road, our real object in crossing the Sahara was to get to the other side. It was a short cut and a cheap cut home, and we had on us the last-lap restlessness which possesses every traveler at the end of his journey. But we were also seriously preoccupied. The day before we reached Gao, we had met our first serious sand, overflowing from the Sahara and the north right across our track; and three times we had been hopelessly sand-bogged in great red shifting sand hills. True,

there had been convenient natives to push us out, and a convenient Niger to replenish our radiator which in the sand boiled away its water about every three miles. But one thing which we did know of the Sahara — and we knew little else — was that it was made of sand, that it was waterless, and that it was uninhabited.

We recounted our sand experiences to the people of Gao and asked such of them as claimed — and nearly all of them did claim — to have first-hand knowledge of Sahara conditions ahead for comments on our prospects. In the light of subsequent events, we now know that Gao is entirely populated by a type of person who is best described in the title of a French magazine, *Je sais tout.* And the Gao 'I know everything' had a marvelous dramatic power of investing his inaccuracies with a wealth of convincing detail. Our friends shrugged their French shoulders over the narrowness of our tires; but the reason why our wheels had sunk in the sand was really only that we were grossly overloaded. We must lighten the car drastically; for there were difficulties of sand and surface over the first 250 miles of our journey. 'But, messieurs, after that you will find a billiard table (*billard*) where you can roll along as fast as you like to Reggan. Good luck and a pleasant journey!'

Our route lay roughly along the Greenwich meridian; our guide was to be the ruts of the six-wheel, double-drive, thick-tired Juggernaut motor buses which during the three winter months ply fortnightly between Gao and Reggan; our confidence lay in the prospect of the promised *billard* and in the knowledge of our lightened load.

April the sixteenth dawned; we put out our lights and saw monotonous thorn-scrub country rolling ahead into a dusty horizon. But the grocer's van, with great light-heartedness, carried two long drifts where cattle, camels, goats, and sheep had churned the sand into a morass round two hard-worked wells; the engine did not boil; and after seven hours' running we sighted Tabancourt, the last post and the last well to the north in French Niger Province and 130 miles out of Gao.

We were warmly welcomed by a lonely *sous-officier* from Marseilles, who rolled his *r*'s in true 'Rrrrue de la Canebièrrre' style; he showed us all over the tiny fort, which might have been taken straight out of Major Percival Wren's *Beau Geste;* and over lunch he talked to us of his life in the 'Brousse' and the 'Bled' just as others in other countries will speak of the Bush and the Far West. Of conditions ahead he knew nothing. But Tabancourt was an oasis of friendliness and the entire garrison of thirty — Senegalese, Hausas, Fellatahs, and Bornuese, all as black as pitch — saw us off with '*Bonne chance! Bon voyage!*'

III

That afternoon we met the difficulties of which we had been warned in Gao, and for two hours were embarked in a policy of rush-and-rush-again tactics, through grim miles of sand drifts. They were succeeded by a new and even more unpleasant type of country, a vast undulation of closely plotted grass hummocks through which progress was a veritable torture. There was a track, but so cut by the wheels of the Juggernauts that we took a line of our own. Now one wheel would tilt us thirty degrees to the right, now the other would nearly capsize us to the left; the grocer's van lurched and bumped, creaked and boiled; our progress sank to a dismal five miles an hour; our necks wobbled and ached as

we skidded and bounced on our now threadbare straw cushion.

And at last Nemesis descended upon us. Foolishly — it was my suggestion — we left the Scylla of the grass hummocks and fell into the Charybdis of the road. The car ran through its three gears in as many yards and subsided, a mass of mechanical inanition, with sand up to its axles. It was four operations before we had extricated ourselves, and each of these operations was a battle in itself. First, with our hands (for we had no spade) we dug the sand away — Mohamed and I under the wheels, Captain Crofton under the axle. The jack slowly raised the wheels one by one from the sand. Mohamed and I put a floor board under each and sacks on top of them and as far along the track as they would go; and then we were ready to move. Captain Crofton took the driver's seat; Mohamed and I crouched behind the tailboard. As the bottom gear engaged, he raised his hand and we, under the tailboard, lifted and pushed like Burmese elephants. The wheels whirred, and if, happily, they engaged in the sacks, the car took a lurch forward; Mohamed and I redoubled our efforts to give it enough impetus on the sacks to carry it out of the worst of the sand to a place where the surface was sound. And so *ad nauseam*. We never got out in less than two, and often it was six operations before we were free; and we came to talk of sand-bogging in terms of the golf green. It was 'out in one' or 'two' or 'three.'

Mohamed was a great colleague behind the tailboard. As a 'true believer,' he did not rely only on brawn and sinew. As we crouched, awaiting Captain Crofton's signal, I would hear deep-chested '*Bismillahs*' ('In the name of God'). And when the Almighty answered his prayers and we were at last clear, he would raise his two hands to the sky: '*El hamdul'lillah*' ('The praise is to God').

Our excursion into Charybdis had involved us in four such operations; the sun was low; we were weary, and we opted for our first desert camp — 185 miles north of Gao. It was our first night in the desert, in a stillness which, even to us, despite our long traveling, was awesome; and it was our first night without beds. My old bones, especially my thigh bones, found the ground impossibly hard. The moon went down; Orion circled slowly overhead; I waited, wide-eyed, for the dawn. It came at last, and I rose without regret and told Captain Crofton that I had not slept a wink. Dawn is always a bad moment. 'You woke me up with your snoring. You should try lying on your side.'

We broke camp, and as soon as it was light we rumbled off again into the same grass-hummocked land as we had experienced overnight, and the sun, which the day before had been slightly overcast, shone from seven o'clock with pitiless force. We boiled and boiled again. And then we were given one of those unworthy but none the less pleasant reactions which every now and then betray the frailty of human nature. At 7.30 we met one of the Juggernaut motor buses derelict with a broken differential. It had wireless, and help and spare parts were coming from the north; it had thick tires, six wheels, and a double drive. But it could not move. We could. And as we drew our little van up beside it we felt an ignoble glow of satisfaction and a superiority complex which was vastly soothing.

But pride goes before a fall. The Juggernaut faded behind us into the mirage and ahead of us opened a country more open, less hummocky, but a worse torment than anything we had previously experienced. Its sur-

face, for all its smiling promise, was but a pie crust into which our narrow tires, with our still considerable load above them, cut ruts six and nine inches deep. We were thrice sand-bogged; and in this apparently bottomless sand mere digging and pushing were not enough. Before the car would make any show of extricating itself, everything had to be off-loaded. Eventually, thus lightened, it would consent to skate away over the pie crust; but it was always fifty, often a hundred, yards before Captain Crofton could find some solid ground on which it was safe to halt. And then three weary men had to manhandle everything in broiling heat across a hundred yards of soft sand before we should be ready to start off again.

IV

We halted at noon. In seven hours we had only covered sixty-eight miles. A sand storm which had been raging for three hours had become a tearing tornado, beating against the curtains of our grocer's van, in which we cowered and tried and failed to sleep; and our food was beastly, hot and full of grit. We could not move till the sun had gone down. The horizon had disappeared in a haze of flying sand. North, south, east, and west the maddening monotony of the same pie crust, broken only by a few stunted flat-topped thorn bushes; the only shelter or shade in the lee of the grocer's van. It was a desolation of noise — the noise of tiny particles of sand scurrying before the storm over the uneven flatness around us, or pattering like hail against the car. It was a place where everything seemed dead, where death was triumphing in an exultation of noise, as though gloating over the impending doom of three dejected mortals.

We racked our brains for inspiration how to escape, how to avoid further sand-boggings; and then we remembered that Mohamed and I together weighed three hundred pounds. And out of that weighty conclusion emerged the gentle art of 'lorry-hopping.' On the slightest sign of faltering in the car, Mohamed and I were to get into the 'alert position.' If and when the car had to go down to second gear, we were to 'prepare to jump'; if and when bottom gear was called upon, we were to jump and rush behind the tail-board and push as though all the devils of Hell were behind us. Happily, it is possible to translate into Arabic 'devils of Hell.' Mohamed roared with laughter and became an expert lorry-hopper.

And it worked. At five we packed and were off again, and for an hour we lorry-hopped and lorry-hopped over gravel-strewn sand which literally quaked under us. For mile after mile we cut deep ribbons in the sand. But we did not stick. And then conditions almost abruptly changed. As the short African twilight merged into darkness, we found ourselves literally bowling along a fine surface, and we were leaving no ruts. Could it be that we had struck at last the 'billiard table' promised us by the Gao folk? By eight o'clock we had forty-five miles behind us; and, as we discussed some bully beef and tinned grapefruit, washed down with real black Irish tea, we talked of an all-night drive till nine o'clock next morning, and the possibility of being in Reggan in two days.

Night driving is an odd thing in the desert. We had dipped our lights so as to be alert for pitfalls, and they threw a short beam of whiteness into an inky gloom which blotted out all indication of the country we passed through. Every now and then there were short patches of rough sand; but until midnight it was fine going on a hard road, and by one in the morning we had 180

miles credited to us for the day's run.

But the last hour had been less satisfactory. Mohamed and I had had to lorry-jump twice; we found it suddenly difficult to pick up the track after surmounting the sand drifts, which seemed to be more and more frequent; we had to swerve and swerve again when a hole appeared right under the nose of our bonnet. Eventually, we made the miscalculation which every night driver inevitably makes; and before Mohamed and I were behind the tailboard we were hopelessly stuck. After an hour and a half of digging and pushing, we were at last 'out in six,' completely exhausted and with thoughts only of sleep. But we were by no means depressed; for were we not now on the *billard*, and could we not look forward to miles and miles of good going on the morrow?

V

Dawn, when it came, dispelled all our hopes. Ahead of us the track twisted and turned, rose and fell, through a sandscape of treacherous whitish drifts and stretches of slabby shale sometimes white, sometimes a purplish blue. On we went, sideslipping and swerving over a surface which was no surface and where the sound places where our engine could rest and cool were few and very far between. And further to complicate our situation, the sand storm again began to blow shortly after 7 A.M. We were sand-bogged twice; progress was a torture; the track became worse rather than better.

At half-past eight we found a momentary resting place on the crest of a sand hill over which the storm roared and swirled. Ahead of us lay an eight-mile valley of surging waves of shale and drift which seemed almost to move as we watched and wondered how on earth we, with our narrow tires, were to get across to the other side. We filled up the radiator and were off, and even going down the hill it was second speed — a rush, a swerve, a check to steady the engine; then another rush, a bump, a tear through a drift, and a pant up a tiny slope into which our wheels sunk one third of the way up their axles. Then we were on the flat, twisting through a grim crop of dirty yellow hummocky grass. We lurched and bumped; we lorry-hopped only to lorry-hop again in another twenty yards. It was like walking in ordinary boots on mud. And as we advanced, we saw the slope out of the valley. A long rampart of pale orange sand seemed to block our way for all time.

It was perhaps the most depressing of all the depressing views which we had on our journey. There was only one thing to be done — Mohamed and I would walk, and Captain Crofton, on his own, must make a dash and trust to luck. He drove off; and I confess that I had the feeling that I had just seen the departure of a forlorn hope. I could not watch, and turned my face to the south, and there I stood, for what seemed an age — to be suddenly disturbed from thoughts which are unprintable by a loud cry from Mohamed: '*Allah Karim!*' ('God is merciful!')

I turned. The poor old grocer's van was almost at the top of the crest. It took a desperate swerve; collected itself like the nice old body it had proved itself to be; positively leapt on to a small stretch of red stone outcrop; gained on it an access of speed as its wheels met firm ground; and, just as a well-trained hunter tops an Irish bank, disappeared over the crest of the hill. Such was our excitement that Mohamed and I ran all the way after it; and then again disillusion faced us. The poor little van stood firm

on a slope of shale; but ahead of us to the north yawned what appeared to us to be a far worse valley. It was nine o'clock; the engine was boiling like a geyser, and despite the fact that we could not be on a more exposed spot we halted for the day.

And then we made an appalling discovery. Somewhere behind us we had dropped our crank. The effect was as though a doctor had told me that one of my lungs was gone. The other lung of a car is the self-starter. It alone remained — a creature of whims, a delicate bit of machinery liable at all times to dislocation. And for us dislocation would mean disaster. For in sand such as we now knew, never should we, on our own, be able to push the car into activity. We had to decide whether to go back and look for the missing handle or to risk the self-starter over the remaining 450 miles to Reggan. We looked back into the teeth of the storm. We had no idea where in that grim landscape of swirling sand our poor old crank lay. Probably it was already deeply buried. We might find it. We might not. Anyhow, time would be lost, and time with our limited water supply was all-important. 'We'll risk it!'

We retired preoccupied into the rumble of the car; we could not sleep; we hated our food; for the next eight hours we had only our thoughts to distract us. And think we did. And from our thoughts emerged yet another resolution. Lorry-hopping was not enough; we were still impossibly overloaded; the crank was gone. We must pay a bigger price for some certainty of progress on our road. We had combed out our gear at Gao; now we must jettison ruthlessly. Our decision had a curiously quietening effect on our nerves. We felt that we were up against Nature in her angriest mood — storm, heat, and sand — and that somehow we must propitiate her; and, since we were Irish, propitiation must be in the form of penance, of sacrifice.

When the time came, at five o'clock, to repack, we laid out, almost reverently, on the sand a red woolen blanket, which I had bought in Khartoum. On it we threw pell-mell: a ten-guinea rifle; three spare springs; an axle; all our spare parts except absolute essentials; our medical stores; a few books and an unregretted assortment of very inferior personal raiment. And then we dropped down the valley. As the crest of the hill disappeared behind a contour of sand hill, I saw, silhouetted against the southern sky, a pyre nearly three feet high which probably was covered by the sand storm during the night. There it will remain for all time, or until some explorer of the future, discovering it, wonders where are the bones of the men who were the central figures in this tragedy.

To our surprise, and entirely owing to Captain Crofton's brilliant driving, we surmounted that valley without a stick; but it in its turn faded behind us only to open up more horrors ahead. And in them we stuck and stuck again — it was as though our sacrifice was of no avail. By seven o'clock we had only covered five miles; at half-past nine, four miles farther on, we literally fell into a hole out of which it took us two and a half hours to extricate the car. And then we looked at the speedometer: that day we had covered only thirty-four miles. But in our fatigue we really hardly realized the seriousness of this poor run; all we wanted was sleep. We put the car on a safe bit of ground, took out sacks and laid them on the sand. I, for one, was fast asleep before I had had even time to pull my overcoat over my bare knees.

VI

There is a saying somewhere in the Scriptures that the Almighty will not try the endurance of us humans beyond that which we are able to endure, and will in the end provide some means of escape. So it was with us. This dawn, the fourth which we had seen since leaving Gao, brought us hope. The country was still grim and undulating; but the undulations were wider and the track ahead of us less deeply furrowed with ruts, and therefore harder. We were obsessed with the inevitability of sand-bogging; it made driving anxious work; but on we went mile after mile; we were not bogged; our spirits revived, and by eight o'clock we had covered forty miles without incident.

We halted in the middle of a rolling depression to fill up with water, when suddenly, over the top of a crest to the north, appeared first one lorry and then another. This was the breakdown gang which had been sent from Reggan to repair the derelict Juggernaut which we had passed two days before to the south. They were as surprised to see us as we to see them; and there was something so odd that no words of mine can convey its oddness to be one of six Europeans standing in the midst of nowhere talking calmly of roads and petrol consumption and water. They gave us some water, which was good of them; but they carried away from the meeting a most gloomy impression of our condition. What we looked like I know not, save that I had a four days' beard; but when that evening they reached the broken-down car they wirelessed from it to Gao that they had met two half-mad Englishmen, who looked as if they were dying, and — an arrant inaccuracy — that their car was sunk up to its axle in sand, out of which the two might or might not extricate themselves.

That meeting marked the turning point in our fortunes. They went south; we went north and in ten miles were on the Tannesruft, the desert of deserts, abhorred by all Arabs, until recently unexplored, but hard and good going. But Nature was still against us. Across a flatness which was absolutely unbroken, yet another sand storm hurled itself at sixty and seventy miles an hour; our engine boiled despite the goodness of the going, and when we found that it was necessary to fill up once every five miles we decided to halt for the day.

As cows turn their sterns to the rain, we turned our tailboard into the teeth of the storm; we unloaded everything and made a barricade under the back axle. Mohamed lay there and slept; we retired into the rumble to pass the time as best we could. We slept little because, owing to the terrific heat, we had to keep our topees on our heads; and the presence of a topee balanced across the bridge of the nose is not conducive to slumber. But during the morning's run I had invented a receipt for bread and milk. We had brought with us from Gao some French rolls which by this time were as hard as bricks. I got out a hammer and broke one into comparatively small morsels, threw the result into the kettle, poured on it some water, and, to use the phraseology of the cookery book, 'left to soak for four hours.' At one o'clock it was reduced to quite a malleable mush, and on the top of it we decanted the contents of a small tin of condensed milk; we then 'added sugar to taste, stirred well, and served in two tin mugs.'

But there were still three hours of utter boredom to pass before the sun was low enough to allow us to be off again. And three hours was a long time in a heat which defies description, in a scenery which was no scenery, and

in a leisure which had nothing to relieve it except the depressing reading of the only book which had survived our pyre — *Hints on How to Mend the Car in Cases of Emergency.*

We packed for the road at five o'clock; the storm had completely died away and I stood away from the car to take a photograph. I have taken photographs in mid-ocean. The result is a line of horizon dividing sky and sea. So was it with my photograph; save that the car stood a pathetic blot of shade in a brown-gray flatness. There was no incident of scenery, no hills, no undulations. There was no life or signs of life — not a blade of grass or a stick of wood; no shelter and no shade save that given and cast by the grocer's van. And in this 'Erewhon' where even the inspiration of a Butler would have failed I looked at our gallant car and all I could think of was a child's bucket left derelict on a seashore where the sea was a mirage and the shore an emptiness of sand — an unbroken flatness such as I have only seen on the face of the moon when it is full. And all in a silence so tense and so impressive after the storm that even Mohamed talked in a half-tone.

But the self-starter still worked. In the cooling day we made fine progress hour after hour along the remaining hundred miles of the Tannesruft plateau. We met sand, but surmounted it, and though the three successive sand storms had obliterated all ordinary tracks we had to guide us the recent ruts of the lorries we had met in the morning. But after midnight, when we began to meet the sand drifts which the prevailing north wind had heaped up against the long slope down from the plateau, even they had disappeared for long stretches as a result of the morning's storm. We would surmount a drift to find no traces of them on the other side. Then it would be an anxious range right and left until they again emerged deep and welcome in the glare of our lights.

These moments were nerve-racking. And we started being sand-bogged again. Twice we were held up for the best part of an hour, once with a long off-load and on-load and the fatigue of a hundred yards' carry of petrol, water, and food, which was now all the load we had left. But we moved, and when the moon went down at four o'clock we had another thirty miles behind us, and when at six the sun rose we had the knowledge from our speedometer that we had gone over two thirds of the way, and that Reggan could now be talked of in terms of possibility. ('Touch wood,' we added hastily.) And talk we did; talk of everything and anything; and the reason why we talked was not that we had anything to talk about, but because if we did not talk we went to sleep. But when the sun was up we saw ahead of us a road which was far better than we had expected; and Captain Crofton, who had driven for ten out of the last twelve hours, settled down on the hard American cushion and slept soundly at my side; while I, for an hour, drove zigzagging along what was, happily, a good surface, falling asleep seven times, to wake up each time with that uncomfortable jar which accompanies a return to consciousness and responsibility after a moment of illicit relaxation.

By nine o'clock it was hot, and the car began to boil; but we would have pushed on, despite the heat, had it not been that suddenly and without warning there was a whirring in the bonnet — as it might have been a spasm in a grandfather's clock. It was the first whimper the car had given, but it was such a loud whimper that we had the horrible fear of disaster to the self-starter. We halted, examined, and found nothing amiss. We went on

again. There was another whirring, another halt, another agony of suspense; but the self-starter still worked. Another whirr, another halt, and then we saw the figures of our speedometer spinning like a teetotum. The degree of our relief cannot be translated into words. Speedometers have nothing to do with the engine. We disconnected ours and thereby lost all contact with distance. But that mattered comparatively little. Two days before, our only watch had succumbed to an excess of sand in its 'innards,' so that we were already out of contact with time. But the self-starter was still working.

VII

That day, our fifth midday halt, passed blankly in a blank scenery of sand and nothing but sand, rolling away to a horizon streaked with mirage. We had more bread and milk and more grapefruit, and before we left in the evening we each had a tin of bully beef; and with the same feeling that the cross-country runner has when he sees the straight leading up to the winning post, we were off an hour before sundown, heading due north for the last 150 miles into Reggan.

We intended to drive all night, but we did not know then that the section of the road which lay before us was actually the worst of all. For an hour or two the going held good, and then we were in a type of going which can best be described in three degrees of badness. When it was bad it was as though we were ploughing over eight thicknesses of best eiderdown quilt; when it was worse the sand was of the consistency of powdered chalk, and as we churned our way through it our narrow wheels would throw up clouds of chalky dust which, in the beam of our dipped lights, looked exactly like powdered snow. When it was impossible it was a combination of the bad and the worse, with the further complication that there seemed to be no bottom to the quaking surface through which our narrow wheels churned ruts sometimes a foot deep.

On we went, zigzagging and swerving into the gloom ahead of the beam of our lights. We never knew what was coming next; we found ourselves in long twisting descents into gullies, rounding spurs at an angle of thirty degrees, and then sideslipping ten and sometimes fifteen yards into drifts. Three times we did not surmount by lorry-hopping. At two o'clock — or as near as we could calculate the hour by the moon — we were at the end of our strength, not knowing where we were or how much farther we had to go, and afraid to go on lest sleep at the wheel should at this eleventh hour involve us in total disaster.

So we slept where the car rested, a heavy sleep — so heavy, indeed, that for the first time on the journey the sun was up over the rim of the horizon before we had opened our eyes. But when we looked out we saw the goal of our pilgrimage. For the horizon was no longer a flat streak of nothingness, but an indented outline of hills which were not sand hills. They were the northern rim of the Sahara; and somewhere in them we knew that Reggan lay. It was near and yet so far. Ahead of us lay a Slough of Despond, as tortured and as full of ruts as is a motor parking field at a race meeting on a rainy day; and the only way our narrow wheels could surmount these ruts was by pursuing an S course, zigzagging across them rather than running the risk of being engulfed in them.

At last we topped a rise and through our glasses we saw a white something in the hills which we guessed was a house and Reggan. Mohamed saw it first; and he saw it just after we had been

badly bogged, and were all feeling rather desperate. He raised his hands to heaven. 'God has brought us out of the desert; He will bring us out of this soup.' The house slowly defined itself, a big square fortlike building. Soon we made out detail of its shape, the angle of the wall where its sunlit and shadowed faces met. Another two miles on, over another rise, and beneath the fort the oasis itself, a patch of green that crystallized into a grove of feathery palms. And the sight of green after the dirty grays and the insipid browns of the desert behind us was reaction so violent that we shouted with excitement.

And now we could drive on a landmark, and that landmark meant all that we had lacked since Gao — life, water, shade, and shelter. Then we saw a man. He was an Arab. He looked at us curiously, and Mohamed, now quite beyond himself, shouted, '*Sabbagh el kheir!*' ('The top of the morning to you!') We were no longer lonely men in lonely places; we were leaving the Desert of Deserts, climbing out of it. A rough slope led under the palms. A flock of pigeons wheeled high and noisily into the blue sky. And at last, at 7.30 on Sunday morning, April 21, we drew up in front of the fort at Reggan. The tricolor of France was flying in the southerly breeze; beside it towered a wireless mast. We were back in civilization.

But when the twin gates of the fort opened and there streamed out to meet us a handful of French military officers, mechanics, and wireless experts, the garrison of this tiny outpost of empire, we were greeted as spirits returned from the grave. For the wireless had brought them news of the two half-mad moribund Englishmen who had been last seen up to their axles in sand; and orders had already been written for an expedition to our rescue. But, in fact, we were neither spirits nor madmen who had thus created a flutter in the dovecotes of Reggan. Nor were we lame ducks. Thanks to the self-starter, we had survived; thanks to Captain Crofton's brilliant driving, we had still ten days' supply of water to drink in case we had been lost, enough petrol to have carried us another 150 miles, and a starvation diet of food for ten days. But until we left, our friendly French hosts in Reggan persisted in regarding our crossing as a joke.

Mohamed has never seen the joke. He bore with us the long tiring days of our 1100-mile run north to Algiers; he smiled with us as desert gradually yielded to cultivation; he welcomed the more frequent oases, the superior comfort of hotels as compared with resthouses, the smoother roads, and the companionship of coreligionists when we stopped for the night. He was interested in the railhead at Djelfa, in the wonderful Swiss-like gorge of the Blida River, and in the luxuriance of the intense cultivation on the coastal plain. Then, to us, it was 'Thalassa, thalassa!' — the Mediterranean, and home in ten days. To him it was but another problem as to where we were going to take him next.

What he feared, I know not; but I do know that he would only have been distressed, not surprised, had we said that our next halt was the moon. He thought — and in his Sudan village where he is now the great raconteur he still thinks — that we were mad. And the stories which he is telling to-day round the evening fire outside his cottage are stories which have no beginning or end, no geography or sequence. As such they will be passed down from father to son; and Mohamed will always be the hero who brought the two mad 'Inglizi' in and out of a great unknown somewhere to the west of the setting sun.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A TALE OF A KEG

I REALIZE that in writing against the abolition of prohibition I am placing myself in opposition to the best thinkers of our nation, and that I am aligning myself with such unsavory persons as self-constituted Boards of Prohibition, Temperance, and Public Morals, but certain hitherto neglected considerations led me to take this stand.

In the first place, prohibition is completely in accord with our most cherished traditions. What could be more thoroughly American than the theory of state aid to successful industries? When patriotic citizens like Andrew Mellon and Senator Moses stand firmly in defense of the theory of protection for the large capitalist, what right has the less wealthy and therefore less intelligent man to contradict them? Our last national election and our present Congressional tariff revision both indicate clearly the complete acceptance of this doctrine of aid to healthy industry.

And does not prohibition have the same relation to the alcoholic industry that tariff has to the aluminum or to the steel industry? That the liquor business is a large and successful one, no one will deny. In Philadelphia alone it had over $10,000,000 in the banks. Think what an industry like that means to the community! One needs only to look at the opposite picture.

Farming has long been moribund. Look at the communities that depend on this industry — see the bank failures, the lawyers without clients, and the merchants overwhelmed with uncollectible accounts. A weak industry like that is a menace to the whole nation, whereas a strong one like Mr. Insull's power trust, or the brewing business, brings prosperity and happiness to thousands.

In New York City alone there are said to be 32,000 saloons and speak-easies. Each one of these employs several persons. Think of the thousands of prosperous families, of the well-dressed children in school, all supported by this great industry.

Now picture the condition of this business if the support of the government in the form of the Eighteenth Amendment were removed. It is universally admitted that the liquor business had been going downhill for a long time before a thoughtful government stepped in to aid it. It was hampered by taxes, by rules and regulations about closing hours, about selling liquor to minors, and so forth. The latter branch of the industry alone has grown by leaps and bounds since the removal of hampering legislation. Formerly prices were too low to permit just profits, but now prohibition, like the tariff, has brought high prices and prosperity.

This prosperity is in turn reflected in other phases of our national life. The modern 'bootician' drives a high-priced motor car. This has in turn benefited the automobile industry; figures show that more cars are sold now than ever before. He builds an expensive house, with the consequent aid to the building profession.

Another article in our American creed is that successful industry which has been aided by the government

should in turn lend its support to its benefactor. Fair play is ever the keynote of our actions in the United States. Witness the contributions of Mr. Sinclair to the Republican campaign funds. (And is not money given to the Republican Party in reality money donated to the government? It was no less a person than Mr. Coolidge who implied in his discussion of the critics of his Nicaraguan policy that the ruling party is the government.) Mr. Mellon himself has always been most open-handed with the party that has done so much for his industries.

Yet what industry has been most lavish with its purse to government officials and party campaign chests? Is it not the liquor business past and present? It even goes so far as to add to the emoluments of large numbers of police officers. This most necessary group of men has always been notoriously underpaid, yet it remained for the business man to remedy this defect. Recent surveys in Philadelphia and other large cities have revealed the great extent of the benefactions of the alcohol producers and merchants for the protection of the public. And yet with what a modest air it has all been done! The bartender has not posed as a philanthropist — he of all benefactors has obeyed the injunction, 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.'

And, as usual, other groups have profited by the prosperity of one. Policemen have opened large bank accounts, bought motor cars, and built homes. They are no longer a sore spot in our economic structure, like teachers or postmen.

A third article in our American creed is the preservation of the home. We have blocked every un-American effort toward socialistic schemes, like old-age pensions, that might destroy the solidarity of the home. For what is more beautiful than the picture of the younger members of the family supporting those worn out by years in the industrial world? Mr. Hoover in his campaign addresses continually dwelt upon the sanctity of the home, and the way in which modern conveniences were preserving it. Yet what single agency in recent years has drawn the family together like a well-stocked cellar? No longer does the father leave his family in the evening, to seek out some public retreat. Instead he remains within the wholesome atmosphere of his family, sharing his pleasures with them. No more does the son need to leave home to have his drink with low persons in a corner saloon. Rather he brings his school friends with him to share his cup and fireside.

To-day, when so much of the old coöperative spirit of the family has been destroyed by modern economic conditions, one pauses with pleasure over the picture of the whole family working together in the kitchen, brewing cheer for the days to come. Mother tends the kettle while Father works the siphon, and Brother John reads the directions to him. Even little Willie has a part; he can run to the store for more yeast, or help to bring bottles up from the cellar. And in this cheery atmosphere of mutual helpfulness Willie gets the rudiments of an art that will be useful in later life. What at the time seems like play to him is in reality education.

Can anyone contemplate such a picture and then suggest that we destroy the foundation of it all? Can we doubt that if prohibition were to go our home life would go, too? If those reformers who pose as intellectuals, and advocate the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, would take these matters into consideration, I feel certain they would pause in their rash course. For in advocating such a step they are striking

directly at three articles of the American creed: government aid to successful industry, industry's support of government, and the sanctity of the American home. Once we realize this, does it not seem probable that such persons are in the pay of some hostile government, perhaps Russia? We do not like to believe that true Americans would strike at the very heart of our nation — its prosperity.

Freshmen

Entering college comparatively late in life has its disadvantages. The boy who goes there directly from his preparation has the exhilarating experience of a new freedom, a release from the stop-watch regulations of school or from close parental supervision. The man who resumes his formal education after a lapse of years not only misses this, but actually surrenders a good deal of what has passed for freedom (if the interval has been spent in working for a living) when he engages to live under administrative rules designed for students a half-dozen or more years younger than he.

There are, however, offsetting advantages. The most obvious, that of bringing a more mature mind to college work, is pointed out *ad tædium*. But there are two benefits, not foretold to the writer, which came as a pleasant surprise. One is the likelihood of being frequently mistaken for a proctor in the dining hall, and served with an individual portion of heavy cream for the breakfast cereal, instead of sharing the communal milk pitcher. This advantage needs no comment. The other concealed asset is the belated undergraduate's privilege of being in, but not of, the world of freshmen. A difference in age of six or seven years, a trifle among oldsters, is a yawning chasm in the teens and twenties. Whether he wishes it or not, it puts the older student into a position of detached observation among those with whom he eats, sleeps, and studies.

Having lived during pre-college days in a university town on the Pacific Coast, the writer is led to believe that there are at least two kinds of freshmen, the general variety and Harvard freshmen. There may be others.

At a state university the September crop brings in two general types, describable as City and Country. One comes from a large city high school, and has 'gone collegiate' long before he steps into a college hall. He is well posted on matters of clothes, night clubs, liquor, women, and similar extra-curricular activities. The boy from the crossroads high school has all this to learn, though he is not lacking in what might be called fundamental sophistication. His training has been as complete as the automobile and small-town dances can make it. In many cases he has sown a greater acreage of eighteen-year-old wild oats than the city product. But when he comes to college he enters a probationary period during which this training must be translated into terms of tuxedos, taxis, city hotels, and fraternity affairs. This is rather quickly accomplished. Before the end of the freshman year the only great divisions are those of the fraternity men and the 'non-orgs,' and this continues for the remaining three years.

The incoming class at Harvard presents a puzzling variety of types. The preliminary general division would be that of preparatory-school and high-school graduates. But closer observation shows that these lines are often ignored by other groupings. The large rural representation at the state university does not seem to exist at Harvard. The facilities afforded by the city of San Francisco for amusement

and entertainment awe and fascinate a great number of new arrivals at the University of California, across the bay; while Boston means very little to boys who come to Cambridge from New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, or Cleveland. Similarly, the fraternity cleavage does not exist in the Harvard freshman class, because of the upper-class status of Harvard clubs, and the workings of the Freshman Dormitory plan, devised with the opposite effect in view.

But of course there are typical divisions into which the first-year men at Harvard readily fall, and to this observer the following five stand out: Silver Spooners, Athletes, Æsthetes, Ohioans, and Grubbers.

The Silver Spooners are further divided into those whose mouth held at birth a spoon of solid silver and those whose spoon was only plated. The first are a rather congenial lot. Secure in their positions, they have nothing to fear from tossing careless 'hello's' about to anyone. A number engage in activities, and some even study. The majority simply enjoy life. They have come to college because men in their group always have. With the help of God and the Widow most of them get a degree.

The Plated Silver Spooners lead more strenuous lives, because they are under the constant strain of having to buttress their positions. They may engage in the conventional activities, the exact choice being determined by the available contacts, or they may make 'climbing' their sole activity. Lacking the secure footing of their Solid Silver brethren, they must of course be more cautious, and cannot take such chances as speaking to a student waiter.

In some cases it is difficult to tell a Plated from a Solid Silver Spooner. Here is a good test: if a Silver Spooner is engaged in an activity necessitating personal soliciting, and his friendly greetings to *all* potential customers disappear the minute competitions are closed, his spoon is likely to be plated.

The Athletes, while a definite species, increase the difficulty of this attempt at classification because they cut across the lines of other varieties. Silver Spooners are represented, with democratizing effect even on Plateds. They must fight with all comers for places on teams; college athletic activity, like the mediæval Church, opens a career to talent of lowly birth. In general, a Soldiers' Field aspirant becomes first an Athlete and only second a Silver Spooner, or a Grubber, or whatever the case may be.

Athletes are as a rule hearty and likable chaps, because, I suppose, like Solid Silver Spooners, their position is so secure that they can afford to be. They are engaged in the most awe-inspiring undergraduate activity, and are respected accordingly, whatever their democratic indiscretions may be. They cannot afford, of course, to let too much studying interfere with their major interest, though this is probably less true at Harvard than at any other American college.

Æsthetes, like Athletes, invade other classifications, but unlike them they do not bring forth a type, for individuality is the battle cry of æsthetes in general, and especially the freshman Æsthete. It is impossible to describe a typical member of this group; there is no such thing. Let it be said that if you ever meet one you will recognize him instantly. Some express themselves by writing poetry for harried English instructors. Nearly all are devoted to one or more of the Fine Arts. Some add to their thirst for culture a hunger for social justice, and join the Liberal Club or take courses in Social Ethics.

Æsthetes are not very numerous,

but they make up for it in earnestness. Two or three of them conversing in the dining hall can make a whole tableful of lesser mortals cringe with the conviction of their own ignorance.

The paraphrase, 'East is East and West is West, but the Middle West is terrible,' does great injustice to the fourth group of Harvard freshmen, the only one which I have classified geographically. They come from any place in that vast section bounded on the East by the Alleghanies and on the West by the Rockies, but their favorite habitat seems to be the good old president-producing state of Ohio.

Better than any other group this one can be described by a typical member. He probably comes from a high school in a small but pro perous city. Normally destined for the state university, or perhaps a sectarian institution, he develops talents in school that bring the choice around to Harvard, despite some question of doctrinal soundness on the banks of the Charles. Arrived in Cambridge, he is a bit perturbed to learn that his prominence in high-school activities means very little there. When the reason becomes clear he makes a fierce resolve to join the Harvard Club the minute he is graduated, and to send his sons to Exeter.

But he is likely to be a serious youth whose chief interest really is his studies. He generally lands on the Dean's List at the first Midyears, and stays there until he carries off his *cum laude*. He is not only a likable boy, but the one who gives University Hall least trouble.

One quality which the Ohioan may lack is color, and that is supplied in superabundance by the Grubbers. Here is the most interesting lot in college, the boys who are hanging on by the skin of their teeth; whose great problem is to satisfy both the Dean and the Bursar. Most of them earn their way by the ready-to-hand work available, that of waiting on table, but the complete list of their spare-time occupations is almost limitless. It may be read in the proud reports of the Student Employment Office of any college in the country.

'Bright college days' is a meaningless phrase to your true Grubber. College to him is a serious business, the value of which he has probably precalculated in dollars and cents, over the horrified protests of every educator in the world. But he can't be blamed. Unless gifted with a little more than ordinary mental facility, the boy who is earning all or nearly all of his way has a hard time of it. He becomes something of a cynic. It could hardly be otherwise. A normal American boy who must act as servant to other normal American boys cannot help taking on thought once in a while, exposed as he is to bits of conversation about cars and week-ends and summer jaunts to Europe.

But Grubbers have their joys, cynics though they may be. Each course passed and each term bill met is a new accomplishment, and the joy of accomplishment is traditionally assumed to be the greatest.

Perhaps the ideal college of the future will be the one in which, without upsetting the normal balance, there may be just a little averaging up for Grubbers and Silver Spooners. If a jaded Silver Spooner would like to enjoy a new experience, it is a pity that he cannot know the peculiar sensation of wondering how a term bill mailed to him on the twelfth is going to be met on the thirteenth. And if a Grubber feels like following a mere whim, whether to buy a new suit or to go on a terrific 'bender,' he ought once in a while to have the privilege of doing so without counting the cost.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Larson, Duke of Mongolia, tells in this number how a Swedish missionary became a Mongolian Duke. Ovid's metamorphoses — as we remember them — can do no more. For this entertaining story we are indebted to the *Atlantic's* old friend, Mrs. Nora Waln, who, starting from her home in Peking, has wandered far and wide, making friends with people of all classes. **Earnest Elmo Calkins** motors at home with the zest which most travelers reserve for foreign parts. California is the Paradise where good motorists go, — that we know, — but we have never seen the native appeal of its civilization more happily presented. Δ Much we all owe to the Guggenheim Foundation, which had the foresight to pick **Leslie Hotson** as one of its Fellows resident in London. **Thomas Boyd,** the well-known author of *Mad Anthony Wayne,* makes his first contribution to the *Atlantic.*

A. Edward Newton journeyed from Philadelphia to Jerusalem to some purpose. **Dr. Alexander Irvine** is recovering from a serious illness. Stricken in Russia with not a moment to lose, he flew to an operating table in London in the very nick of time. His extraordinary autobiography, from which these chapters are borrowed, will shortly be published under the *Atlantic* imprint by Little, Brown, and Company. Δ Poetry, O ye critics, is not dead nor sleeping while such sonnets as these seven by **E. L.** are felt and written. **Mrs. Risley's** book, of which this is a chapter, will shortly appear. **Bernhard Ostrolenk** is on the staff of the New York Times *Annalist.* The genesis of the article is shown in this quotation from a letter of Mr. Ostrolenk: —

Some years ago the McFadden Bill permitted limited branch banking in cities, but this did not cope with the situation, and there has sprung up a surreptitious backdoor branch banking under the name of chain banking. Six thousand banks in the United States are to-day in chain groups, controlled by holding companies, and, while within the law, outside the intent of the law. The holding companies are not subject to supervision; duplicate liability as a principle is nullified; and juggling of discount paper may be carried on. The chain bank is an economic necessity to catch up with a changing industry in the small town in view of the prohibition of branch banking. My article intends to show that branch banking should be the national policy.

C. B. Pike's experience in country banking is just as he has described it. **William A. Croffut** knew Washington in the '60's in and out, top and bottom. **Charles David Abbott** sends us from Buffalo this happy picture of an undraped holiday. **Harriet Keen Roberts** has long been a resident of England. **Thomas Nixon Carver** is professor of economics at Harvard University. **Walter S. Gifford** is the President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. **Captain Owen Tweedy** is an Irish traveler who never permits his comforts to interfere with his adventures.

One pretty story calls another forth. It would be hard to find a neater example than this in collateral confirmation of A. W. Smith's delectable tale of 'A Bountiful Providence.'

BAYONNE, N. J.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The story, 'A Bountiful Providence,' in the December *Atlantic,* recalled an incident told to me by a nun of the Dominican Order in Illinois.

It seems the nuns had a cow, but, the poor decrepit animal having passed to the green pastures where all 'contented' cows go, they wondered how they would replace it. The Community having made a novena without the desired result, one of the nuns decided to make a sketch of a cow and place it at the base of the statue of Saint Joseph so that he would know what they wanted, but the drawing — which was a very good likeness of a cat — was the source of great amusement among the nuns. A few days later, two neighbors who were going abroad brought a cat to the convent for the

nuns to care for during their absence. When the sister who answered the doorbell saw the cat, she giggled like a schoolgirl, and of course the neighbors were at a loss to understand the reason for the sudden outburst. They were finally able to discover the cause of the merriment, and — being good sports — bought the nuns a cow.

MARGARET GLEASON

The Reverend Mr. Parrish's 'Pastorale' stirred many reflections. We dare say that ever since there has been a jangling in many readers' minds of that titillating quotation: 'Oh, the bells of Hell go *Ting*-a-ling-ling.' This from Mr. W. P. Stephens of Bayside, Long Island, reminds us of the outcome of the controversy referred to therein between Dr. Stephen H. Tyng (not Ting) and the Reverend Doctors Boggs and Stubbs. 'Somewhere,' writes Mr. Stephens, 'among my literary junk I have an epic which was written to celebrate this event, which for the time convulsed the church circles of New York and New Jersey. Some lines still remain in my memory.'

Oh, say, Brother Stubbs, have you heard all this talk
Of a horrid Low-Churchman who's coming from York,
And who vows that next Sunday he'll preach without gown
In the Methodist meetinghouse here in our town?

Then the bishop he delves, and the bishop he grubs,
And by dint of assistance from Boggs and from Stubbs
The Canon is dug from the rubbish which chokes
Its rusty old muzzle, and loud are the jokes
Which its obsolete pattern and narrow, straight bore
Evoke from the crowd which is waiting its roar.

'The Bells of Hell' stands alone as a unique production; I know nothing to compare with it among war songs from 'Malbrouck' to 'Tipperary.' I have always looked on it as a spontaneous product of war which brought horrors never before imagined; perhaps some of the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* can say whether this is the fact, or whether it was really the outcome of a petty squabble over religious canons?

W. P. STEPHENS

Many readers will enjoy the placidity and deep content of the following reflections of a minister's wife on Mr. Parrish's thesis.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It happened that I read Mr. Parrish's article in the November *Atlantic* on the fortieth anniversary of my marriage. All day I had only had happy memories of my life as a parson's wife, and when in the evening I read this account of a clergyman's life it was like a crashing discord in the harmony of the years that had gone. I wish he had not written as he did. The trouble is that much that he says is true, brutally true, but there are so many things which he might have said which would have altered the tone of the article entirely.

As I look back I seldom remember the sordid financial side of the life in the three small-town parishes of which my husband had charge. If there is such a thing as an average parish, this would describe them, — nothing remarkable about them one way or the other, — but I am sure that our family life in these towns was far happier and more contented than that of most of our well-to-do neighbors. The reason was that my husband had not chosen the life of a parish priest for what he could get out of it, but for what he could put into it. He did not expect to find an efficient business corporation of which he was to be the manager, but a group of ordinary men, women, and children whom he could help to know God better and with whom he could sympathize in joy and sorrow. I am sure he never regretted his choice of a calling, and that he took the disappointments and vexations as a part of the day's work. Most true pastors are too busy with their spiritual responsibilities to undertake the financial work of the parish.

Aside from the satisfaction which comes from having a share in the great task our Lord left for His Church to do, there are so many compensations in the life of a clergyman's family which outweigh all its possible discomforts, and which outsiders seldom realize. Chief among these are the friendships which grow out of it — the kind of friendships which are much more rare in secular life. I am sure those whose lives have been spent in a clerical household will testify to the truth of this and will recall many other features of the life which make it a very happy one.

I fear Mr. Parrish's article may discourage young men from offering themselves for the ministry, for fear of its discomforts and deprivations. Those who seek it for social or financial gain need not apply, but for those who desire to consecrate their lives to the service of God and their fellow men no happier calling can be found.

GERTRUDE L. PHELPS

Captain Garland Rotch's story quickened many a pulse. In the writer of this letter it stirred the depths of remembrance.

December 13, 1929

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read 'Wreck and Rescue' with mingled feelings of admiration for the author and sadness over the loss of Captain James Daniels of the steamship *Admiral Clark*.

In June 1916, I chartered the *Admiral Clark* from my friend, Herbert F. Alexander, President of the Pacific Steamship Company.

Captain Daniels was an unusually fine young man and I shall never forget the reluctance with which he embarked on this, his last voyage. He lingered around my office until the last moment before sailing, and if anyone ever had a premonition of death, it was he.

With many officers and sailors in and out of my office during those busy days of the Great War, I have no recollection of having met Garland Rotch, but from my personal experience I know his account of this disaster must be true.

Real acts of heroism and personal suffering could not be recorded under the agonizing conditions in which the officers labored while their ship was being destroyed in the vortex of a tropical hurricane. A mountainous sea, water rising in the hold, loose cargo, crippled engines, no food, no hope, boats gone — all combined, impossible to describe.

I congratulate the *Atlantic* for including 'Wreck and Rescue' in the December issue. I have written Captain Rotch, hoping to meet him personally in the near future.

MARCUS H. TRACY

The pebble which Count Keyserling threw into deep water has evoked ever-widening circles of interest. Elende, Cuma, Angola, Africa, is now heard from.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

We in West Africa wish to thank Count Keyserling for a new criterion by which we may judge civilization and barbarism.

In the September *Atlantic*, in the article, 'Genius Loci,' we read that 'cleanliness is not a sign of culture, but of utter barbarism'; that the 'symbiosis, and not the conflict, between microbes and man' is the thing to be desired. Judged by this standard, we are able to rank the Bantu very high in the scale of civilization. For the variety of his microbes and their harmonious 'collaboration' I am sure he is not to be excelled. His metabolism, too, is excellent! At last we greet the Bantu on 'the plane of true civilization'!

ELISABETH LOGAN ENNIS

We are in receipt of the following letter from the Greek Legation in Washington.

November 30, 1929

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Reference is made in Mr. Stanley Casson's 'Balkanomania' to the unfortunate incident of the capture by outlaws in Epirus of two political leaders of Greece, and the author states: 'It was then discovered by the authorities that the brigands were but the employees of a limited-liability company whose headquarters were in Janina, the directors being the mayor, the local chief of police . . .' He also says that 'unkind tongues' suggested that one of the captured either was 'one of the principal shareholders or he had made an arrangement of fifty-fifty with the brigands — for his ransom was paid by his grandmother!'

You would be interested to know that the brigands above referred to were apprehended and that their trial took place a few months ago; that it was a public trial and that during it nothing substantiating the above accounts of collusion developed.

It is self-evident that Mr. Casson was either misled or misinformed as to the facts in the case, and, through the publication of this article, has unwittingly become the medium of the vilification of the character and honor of innocent persons standing high in the political and social life of the Greek nation.

Respectfully yours,

A. ANNINOS

Chargé d'Affaires of Greece

Ever since the publication of 'A Collection for the Indigent,' the *Atlantic's* society of amateur etymologists has grown apace. The organization is gradually acquiring an authority which it is learning to dispense — but with dignity. Will some of our members, then, give us the appropriate reply to Lawrence Veiller's query?

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am moved to invoke your aid to solve the mystery of the expression 'all hunky-dory.' Here is a new quest for your pioneering spirit.

And, while they are about that, will members kindly let us know why a bundle of sticks should be particularly cross? Æsop, so nurse used to tell us, taught that there was strength in a bundle of sticks, but where did Mother Goose get her expression?

One of the few professional members of the association, Professor N. C. Starr of

Colgate University, comments learnedly on our previous dissertation.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was much interested to read 'A Collection for the Indigent' in the Contributors' Club of the November *Atlantic*. The author's enthusiasm is infectious. Might I venture, however, to disagree with him on one or two points? First, as to the phrase 'to the bitter end.' It is perfectly true that the expression was used by sailors in a technical sense. I am in some doubt, however, whether this is the true origin. Certainly the end of any adventure — of life itself — may be bitter. In the case of Socrates, there is no doubt about it. And do the Proverbs (v. 7) not say, of the Strange Woman, that 'her end is bitter as wormwood'? I should like also to suggest that the author is misleading in his derivation of the word 'bitter.' He maintains that it is a corruption of 'better' (a variant occurring in *Robinson Crusoe*), which, he says, refers to the end of a cable wound on a windlass drum. It is obvious, however, that 'bitter' here is used in reference to the ship's 'bitts,' upright posts, usually in pairs, to which the end of the anchor cable may be made fast. Captain John Smith, in his *Sea Grammar* (1627), makes the matter clear. 'A Bitter,' he says, 'is but the turne of a Cable about the Bitts, and veare it out by little and little. And the Bitters end is that part of the Cable doth stay within boord.'

As to minding one's 'P's & Q's.' The expression seems to have been current before the time when the French *émigré* admonished his children in dancing school to be careful of their 'pieds et queues.' Mrs. Cowley, in her play, *Who's the Dupe* (1779), says: 'You must mind your P's and Q's with him, I can tell you.' One possible explanation of the term is that in learning their alphabet children found difficulty in differentiating between the tailed letters, *p* and *q*. This, on the whole, seems a more logical derivation than the one which depends on the assumption made by some scholars that 'pees' here are coats (Chaucer's 'courtepy,' modern 'pea-jacket') and that 'cues' are pigtails.

And while we are talking of 'shoes and ships and sealing-wax' please tell us when first were pleasant things found 'crummy,' and why should sound rum have fallen to the low estate of a 'rum go' or 'rummy' togs? And who first gave the inspiriting cry, 'Atta boy!'

Those who remember Mrs. Norman's 'Try the Spirits' in the December issue will be interested in the following testimony.

DENVER, COLORADO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'Try the Spirits' was most interesting to us because we find superstitions even in this comparatively recently settled region. Long's Peak in Estes Park has become a personality to many of the people who live within its shadow, and they forecast the weather from its aspects in much the same way the folks of Sleepy Hollow predicted fair or foul weather by the Catskills.

Because the superstitions are of a sinister nature, tourists visiting the Park seldom hear of them. If a crow or crows fly over silently, trouble has passed by without harm; but if a crow screams as the flock passes, death or disaster will visit the house over which it flew. To support this statement they will tell you that last spring a flock of crows, two of which were screaming, flew up and down the valley between Long's Peak and Twin Sisters but not over a particular house. At the time the people of the region said, 'Two disasters.' During the summer a forest fire destroyed 54,000 acres of timber on Twin Sisters Peaks and Copeland Dam 'went out.'

Hardly a guide can be found who will take a party up Long's Peak, any route, if a flock of crows has flown over the Peak with one of them screaming. They will say, 'Long's is warning that it will "get" someone.' They claim that Long's Peak above all commands respect and that it will kill anyone who disparages it and attempts to climb it. As proof they point to the tragedy of a Denver woman who boasted it was nothing to ascend, even the East Face at any time, and tried to prove it by scaling the east precipice, 2200 feet high, in a blizzard. She and her Swiss guide accomplished the feat, but she died of exhaustion a few minutes afterward. The guide, who had protested the trip, survived. They will list a number of persons who have suffered a similar fate, and will say also they saw the crows flying over.

One can understand how a person boastful of his mountain-climbing ability might slip and thus Long's would 'get' him, but I wonder how Mrs. Norman would account for the augury of the crows. A superstition clinic might be as interesting as a 'Collection for the Indigent.'

RUTH ANN OLIVER

The following commentary on Huntington Cairns's 'Divine Intoxicant' is of special interest.

OMETEPEC, MEXICO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Huntington Cairns's article in the November issue starts with the word 'Peyotl.' Having lived and studied among the regions

formerly occupied by the Aztecs for the last eleven years of my sojourn here on this planet, I think I have the privilege of being heard on this peyotl question. In a pueblo, Zacatepec, District of Putla, State of Oaxaca, live what are pure Aztecas, to this present day; their manner of living is exactly what their ancient traditions prescribe. I have spent weeks on end among these people of Zacatepec, who, from the manner of ruffling up their *manta* (cotton sheet which they wear as clothing), are called Tacoate — that is, men with a tail. These Zacatepec people are known to be of pure Aztec blood, and have not intermarried with other tribes.

While there I once was present, on the 'q. t.,' at a strange proceeding which I may liken to your fortune-teller séances. A woman steeped a small pouch (of cotton) filled with some seeds in a pot of very hot water, for about two minutes; then, taking the pouch out of the water, she let this cool down to a temperature at which it could be drunk. This she did — in one long, deep swallow this infusion went down into her stomach. The ones present who wanted their future revealed to them sat in awful silence for about half an hour. Then the woman went into a trance and began to talk 'through the spirit.' What she told her hearers I could not understand, but was told that they now saw their future and the actions to be taken by them clearly. And so on, *ad infinitum*. The trance lasted about fifteen minutes and the clairvoyant came back to this material world apparently none the worse for her stunt.

My question as to the nature and name of the seed she had employed was answered with: 'It is peyotl.' I have later had many, many more occasions to see the same seed employed for the same purpose, but on some occasions its name was given me as 'piule' with the additional remark that it also was called 'peyotl.' It is a small seed of the size of a radish seed; some are dark brown in color and some are almost white. The dark seeds are more effective. The Aztecs never permit any woman to take more seeds for making her infusion than about forty-five grains (three grammes). If more than this quantity is taken for the infusion the person who drinks it turns hopelessly insane for all future time. Hence the Mexican Government forbids the cultivation of this plant. The seed is that of the *Ipomœa sidæfolia*, a vine that grows much like a morning-glory. I have grown it myself, clandestinely.

V. von Unruh, M.D.

In these pages not long since, Charles Morrow Wilson gave an entertaining account of the relics of Elizabethan English in mountainous districts. Mr. F. H. Anschutz of Lewisburg, West Virginia, has this suggestive gloss.

Dear Atlantic, —

One wonders why Mr. Charles Morrow Wilson omitted the mountainous districts of the State of West Virginia when writing his 'Elizabethan America,' in your August number. An intimate acquaintance over a wide area qualifies me to endorse nearly all he says; in one or two respects even to 'go him one better.' Has he never heard a native say, 'I don't know a haight about it'? In describing a state of good health and well-being, do they say 'pert'? I have never known them to do so. But I have heard them say 'peart' — the 'ear' being as in 'fear' — hundreds of times. Also, in the matters of self-sufficiency in household economy. I have boarded with a family in which the women and girls sheared the sheep; washed, carded, and spun the wool; wove the yarn into cloth; dyed the cloth and made it into clothing; grew flax; soaked it; dried it; 'scutched' it; spun and wove it into toweling and sheets and other household cloths. Where the father tanned his own leather in a hewn 'sugar-trought' and made, besides his own harness, shoes for his family and his neighbors.

The only real store necessities of this family were salt, needles, and thread. Maple sugar and sorghum molasses, commonly called 'sawgrums,' were the ordinary sweeteners. Apples alone were dignified by the name of 'fruit.' I have often been invited to 'have a fruit.' The reply of the mother of this family, a very dear and sweet old woman, to my inquiry as to the relative merits of sweet and sour apples for preserving purposes is not only an instance of this custom but a revelation as to sweetening; an illustration of the use of comparatives and, it may be, of some other things. 'I believe I'd ruther preserve sweet fruit as sour ones; they don't take so many molasses.' And I have heard the father predict that 'there hain't gunna be no fruit this year, but they's gunna be a power o' grapes and pears and peaches.'

A curious example of what some will term a freak of the unconscious mind is furnished us by Dr. A. S. Burns, of Kentville, Nova Scotia.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* of November 1929, in the 'Contributors' Club' section, is a very interesting article entitled 'My Visitors.' The experience there described reminds me of one that I had several years ago, in the early years of my practice of medicine. It was an experience, however, not of dreams at night,

but a psychical one while at work during the day.

A patient consulted me in the morning concerning a distressing ailment, the diagnosis of which will appear later on. The pathological condition was an unusual one; no diagnosis was made. I collected from him the signs and symptoms, which, by the way, will not be of interest to recall. I told him that I should like to see him again in the evening.

During the day, I spent every moment available in trying to group the symptoms into a possible disease entity, to which I might attach a suitable medical name. Several books were taken down from my shelves and carefully studied, that I might arrive at a diagnosis, but in vain.

The decision was clear to me that I should tell him that I did not know what was the matter with him. Honest, was it not?

In the evening a lady came into my office. When I was about to close the door on her leaving, a long medical term, 'Erythromelalgia,' appeared in the air, about twelve inches in front of my eyes. It was stamped there as clearly as if a stencil had been used.

The astonishing feature was that the word there seen did not suggest anything concerning my patient's ailment. A habit of looking up strange words impelled me to find its meaning in a book on medicine. To my surprise, I found an exact description of my patient's condition.

A few minutes later he came into my office. I took a book down from the shelf and read to him what I had found. On asking him how that description fitted in with his ailment, I distinctly recall that he said, 'Nothing could be more exact.'

What was and is interesting about the experience is that the word was projected into space. Where it came from, and how, I cannot explain. It seems to me that in my college days I must have read about this condition, but as it was a very rare one I did not fix it clearly in consciousness. Possibly an association of ideas, started by my study on that day, dipped down into my subconscious mind and the word popped out like a jack-in-the-box when the lid is suddenly released.

What connection has the lady with the case? 'Cherchez la femme.'

The Office Iconoclast is turned Philosopher. Can it be that he has found nothing in the number with which to disagree?

THE SALLYPORT

We notice with righteous gratification one quality in Mr. Newton's discourse on Jerusalem: its reverence. Mr. Newton's contempt for the hocus-pocus which he found in the Holy City is more reverential than oceans of piety. It pays needed respect to the centre of integrity in man that rejects the false and the maudlin. It is more important that this integrity be kept alive than that a thousand tapers be kept perpetually burning at the most authentic shrine, or lip service be paid to the most sanctified name. We once knew a devout elder who suffered an exaggerated flux of the sentiment of holiness each time he took part in the liturgy of his church. His piety was so intense that on one occasion it affected his organs of speech. Meaning to pronounce a sacred name, he produced an outrageous spoonerism, right in the midst of the solemnities. It was pure misfortune, but the elder's mortification was extreme. He felt that a dreadful and polluting sacrilege had taken place by means of his lips, although without his intention. He need not have troubled himself. The universe, had it overheard him, would not have been perturbed. And those conscious particles of the cosmic scheme who did hear were not corrupted. Many a saint has found humor in sacred subjects; only the timid and the priggish cannot take their religion with a smile. The Devil is disarmed if we take his wiles as a joke.

We were once in the classroom of a famous professor while he was discussing a line of Chaucer in which a mild oath occurred. The professor asked the student who was reciting for a modern equivalent. Someone suggested 'My God!' The professor then asked the student to read the line aloud, giving the oath its due place and degree of casualness. The student would not have hesitated to use much more violent expressions in ordinary talk, but he was rendered self-conscious by the atmosphere of the classroom — that fatal barrier to education. He protested that the professor was inviting him to swear. 'Never mind,' roared the great scholar through his Viking's beard, 'we're all men together.' It was a better lesson than the most learned gloss on Chaucer. When it comes to deciding humanity's place and duties in the world, knowing that we are all men together is worth any amount of

piety. Too much nicety toward God is an irreverence to man.

Thousands of people recently visited the tomb of an obscure priest in a Massachusetts parish on the rumor that miracles of healing took place there. We have not investigated the case, and know little of it, but in fancy we cannot help being drawn to those prankish undergraduates who are said to have limped to the spot on newly bought crutches, which they dramatically threw away. For not names, shrines, or miracles deserve reverence, but men's integrity. And the naughty undergraduates came nearer to affirming this integrity than the curious hordes who made it possible for proprietors of 'hot dog' stands and peanut-roasting machines to reap unexpected rewards.

Are there any who will feel, as they read of Dr. Irvine's energetic 'morale-raising,' that he went about giving a stimulant when an opiate would have been kinder? He believed that war is hell, but he employed the inexhaustible resources of his character whipping the jaded spirits of soldiers into new convulsions of effort. He found peace (in England after the war) a worse variety of hell; but he goaded on the jobless and the rebellious to new exertions, new loyalties, new betrayals. It had to be so. Society would else have clawed its own throat. This poor race, toiling and put upon, cannot stop for a breath of tranquillity, cannot relax its antagonisms and clashes of interest. In the East, perhaps, is a measure of assent to the philosophy that only the death of the will is good and brings content. In the West, if this philosophy is understood at all, it is understood to mean that content is impossible. The world's hero does not say, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He says, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.'

It is evident from Mr. Larson's account that conservative circles in Mongolia enjoy by tradition what the radicals in this country are trying to introduce by advanced thinking. Marriage on trial enjoys the same status among the nobility of the yurta that holy wedlock with the blessing of the Church enjoys among the nobility of the coöperative apartment. But does the Mongolian really find three days an adequate period of proof? If so, he must be able to condense a good deal of experience into this mystic triad. The American vaporizes his emotional and social experience. He does not like to think about it, or come to definite conclusions with regard to its value. Americans are given credit for quickness of judgment in business, but they do not like to reason from social data, either in their private lives or looking at social problems in the large. The most unpopular president is the social thinker and leader, such as Wilson; the most secure is the engineer or the organizer of business. On the whole, and dollars and cents excepted, Americans are probably not far behind the rest of the world in the comfortable, necessary habit of postponing decisions, avoiding conclusions, letting circumstances settle their problems. The Anglo-Saxon likes to stay muddy-minded and hopeful in situations that appear to call for prompt and exacting thought. Perhaps this is the very secret of his success. 'Muddling through' is founded on an instinct of hidden wisdom, the truth that nothing remains the same. 'This problem seems insurmountable,' it says, 'but let us wait. The factors will all rearrange themselves, and in the meantime, best keep on with what we know. If we adopt some apparently logical solution, the next unexpected change in the drift of things will undo our work and leave us looking absurd.'

Five minutes for a business decision, five generations without one where a social question is concerned. Has the country made up its mind about prohibition? Does it want to? Certainly, if trial marriage became the rule in America, no man would submit to a law that required him to decide about it in three days. Why, you can keep your mail-order course in correct French for at least a fortnight without obligation to pay! We shall still be arguing about birth control, what to do with the feeble-minded, and how to enforce the law when we are living in Dymaxion houses and traveling to Mars by rocket ship for the week-end.

THE OFFICE ICONOCLAST